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CENTRAL AMERICA

FREDERICK · PALMER

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CENTRAL AMERICA AND ITS PROBLEMS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

GOING TO WAR IN GREECE.

WITH KUROKI IN MANCHURIA.

THE WAYS OF THE SERVICE.

THE VAGABOND.

THE BIG FELLOW.

True Maya-Quiché Indian types

CENTRAL AMERICA AND ITS PROBLEMS

An Account of a Journey from the Rio Grande To Panama, with Introductory Chapters on Mexico and Her Relations to Her Neighbors

BY

FREDERICK PALMER, F.R.G.S.

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TO

MEDILL McCORMICK

PREFACE

BETWEEN the Mexican and the Panaman borders are five nations. New Orleans is nearer their farthest port than it is to New York. To the average American they form the fever-stricken playground of *opéra bouffe* revolutions. But how little he really knows of a region which lies at our very doors! It remains almost the last track unbeaten by tourist travel in the world, rich in resources, its Cordilleran highlands, with their climate of eternal spring, the natural home of a splendid civilization.

With a broader view in mind than the humorous appreciation of armies with generals outnumbering privates or of recurring disorders which sporadically attract our attention, in the summer and autumn of 1908, at the request of Mr. McCormick, of the Chicago *Tribune,* I made a journey through Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica. As a journalist, he knew that people did not care to read about so troublesome a subject; but as our foreign policy is the result of public knowledge and opinion, it was at least a good thing, he thought, to give them the opportunity.

Before starting I sought in vain on library shelves bearing long lists about Thibet, Persia, the Congo Free State, and other distant lands for any recent work on Central America. There were many published forty and fifty years ago, and some later ones about one country and another. The lack of any one dealing with the peoples and conditions which I studied as a whole warrants me, I think, in expanding the original *Tribune* letters, with the addition of new material, into a book.

Our mistake is in associating the South American and the Central American nations in a single group. They have only language in common. Otherwise they are as vitally and basically different in character as France from Egypt. The peoples on the other side of the equator are Latin-American and those on this side, including Mexico and excepting Costa Rica, may be called, for want of a better word, Indo-American.

Ninety-one per cent. of the population of Argentina is pure white, compared to 86 per cent. in the United States. Eighty-eight per cent. in the temperate zone or governing States of Brazil, 85 in Chile, and 97 in Paraguay are of white or preponderantly white strain; while Mexico has only 19, and the five Central American States an average of about 15 per cent.

There has been a surfeit of books about Mexico, every one adding something to the store of in-

formation about the manners and customs of a picturesque neighbor; but too many, dealing with general conditions, have reflected the roseate view of the Diaz bureaucracy, which has been niggardly neither of expense nor pains in influencing American public opinion. One may safely say that no country has had a better press service. Without any intention of competing in a field so fully occupied, I have included four chapters on Mexico, which, in spite of industrial and educational progress, belongs to the same ethnological unit as Central America and has inherited much the same problems.

Setting out with the open mind of a philosophical traveler, my first skepticism about conditions was overwhelmed by proofs from unprejudiced sources and bursting in at the door of vision as I proceeded. The *opéra bouffe* perspective was blotted out by the tragedy of proximity. Rich territories, capable of vast development, are less widely cultivated and more sparsely populated than they were three hundred years ago, and worse governed than they ever were under Spanish captains-general. People a day's sail from the United States degenerate for want of opportunities for education and religious training, while our missionaries spread light in Darkest Africa and the interior of China. Cultured families have been decimated by political assassination, and their estates confiscated. Bar-

barities worse than those which have excited our indignation in Russia and Turkey exist; and for these the United States is responsible.

Foreign residents warned me that either readers would not believe such things possible in republics, or else they would say: "Oh, well, it is Central America. That is a law unto itself." I have taken care to avoid exaggeration of distressing truths. But they must be a part of a narrative of observation of life and government in the most backward region outside of Central Asia.

If the original letters in the *Tribune,* which were also published in the New York *Times* and the San Francisco *Call,* have been of service in ameliorating conditions in Guatemala or elsewhere, the journey was well worth while. Later events have deposed the unspeakable Zelaya, who, after all, was no worse than another petty tyrant still in power; but the question arises if the change of administration will mean progress or merely a continuation of the old order under another man of the same type.

THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK, December 22, 1909.

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CENTRAL AMERICA *and* ITS PROBLEMS

CHAPTER ONE

ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE

NORTHWARD, on the plains of Minnesota, Dakota and Manitoba, the United States merges into Canada imperceptibly. A cousinship of blood, tongue, institutions and ideas prevails in Winnipeg and St. Paul. If the discriminating provincial mind sees shades of distinction, they scarcely count in the perspective of the traveler.

Southward, something far more commanding than a river's width or a surveyor's line marks the frontier. The change is abrupt and impressive. A dark-skinned man in blanket and broad-brimmed hat succeeds the Caucasian type as the dominant figure in town and field. Monterey and Houston are as wide asunder as Budapest and Teheran.

Nowhere in the world do two peoples meet who

have less in common in thought, manners and customs or less understanding of each other. Language and race alone did not form the gulf. Austria and Italy differ in these, yet they belong to the same system of civilization and enjoy, broadly speaking, similar governmental forms.

We must look to the conditions of an inferior race, its inheritance, and its relations to its superiors for the secret of the contrast at the Rio Grande. On our side, the descendants of one type of European conquerors are free from aboriginal associations. On the other side, the descendants of another type of conqueror are the ruling minority, and those of the Aztec-Mayan civilization, in varying tribes, a lower and majority caste. Under a nominal electoral system, the peons are the pawns of the upper class. Still, the Latin graft must take its life from the Indian trunk. Sheer force of numbers has so influenced the life and structure of society that Mexico and Central America are unique in political and ethnological character.

On the one side is the strife of parties and the divisions of parties and the talk of policies and leaders; and on the other is a man, his plans, and his will. In his veins runs the blood of the aborigines. He is a law unto himself, even as Mexico is a law unto herself. Under him, for the first time since the days of the Spanish captains-general, has any section of the country from

our boundary to that of Costa Rica become a stable, dependable, debt-paying, progressive unit among the nations of the world. The history of modern Mexico is largely Porfirio Diaz' history.

As an exemplar of republican institutions he falls in the class of Philip II. If you are to judge him by what he has accomplished, you will find an equivalent in that close aristocracy of the Emperor and Elder Statesmen of Japan. Until you understand conditions in the other "Indo-American" republics, you cannot form, by proper comparison, any true estimate of his work. The glaring fault of his system is its dependence on him.

With the exception of one term, Diaz has been President for thirty-one years. By law he had to retire at the end of his first term, in 1880. Under the régime of Manuel Gonzalez, who took his place, profligacy, graft and folly were tempered only by the personal whims of the ruler. The contrast between good and bad despotism was ruinously shown. All Mexico called for the return of Diaz in 1884, when he changed the constitution so as to permit a President to succeed himself. But it was a mistake, he now admits, to have waited on any such formality. Yes, the father of his people who knows that he knows what is best for them was untrue to his duty and his destiny on this occasion. Without any sense of humor, which some who know him say he lacks,

he has duly apologized for his remissness long ago.

That adventurous, fierce captain of raw militia, whose prestige in the war with the French brought him to the Presidency, found a disorganized State, exhausted by war, revolution, sectionalism, extortion, and the reign of Maximilian; with its currency debased, its treasury empty, its bonds repudiated; with only 10 per cent. of its people able to read and write, and its commerce insignificant. He was great enough to foresee the approach of the commercial age and to realize that without peace and stability, capital, the most timid of visitors, will not enter strange places. And this was his policy: Order and the development of industries.

He made peace ruthlessly; he welcomed capital generously. To clear the country of brigands, he set a brigand to catch a brigand. He made a national constabulary out of chosen desperadoes who knew the haunts and habits of their kind. They had their choice of being the hunted in rags or the well-paid hunter, with a good pony, a saddle of carved leather ribbed with silver, and a broad-brimmed hat embroidered in gold.

Let an outrage occur anywhere in Mexico and the *rurales,* swaggering like the cadets of Gascony, appeared in the joy and full cry of hounds on the scent. Their personnel still belongs to the class born with temperaments contemptuously

above real labor, which would be raising mischief if they were not employed in bagging mischief-makers. Thus Diaz, man of the soil, who had learned his cut-throats by sharing blankets with them in his campaigns, succeeded easily where the French army had failed.

Many times in his thirty years' reign petty revolutions, without spreading far, have raised their heads in different parts of the country. I heard one old resident estimate that the death of 30,000 men stood to Diaz' account. Such is his power that a score of malcontents may be executed in a lot without anybody except their neighbors being the wiser.

Stories of his high-handedness, his tact, shrewdness and wisdom abound. Some of them must be true. A few examples, which are illustrative of him and Mexico, may be repeated.

On one occasion, when he was asked by wire what disposition to make of a certain revolutionist who had been captured, his prompt, unexpurgated answer, I am told, was: "Kill him while we have him in hand." And perhaps an hour later he was at a reception, to receive a bouquet from a party of school children. Yes, he is a self-made ruler of a mediæval and Oriental type in the days of railroads, telegraphs and electric cars, who rides in a French automobile and organizes irrigation projects and bids the foreigner turn the waterfalls into light for his palace.

He himself prevented the man who shot at him on one of his tours from being killed on the spot by his suite, and had the would-be assassin brought to Chapultepec.

"Now, why did you want to kill me?" Don Porfirio asked. "Did I ever do you any personal wrong? Have I taken your land or ruined your business or interfered in your family affairs or persecuted you in any way?"

Under this gentle questioning the tool of the plot told who had employed him. The prominent politician implicated was invited to dinner at Chapultepec, and Diaz narrated the story of the man's confession up to the point where the guest could see that his host knew all. This was the only punishment that it pleased the master of life and death in Mexico to mete out at the time. As the prominent politician drove home that night he must have done some hard thinking. Thereafter, of course, he was conspicuously loyal.

Diaz' Oaxacan Indian blood, his training in a Jesuit school, his sufferings under the French, his success as a soldier, all combine to give him a sense of statecraft, terrible, if you please, but overmastering. Once the people of Yucatan, who have always been restive under his rule, nominated a man for governor whom he did not like. He sent word nominating another, who was defeated. When he heard the news he wired: "Glad to know that my man is elected; am send-

ing troops to inaugurate him." That was sufficient. The Yucatecans had a recount.

Probably Don Porfirio has had to kill relatively more of the people of his own tribe, the fighting, vigorous, bartering, bathing Oaxacans of the south, than of any other. The old convention of a prophet not without honor save in his own country is not reversed even for him. It was all very well for that Porfirio Diaz to play the king to the Indians of the plateau, but he need not try to overlord the Oaxacans. They knew him when he hadn't a peso to his name; they had seen his mother spank him. But he also knew them, and at the expense of a large proportion of their male population they learned the lesson that the rest of Mexico had learned more cheaply.

The unhappy Yaquis are the last expiring flames of opposition. One way and another they have kept up a scattered guerrilla warfare. By batches they have been sent to what is undeniably practical slavery in Yucatan, where they die of homesickness and the heat in a few years. No doubt some members of the government have made a good profit out of this traffic, which is now to be stopped on the demand of local employers, as the few thousand who remain are needed for labor in their own province.

I did not visit Yucatan, that land of inordinate profits to the henequen planters, but two archeologists, Arnold and Frost, who ought to be

unprejudiced observers—certainly, they could have no object in popular sensationalism, though they may have been influenced by the cavalier way they were treated by the officials—wrote an open letter to Diaz on Yucatan horrors, which they publish in their book, "The American Egypt":

"So-called civilized Yucatan is rotten with a foul slavery, the blacker because of its hypocrisy and pretense. We have gathered facts which make truly a sad story. The girls and women on the *haciendas* are treated like cattle, a prey to the detestable lusts of the *haciendados* and their sons; Indian workmen are flogged, even to death, and in one case which came to our knowledge those who attempted to expose such foul murder were put into Merida prison without trial, and, as we are informed, are still there. For the Indian there is no justice, and at his expense the great henequen growers daily increase their millions, some of which they lavishly used in their attempts to hide from your excellency the utter rottenness and degradation of Yucatan's social system. If your excellency desires particulars we shall gladly give ourselves the honor of sending names and details."

Diaz made no reply. Perhaps the letter never passed the hands of his secretary. Unquestionably, Yucatan is the worst blot on modern Mexico.

The Yaquis' and the other small uprisings have

been incidental to the development which has been in progress since Diaz' first term. When he proposed to let the Americans cross the Rio Grande with steel rails which should penetrate to every part of Mexico the limited Mexican public that did any thinking became alarmed. Was not he preparing the way for the inevitable Gringo invasion and military conquest which were to complete the work begun by the taking of California?

He knew better. He knew that every American dollar that crossed the border would become his political partisan in Mexico, with its influence on his side in Washington. Out of the flood of foreign capital—nearly $2,000,000,000 altogether—come with developed resources the sinews of revenue for public education and public works. Through his hands pass the innumerable concessions; his the favors to grant. All capital asks is stability. Diaz was the strong ruler who guaranteed it. Self-interest makes every foreign resident a Diaz man. Every promoter of any great industry welcomes a single head rather than many heads to deal with. Thus all outsiders support the despotism.

But American capital does not have everything its own way. Foreign capital is set against it. When the specter of a mergerizing Harriman appeared on the Rio Grande Diaz did a piece of mergerizing on his own account, by which Mexico became the borrower of the capital invested and

thus the owner of the railroads. He is a friend of the United States because that is the best way to be a friend of Mexico.

Outward moderation, at least, is a feature of his political career in dealing with all except the man who takes up arms against him and with the Church, whose property he confiscated by the millions, whose brotherhoods were proscribed, whose priests may not even now appear in the streets in their vestments; and the destruction of the temporal power of Rome was coincident with his policy in welcoming the American railroad and the American dollar.

The landed classes, old families of Spanish extraction, to whom he is a liberal parvenu, have been kept to his side by the market for their products which he has made and by the fear of a law taxing land ever before their eyes, though land remains to this day tax free. As for the Indians, they are Diaz men by consanguinity. His appeal to them was that one of their blood sat in Montezuma's place.

Though he is all political parties, the "ins" and the "outs" and Congress, he is no stage despot who orders this and that thing done in open authority. One seeking an office, a favorable judgment in the courts, the overruling of the action of any governor of a State, a privilege in the development of resources, has learned to go to Diaz for what he wants. Oppose him, and your political

Corral of a country inn in Mexico

At a typical Mexican railroad station

career is finished. Serve him, and he may make you a governor.

There is no censorship of the press; but criticize Diaz vitally and the editor will surely feel his power, directly or indirectly. He is generous to editors who please him. Authors who come to write of Mexico find profit in a favorable attitude, and for this reason the truth has not always been known. One of the two American papers published in the capital has its monthly allowance from the government—the only government subsidized American paper in the world.

After his thirty years of service Diaz sees his country with a standing army of 26,000 men; with trade amounting to $250,000,000 annually; exporting more than $60,000,000 of gold and silver bullion a year; with 15,000 miles of railways; growing towns, electric lighted and paved; over $100,000,000 spent on public works in the last fifteen years, and schools generally established. The Gringo's invasion comes over the steel rails with capital and a hundred million dollars' worth of manufactured goods every year. But conditions exist which may produce havoc when Diaz is gone.

CHAPTER TWO

AMERICANS IN MEXICO

ONLY their extent is surprising, for the growth of American interests in Mexico was inevitable. A country on our border with an area of 767,000 square miles, three times that of Texas and thirteen times that of Illinois, with a population of 15,000,000, manufacturing little for itself, connected with us by great trunk lines of railroad, is bound to be a market for our goods and a field for our activities. Our neighbor is rich in resources, and we have the men and the capital which she lacks to develop them.

The sleeper which you board in St. Louis runs through to the City of Mexico. At every stage an American engineer is at the throttle and an American conductor gives the orders. Your fellow-passengers, mostly Americans returning from their vacations, are mining engineers, capitalists, promoters, ranch owners, contractors, managers, and clerks in mining and railroad corporations, with some foremen and mechanics—the officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, of industrial aristocracy. The Mexican peon

furnishes the manual labor which they direct in behalf of the $800,000,000 capital invested.

Whether it is the man with the moving picture show or the New York capitalist inspecting his smelting plant, the prospector who tramps the mountains and comes into town unshaved, foot-sore and dusty, with some samples of rock in his pocket or the mine manager who directs a great organization, the type is clear on the background of swarthy Indians and cactus-fringed trails, where you must know a little Spanish in order to ask the way or get a bite of food.

And in Mexico you think of the Canadians as Americans. A Canadian who was formerly engineer on one of the railways is a leading banker in Mexico City and his son is at Yale. One of the foremost foreign corporations, with immense concessions for harnessing the water power which lies between the highlands and the swift descent to the sea in the southern and narrower portions, is Canadian in capital and management.

Nine out of ten, if not nineteen out of twenty, resident Americans are from the Middle West. That great region of the plains extending into Canada sent southward the men who built, who organized, who man, and who run the railroads of Mexico, and in their train followed others of varied occupations.

Long residence south of the Rio Grande leaves the American more American than the German

is German or the Englishman is English. However well he talks Spanish, he is a man of his own community. At some mine far away in the mountains the engineers speak pleasantly in passing to the *comandante,* but with this and business relations intercourse ends.

At Chihuahua, Torreón and Monterey are American colonies that live their own life as much as the foreign colonies in the treaty ports of China. Every American who is in Mexico is there to make money, including the Mormons, who may claim another cause, that of marital or religious freedom. But the Mormon, too, is largely American in his beaverish instincts. He has shown how irrigation and good farming will make luxuriant fields in the desert. To his work we must turn, rather than to the great ranch owners, for an illustration of a wealth in resources, unminded by the listless peon, which is more permanent than that of mines.

The Mexican still plows with a stick. He asks his black beans and the corn out of which he makes his *tortillas* (corncakes) of the soil. The agricultural possibilities of a land whose mountain systems change the climate every few longitudinal miles, which has regions without rain and regions where it pours, which grows coffee and wheat a hundred miles apart, await the farmer, either immigrant or Mexican, when he will learn; while,

as yet, few except the capitalist and his captains, adjutants and sergeants have come from abroad.

In railroads, mines and cattle ranching lie the great American interests. We go for the loaves and do not mind the crumbs. Though the government has taken over the railroads, Americans hold all the managerial and most of the important clerical positions, because no Mexicans are trained to take their places. Thus far Diaz and Limantour have in nowise interfered with the management on effective business lines. What would happen if Mexico should have another such régime as that of Gonzalez, who was President in the interregnum while Diaz was out? Should political dependents ask that these lucrative offices be turned over to them? Should the graft system accepted as a part of public life be applied to the corporations?

French and British as well as American capital is engaged in mining; and it is not always easy to trace the holdings home in these days of international finance. But the engineers are usually Americans, as they are in South Africa and Australia. Their efficiency and fame have traveled as far as that of American dentists. Their cosmopolitanism is the product of distant trails and isolated camps; serene, clear-eyed men, "on the job" all day, concerned in any climate and under any government only with getting the best out of every deal and every ton of ore for the company.

But scratch them deep and you will find their exasperation with the mañana habit and with many petty official exactions. It takes time, red tape, and much law to accomplish anything unless you can deal directly with Diaz or use a sum of money in a polite manner in the right place.

The omnipresent labor problem is complicated by something besides unions, for the Mexican will work only when it pleases him. Nothing must interfere with any saint's day or national holiday or any holiday of his own choosing. If he does not care to go to work in the morning he does not go. His grandmother is always dying by way of excuse.

"I have one clerk who has lost a hundred grandmothers," said an American mine manager. "Do you wonder that Diaz allowed the Mormons to practice their religion in Mexico?"

Some mines have tried, with little success, to insure continuity of labor by giving extra pay to any man who would report for every working day of a month.

The peonage system founded on the *repartimiento* system, prevalent in all Spanish colonies after the abolition of slavery, of which I shall have more to say in my account of conditions in Guatemala, still prevails in one form or another. Indisputably, the kindest employers are the British and Americans, as a result of policy or inherent characteristics, as you will. The peon resident

on the *hacienda,* while in a better position than before Diaz' time, is still practically a serf, and well or ill treated according to the whims of the owner, who is often narrow-minded and cruel, considering the Indian an animal, though he, himself, has native blood in his veins. Floggings may be frequent as you please if the local governor is willing. The victim—and the *hacienda* peon is very child-like—has little power of appeal and less knowledge of how to use it. But gradually he is gaining will and courage with the spread of education. He is by no means in the neglected condition of his Central American relative.

"If you want a gang of men you do not go after them yourself," a railroad contractor told me. "You speak to the *comandante.* He sends out a certain type of political ruffian hanger-on, who knows the peons and can bring them to work where you would fail. Then you pay them so much for every cubic yard of excavation. Some days you may have 500 men and some only 100. One Italian at home will do as much as four peons." But that is a much-disputed point. I have heard the Italian as a standard quoted all the way from one and a half to five. Much depends upon the conditions and how pro-Mexican the speaker is.

If there is any labor-saving device you may be sure that it is American. An American, finding that one woman was necessary for every eight

laborers in order to grind corn fresh for their *tortillas,* invented a system by which mill-ground corn-flour could be preserved to the Mexican taste.

The ingenious fellow who carries his wares in a satchel and his fortune in his facile tongue may sell an internal preparation for making black eyes blue in Mexico, and an external preparation for taking the kink out of black hair in the West Indies. That irrepressible American product, the get-rich-quick promoter, not long ago over-tilled a temporarily fertile field in plantation companies for burying widows' and orphans' savings. Waste your money in any way you please, but do not put it in a rubber plantation in Mexico. Rubber grows here, it is true, though not as yet successfully, and never on the plantations you read about.

All types from the railroad and the mine president to the deadbeat may be found abundantly in the capital, which is different from any place the world over where Europeans and Americans form a colony among a backward native race. Elsewhere the American sings small and the newspapers carry cables about cricket and European politics. Both of the newspapers in the English language here are American. We have our revenge on the English resident in daily baseball scores, Wall Street prices, and the latest sensation from home.

American residents live chiefly in one locality, the Colonia Roma. They are a world within the Mexican world that duplicates the business and professional life of one of our own cities. A score of social cliques gossip and compete. All have one common ground that makes them kin—the tourist of the winter months, who disregards Spanish customs and demands that everybody speak English. Visitors who have been in Spain should train themselves out of the Castilian lisp, for Diaz is not Diath to the Mexicans. Diath is as sure a sign of effeminacy as the broad "a" and a single eyeglass in a Western mining camp.

In the halls of the happy little University Club hang the banners of every American college, it seemed to me, from coast to coast. Graduates of technical and mining schools predominate. A flight of half an hour in an automobile brings you to the Country Club, with its golf links, on that wonderful plain 7,400 feet above the level of the sea, at the foot of Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihuatl and their eternal snows.

At the American Club in town at luncheon the talk is much the same that it is in a club at home. It turns frequently on real estate, which has risen almost as fast as in our best boom towns in the last ten years. Everybody seems to be holding a few lots for a rise. The panic of 1907 reached this tentacle's end of the great financial system

a little late, but none the less forcibly and with a correspondingly quick recovery.

Mexico has brought fortune to many Americans indeed—to newsboys and to brakemen—and every American looks forward to returning home when his "pile" is made. I met only one American citizen who purposes remaining in Mexico for life. Another conspicuous exception, proving the rule, was Mr. Braniff, who made himself a millionaire out of contracts in the early days, became a Mexican citizen, and shared the general Mexican feeling that Americans were too brusque and money-grubbing to be companionable and cultured. His son is one of the best amateur bullfighters in the world, who delights to appear in the public ring.

Call it provincialism if you will, the failure of their surroundings to influence the American shows how set is his character. Ten years' residence does not change men whom you knew at home, except that, so high above the level of the sea, their hearts have to pump faster, their energy is slightly diminished. The altitude serves as the universal goat. If a man does not like to rise early, if he is divorced, if he cannot pay his bills, it is the altitude.

The larger commercial and industrial interests of Mexico, then, are American, with the British sharing in the mines and concessions, one of which they largely monopolize. Diaz has always taken

care that Americans shall not have everything their own way. All the great public contracts go to Pearson & Son. They built and control the Tehuantepec Isthmus Railroad. They began the development of the oil fields of the east coast, which will supply Mexico with another substitute for coal besides the waterfalls of a mountainous country.

Though Americans predominate and half of the total trade is ours and our exports are more than seven times those of Germany and France —amounting to about $70,000,000 a year, with steel structural materials, machinery, furniture and cotton goods leading—in some lines we are quite outclassed. The Germans own the big stores and are, generally speaking, the bankers. There are many French stores, too, and the German imitations cannot shake French control of fine dry goods or the English control of worsteds.

The Spaniard, who first came as a conqueror with sword and cross, now comes as a conqueror in trade. Your Catalan plays the part that the poorer Hebrew plays in many countries and the Greek in others. From him all Mexico buys its groceries. He keeps the corner store; as a pedler he traverses the trail, an unbeaten trader. As soon as one Catalan succeeds he brings a friend or a relative, who works, maybe, for no pay at the start, and eventually gets a pack and then a store of his own. A few of the Catalans

become Mexican citizens; the majority save toward the day when they shall return to Spain.

Seeing so much of the business of the country in the hands of foreigners, the Mexican would be a creature of stone if he did not cry Mexico for the Mexicans. And what is he doing to fulfil his ambition? He makes his cigarettes, which he smokes from morning till night, in his own factories, out of tobacco grown at home. In all there are over a hundred cotton mills, which prosper, thanks to cheap labor, the favoring shelter of the tariff and to plentiful home grown raw material. With cotton and tobacco the manufacturing account is pretty well complete, except for carved leather and the handiwork of Mexican articles to sell to tourists, and the packing plants, which are mostly run by foreign capital and under foreign management. But these facts only strengthen the rising patriotic sentiment which is the most vital and threatening political factor of the future.

CHAPTER THREE

MEXICO FOR THE MEXICANS

IN the old days the *hacienda* owners lived like feudal lords—as they still do to a great extent—while the peon lived and died in practical slavery on the land of his master. Until thirty years ago scarcely a peon could read or write. The Spanish conquest had taught him docility, and the only light in his brain was the dim memory of his ancient civilization.

All that the big land owners cared for was their income and to keep their land tax free. They had no interest in industrial development and no real sense of nationality. Their hearts were always in Paris. So regeneration for Mexico could never come from this class. The new Mexico born after the French régime was bound to find its leader in the underlying strata which produced Juarez and later Diaz.

Poor clay this peon seems; a creature of many tribes and many dialects, with no common language except Spanish. In the lowlands he is temperate, clean and excitable, as a rule. On the great central plateau, where the maguey plant

will grow—from 5,000 to 7,000 feet above sea level—he is too often in a half-drunken stupor on its juice. His only property is his blanket and his hat. Whatever he has in the world he shares with his fellows, and he need never go hungry if there are *tortillas* (corncakes) or *frijoles* (black beans) in a neighbor's house.

Both the men of the plateau and the men of the lowlands are gradually ascertaining that they are all Mexicans, all brown-skinned and black-haired. Railroad travel and pilgrimages have brought them together. The demands of factories and mines have sent them to town, and in the towns are schools. It may be too much to say that the peon is beginning to think; but no one will deny that he has an irritation under his scalp that may eat into the cerebrum.

"We'll drive out all these Spaniards some day," an old native said, meaning all foreigners. "This is our country"; by which he meant the country of the Aztecs.

Groping intelligence makes the discovery that in the land that is theirs they are servants to the outsiders; for even the *hacienda* owners they do not regard as Mexicans. If they board a train a Gringo takes their tickets. When they seek work at the mines or of a contractor it is a foreigner who employs them.

No hero of the war for "La Libertad" equals in their veneration the last of the Aztec kings,

whose statue they adorn on Aztec feast days. Liberty they associate less with independence from Spain in 1816 than with the advent of that "little Indian" Juarez, the first President after Maximilian.

Any one with money invested in Mexico says that the anti-foreign feeling is only newspaper talk. But the sensational press does not preach unless it finds an audience. Anti-Americanism has long been a cardinal feature of the propaganda of the clerical party. In order to regain power, the Church, with its property confiscated and brotherhoods proscribed, attacks the northern neighbor, where religious freedom is absolute.

Pulling a feather out of the eagle's tail is held to be as profitable in politics in Mexico as twisting the lion's tail once was in the States. During my visit occurred the Uruapam bunting incident, which possibly got three or four lines in the newspapers at home. To Mexico it was a burning question.

What happened, as far as I could learn, was this: Three irresponsible young men, employees of a packing company, as a practical joke dressed up a neighbor's horse in as outlandish a fashion as caprice and material would allow. Among other things they used a piece of discarded and faded bunting which had been draped on the packing house at the time of its opening. Now, the bunting fell off, and some natives of Urua-

pam saw their national colors under the horse's hoofs. The uproar that the Mexicans made over it shows their sensitiveness.

To us the whole incident seems insignificant. To them it was another example of Gringo ruffianism and a calculated insult to the nation. The culprits were put in jail. Indignation ran high. Not content to leave the matter to the local court, a petition was sent to Diaz, the source of all power, asking for dire punishment of the offenders. He thanked the signers for their "patriotic" address and expressed confidence in the court. The accused issued a public statement of contrite apology, declaring their innocence of any of the intentions ascribed to them—for Mexican jails are not pleasant—and finally Diaz "advised" their release.

Americanophobia is not limited to the crowd alone. It permeates every class of Mexican society. The peon himself, let alone the better-class Mexican, is a grandee for politeness, and our brusqueness is disagreeable to a people to whom manner is as important as the thing itself, and this is intensified by fear of our power. It is a common saying that when General Scott's army was in occupation "the Americans were brutal, but just." They punished their own soldiers as rigorously for looting as they punished the natives. "The French were cruel and uneven, but polite." One almost wonders if the Mexican tem-

perament did not prefer cruelty with politeness to justice with impoliteness.

No Mexican doubts that we mean conquest in the end. The wiser ones reason that it is inevitable to our growth and our aggressive nature. The others take it for granted. Our protestations only confirm their conviction of our hypocrisy. Statesmen are equally guilty with the tourist of well-meaning words which are mistaken for patronage.

"We don't want Mexico," they say, and they may even add: "We wouldn't take Mexico if you gave it to us." It is like a big man meeting a little man in the street and saying: "I'm not going to thrash you just because you're little. Now, how about that concession?"—which is bound to annoy the little man if he is of a sensitive nature.

The speeches at formal banquets ring with the *muy sympatico* of the "sister republics"; but all the Americans, including those who speak Spanish, go home together, and so do all the Mexicans, including those who speak English. The intellectual classes look entirely to France and Spain for their inspiration. French and Spanish papers and books and illustrated weeklies are on the library tables. English is only the business tongue. The few Mexican boys who study in the States go there for technical instruction and for a language that will be commercially valuable.

The father's theory in this case is that Americans know how to make money, and America is the place to learn that valuable trade. It does not occur to him that there is an ethical side to American life. He sees the American colony busy after concessions and with the day's work; and generally speaking, we are disinclined to give him any other view of ourselves, and he is disinclined that we should have any view of him except one formed in business relations.

Official Mexico denies that there is any anti-American feeling. Diaz is too good a statesman to allow any outburst to rise in such a tumult in his time that he cannot control it. He could stop the newspaper agitation if he would. But it is one of the many strings to his bow, on which he plays the tune of national and patriotic unity.

Limantour, the finance minister, pooh-poohs it as "local politics"; the while he aims to bring European immigration into the northern States to combat that from the United States and sets the European against the American with a skill worthy of his reputation. The minister of the interior, Señor Olegario Molina, however, is openly known as an Americanophobe. He proposed a radical new mining law, for which Diaz, whose hint is the law of action for all his cabinet, would not stand till it had been tried by American opinion.

Abstractly, this law seemed most reasonable.

Opposition from our country, where the rules against foreign ownership of land or mines are so strict, would seem convincing proof of the Mexican contention that we propose to dominate Mexico where it suits our interests. For all that the proposed law required was that hereafter all corporations doing business in Mexico should be organized under Mexican law.

In other words, a corporation organized in New Jersey or Arizona could not buy and work a Mexican mine. The opposition of all foreign interests was immediate and outspoken. Corporation managers knew the delays of Mexican law and the exasperation of dealing with officials. There is no escaping the fact that foreign capital would generally shy at a Mexican corporation.

When Diaz, the wise politician who never tries to go too fast in his development of nationalism, saw what a storm of opposition this theoretically justifiable act of jingoism was raising, he acted as he did about the flag incident; as he always does on such occasions. He had the objectionable feature withdrawn.

Those who shout Mexico for the Mexicans have to consider that once the entering flood of capital is dammed, an economic revolution is inevitable. It is the new investments that balance Mexico's ledger, despite her immense export of silver. They are the secret of her prosperity, of an overflowing treasury with which she builds great pub-

lic works; for her wealth of agricultural resources does not prevent her from being an importer of foodstuffs. Her annual trade, one-fifth of which consists of exports of metals, gives her a balance less than her national interest charges abroad, while the interest on the foreign capital invested must be at least $75,000,000 a year.

There you have the weak point in Señor Limantour's system, which looks so strong because of his excess of receipts over expenditures. Let the silver and gold keep on flowing out to return the foreign principal and pay the interest charges while no new capital flows in, and the veteran finance minister will face a harder problem than he has yet solved.

In trying to do for his country what the Elder Statesmen did for Japan in bringing foreign civilization and teachers, Diaz counted with a different type of people for his host. The Mexicans themselves—who fail to learn what the Japanese were so eager to learn—make Mexico for the Mexicans impossible. Her young men, who imitate French manners, have failed to imitate French civilization in its engineers, promoters, mechanics, and thrifty, trained industrialism. They go to the technical schools and learn theory and hesitate at the hard application that practice requires. A Mexican boy of any education who will apprentice himself to learn railroading is an anomaly.

Among the better classes there is Castilian contempt for business. They would rather be government clerks or dependents on a *hacienda* than mine managers at $10,000 a year, which, besides, requires harder work than they like. If a Mexican sells a mine he puts his money into land. His only form of gambling is lottery tickets. There is less stock speculation (by Mexicans) in Mexico City than in many American towns of 20,000 people.

The love of risk, of action for a splendid stake, so characteristic of the Japanese, which leads the American, the Englishman, the Frenchman and the German into industrial undertakings, is not in the Mexican—at least, not yet. Mines and railroads and banks and stores are managed by foreigners because they are, for the present, at least, best suited for the work. Any measure which retards foreign enterprise retards Mexican development along the lines of a policy which Diaz has carried too far to permit of any backward step without results equally as serious to Mexico as to the foreigner.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE REPUBLIC AND THE MAN

DIAZ has been the creator of Mexico's foreign policy; Don Ignacio Mariscal its spokesman. Theirs is a rare political friendship, with a human note to soften jealousy. The watchful President, never allowing any one man to gain a larger share of power than some rival for favor, has entertained no suspicions of Don Ignacio, his minister of foreign affairs from the beginning of his rule.

Don Ignacio never bothers his head with this complicated business of home politics. His concern is with Mexico's relations with the outside world. The late John Hay once said that one could not boast of his triumphs in diplomacy or in love. A foreign minister's reward must come from the praise of his chief and his consciousness of success; and such is Don Ignacio's reward.

After Don Porfirio was through fighting the French with the sword, Don Ignacio began his battle of peace. This pair have grown old together, watching their country become strong and respected under their direction. Don Ignacio

loves his Mexico and every little victory he has won for her. He has the art which conceals art. The pleasure of having met and talked with this veteran of early Victorian days—his old-fashioned jelly-roll of hair over his ears and his dancing eyes recalling Disraeli without the Jewish cast of countenance—will ever remain a romantic memory to a younger man.

"Yes, I have been with General Diaz thirty years," he said, "but, then, we knew each other pretty well in the days when we were having so much trouble with those Frenchmen who wanted our country. But they did not want it as much, they found, as we wanted it ourselves. So we kept it.

"Every time the general is re-elected I go to him and say: 'Excellency, it is quite scandalous. I am a regular old fossil' "—when you know that he is living keenly every minute in the present. " 'Think how mean it is of me never to give any of those new men a chance. I am going to retire.' But the general says: 'We old fellows will ask those young fellows to wait a little longer. I can't get along without you.' So I remain and feel ashamed of my selfishness. Yes, General Diaz and I have been in harness a long time, and since Mr. Fish and I used to exchange dispatches you have had a great many Secretaries of State in your country."

Oh, he was ever so sorry that Mexico could

not allow us a coaling station at Magdalena Bay; but that was against the Mexican Constitution (which Don Porfirio has so frequently disregarded in home politics). It was too bad, too, not to permit our sailors to have a little harmless small-arms practice ashore, but there, again, was that Constitution! We have one of our own and surely we know for ourselves how bothersome Constitutions may be when you wish to do a friend a favor.

He has ever kept relations running smoothly with that brusque and mighty northern neighbor, watchful, in keeping with his duty, to prevent any entering wedge of aggression. Diplomacy, winning the favor of foreign nations for the discredited Mexico of thirty years ago, has been the ally of José Yves Limantour, the master-mind of financial Mexico. No one in modern times, unless it was Witte in Russia for a period, has enjoyed anything like the authority which has been his for fifteen years. He would be impossible in any other country. How long, for example, would the business man of the States or of northern Europe endure a system of stamp taxes according to the amount of business done, opening his books to government agents, while land never pays a penny? One-third of the revenue comes from stamps, of which foreign capital pays a heavy share.

Congress does not bother him with questions.

He need not fear public criticism. The great majority of the Mexicans are too unintelligent to understand or consider such a thing as a fiscal policy. Without even the interference of a board of directors, he is responsible only to Diaz, whose wisdom says "Steady" and "Go ahead." He could undertake a policy with a certainty that he could see it carried through, rather than with the expectation that a successor might reverse it inside of six months or a year.

It is the sum of what has been done in his long service that pays a tribute to the man rather than to the nation. He has put Mexico on a gold basis and her bonds at a premium. He has spent out of the money he has borrowed from abroad over $30,000,000 in improving and building harbor works at Vera Cruz, Salina Cruz, Manzanillo and Tampico, and $8,000,000 on the drainage of the Valley of Mexico. He can say to his fellow-countrymen, as Warren Hastings said to Parliament, that he is amazed at his modesty when he considers his temptations. A rich man when he took office, he will be much richer when he retires.

Of course, Diaz, too, has a great fortune, a fortune in keeping with his dignity and position and the work he has done for his country, as his friends say. But it is he who has set the example of moderation, which the Central American dictators, who imagine that they imitate him, have

failed to follow. He has read aright the folly of Iturbide and other rulers of Mexico's turbulous history from independence to Maximilian. His taste is for power, not for extravagance. Leading his soldiers, he imbibed a spirit of service and learned of rewards and satisfactions higher than gain. No cabinet minister may profit scandalously. He aims to check the rapacity of the commissions of governors and other officials who look for more than their portions.

In his well-arranged day of twelve busy hours there is always time for foreign visitors. Men are the books which he is fondest of studying. At Chapultepec I waited in a Maximilian antechamber, while I chatted with a pattern-plate aide, Spanish in courtesy plus German training. When my turn came he led the way to the Maximilian salon, and the most absolute ruler in Christendom entered with a quick, light step. His bearing gives him a height greater than his inches. He is as erect as one of his cadets, his head carried well back, with that leonine expression which characterizes the photograph of him which is the favorite of his people. His dignity is something more than Castilian. It is not a veneer. It runs through the fiber.

You feel none of that disappointment so usual when prestige and position have built up a figure, only to have it dwindle to an ordinary-looking mortal on close observation. After what you

have seen of Mexico, Diaz is up to expectations. The sense of power and command of men is there, inherent and impressive at the first glance. Break out of the commonplaces of a formal interview with some vital question that arouses him, and that carved, square jaw rises and the black eyes burn in a way that suggests the Indian fierceness of his soldier days. He is an Indian; he is of the soil; and this is, possibly, the secret of his strength. The peons hold him in awe and reverence. He is almost a god to them. When he is in a crowd you will see them rushing forward in the hope that they may touch his hand or even his coat.

He grows proud of his years. When I remarked that he was seventy-eight he answered that he was nearly seventy-nine. He owes his good health, he says, to his Indian constitution and to simple living. His routine of life is as severe as a monk's, his food most frugal. Formerly he took a horseback ride every day, but, convinced of the danger of a fall, he has given it up.

No ruler has ever been the object of more flattery, and few better able to see through its purpose than he in his younger days. Self-criticism is not included in the ban of criticism by press and Congress. But it would be surprising if vanity should not come with age, or if his

frequently announced intention to retire should ever be fulfilled.

Whoever has been to Chapultepec will appreciate how unnatural it would be for him to give up that home which has been his for so many years. Of all official residences in either hemisphere it is the most picturesquely situated. The location must give an occupant the intoxication of power. It towers over its surroundings as Diaz towers over all the other statesmen of Mexico. On that rock where Montezuma ruled, which Scott's veterans stormed, are the President's summer residence and the Mexican West Point—the man and the arms. From the long colonnade you look across the city, well paved, well policed, made modern in Diaz' time, toward Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihuatl in their splendor and majesty.

Whenever he is accused of subverting the Constitution his answer is always the same: "Suppose you had a son of ten, and the tailor insisted on giving him a man's suit of clothes. Would you let him wear them, or would you put the suit away, telling him he could have it when he was grown?"

American critics of one-man power in Mexico forget that they have come from a country where self-government has become second nature through centuries of training to a country where paternalism has been second nature equally long.

Americans and Mexicans who go north always speak of going from the "Republic" to the "States," as if the States were not a republic. No American ever makes a correction by saying that both countries are republics. I sought in vain for an explanation of the distinction. Possibly its origin is satirical.

In all his talks in later years Don Porfirio has not hesitated to admit that he has often applied the Constitution in spirit rather than in letter. It is evidently clear to him that the boy is in nowise ready for that suit of man's clothes. Indeed, the slowness of the boy's growth is probably the cross of his career. Over 50 per cent. of his people are still unable to read and write.

The state of his health is a thing to be quoted in the streets, like the price of stocks. "Give us four or five years more of him," as one American said, "and I hope to be out of Mexico with my fortune." This generally voices the hope of everybody who is willing to leave the bridge-crossing till he comes to it; of great foreign interests at stake and of governors and officeholders who owe their places to him, sometimes against the wish of their constituents. Another class—and they still hope to see their hope fulfilled—more farseeing, perhaps, have wished that he would retire and devote his remaining years to having a successor securely installed. Mexico

cannot exist without one-man power, and it is time that a legatee were known.

But the game of ruling is in Diaz' blood, a part of his life. He sets a Ramon Corral as Vice-President in the play against Limantour, who is the choice of the financial world. The followers of General Bernardo Reyes, also ambitious to reign at Chapultepec, wanted him to take Corral's place. Corral is weak, an amenable heir-presumptive, and Reyes is strong. Reyes was made a virtual prisoner by the Mexican troops in the province of Nuevo Leon, of which he is governor. He resigned his candidacy, and Diaz tactfully sent him, with many compliments, on a long trip abroad, to study the armies of the world.

Another factor, Madame Diaz, must not be overlooked in any picture of the political life of a régime which will soon be historical. The gossip of the capital always speaks of her as "Carmelita." "What is Carmelita's view?" ask the courtiers. She is the young wife, daughter of an old Spanish family, some thirty years the President's junior, of quite a different type from the first Madame Diaz.

But for her tutoring, some say that the uncouth captain of militia would not have developed the manners which go with high place in a Spanish-speaking country. The softening of Don Porfirio's attitude toward the Church is due to her, I am told. She is a devout Catholic. If a raid

of any new brotherhood or sisterhood is planned, the monks or the nuns concerned usually receive warning in time to depart.

When Don Porfirio proposed to retire in 1904, Madame Limantour, so the story goes, was confident enough of her husband's chances to tell some friends one afternoon that soon they should have tea with her at Chapultepec. Some busy tongue carried the news to "Carmelita," who sent for one of the President's oldest friends, a General who had fought by his side, and said:

"Don't let up on Porfirio until he promises to stay."

A statesman must be judged by his results. With them as a criterion, the verdict of the future of Diaz' benevolent dictatorship seems clear. He must be far too good a Mexican to subscribe to any "After me the deluge!" programme. Patriotic, not exotic like the old aristocracy of *hacienda* owners, he has taught the army—how successfully no man can tell—that its loyalty is to the constituted head of the State, although it has been made the servant of his own fortunes. He has aimed, according to his light, to make a nation of Mexico, so ingrained with nationalism that it could not be dismembered; to hold the friendship of the United States and yet to build up a military force which would make any interference a forbidding task.

Has Don Porfirio made a political will which

Mariscal will produce and in which all is arranged? But the power of Diaz' words when he is dead may not be that of Diaz living. One of the critical moments of modern history will be here when the flag is at half-mast on Chapultepec, and one of the most fascinating of great governmental and human problems will be offered for solution. Though lacking the wisdom and strength of Diaz, a fairly clever statesman, with the succession assured to him, would keep in the saddle for a time, perhaps permanently. At his command are a well-equipped little army and the efficient *rurales* and the network of railroads and telegraphs, which Diaz did not welcome for their industrial value alone. They make autocracy easy. The wire instantly brings word of riot or revolt, and the rail hurries the medicine to the spot.

With the same instruments, a legatee would conduct his own election. But the spirit of Mexico for the Mexicans grows, and with it some appreciation of the meaning of the ballot. In any event, you must not overlook the force of that great mass of Indians used to a ruler with native blood in his veins, who regard most of the candidates mentioned as foreigners, in a class with the Gringos. A growing brood of young agitators whom Diaz has kept under repression, now that the people have a little light, might play a more dangerous part than the blind leading the blind.

What if the army and the *rurales* fail to respond to the man installed at Chapultepec; if he should find that another leader had the troops with him; if uprisings began in all parts of the country? The stake is a kingdom with an income which only the king's moderation names. The rivals for Diaz' shoes may try their strength till one is found strongest; till one has a following sufficient to keep him in place. The greatest check on disorder will be the fear of interference by the United States, and no less efficacious because groundless.

CHAPTER FIVE

INTO GUATEMALA

TOURIST bureaus seem to draw a dead line at the Guatemalan boundary. In the City of Mexico accurate information about travel in Russia was more accessible than details of how to reach the capital of an adjoining country.

The shipping agents mentioned two lines on the west coast, with sailings once in ten days, but advised disregard of published time tables, which were more or less a form, and that I should repair to Salina Cruz at least three days before an advertised date of departure and possess my soul in patience. Passengers are a consideration largely subsidiary to that of freight. If slackness of cargo at one port makes a steamer ahead of time, a large consignment or a bad surf at the next may make it behind time. The captain's policy is to get ahead as fast as he can, with the chances that, averaging the whole trip, he will reach his terminus approximately when the agents expect him.

Salina Cruz is, as yet, little more than a pier for the Tehuantepec Isthmian Railroad, which

transships sugar from the Hawaiian Islands and manufactures from Europe and our Atlantic coast. Here the Mexican government, in its laudable and ambitious scheme of public improvements, has spent more millions than it likes to confess on great breakwaters of masonry, to wrest a safe anchorage from the niggardly Pacific, which can also be a very angry Pacific at times.

The Tehuantepec road is an industrial tragedy. Every steam-shovelful of earth excavated at Panama sounds the approach of the day when it will be reduced to the resources of local traffic. It was built in the expectation that the Isthmian Canal would remain an unfulfilled promise; but before the last rails were laid on a solid roadbed through the treacherous jungle, work was begun on the Culebra Cut.

Perhaps three thousand people live on the wind-swept sands in the company of the vacant huts once occupied by the laborers on the harbor works. A hotel, never calculating on more than a baker's dozen of guests, was overrun by a traveling Spanish theatrical company. They put up a stage of boards on barrels and boxes, with cheesecloth for curtains, in the hotel court and played everything, from "Camille" to the Spanish comedies.

The American consul and I attended every night. He observed that the dizzy excitement

of having a fellow-countryman and a show in town the same week might overcome him for the time being; but he would have plenty of leisure for recuperation from his debauch after the attractions were gone. Our introduction had taken place an hour after my arrival, when a hand was clapped on my shoulder from behind and a hearty voice said:

"I know you're an American, and don't think for a moment that you are going to escape. I'm lonesome!"

With that, he led me into the house, placed a chair on the veranda, and demanded to know about everything at home from politics to the latest popular song. This was his first appointment, and he had had the choice between Salina Cruz and Zanzibar. Mexicans say that Salina Cruz is the "jumping-off place for Guatemala," of which they have far from a high opinion; and every foreigner who had been beyond the border had kept repeating, in answer to any question which might imply criticism: "Wait till you see Guatemala! Then you will see how Mexico shines by comparison."

It was the consul who piled additional grief on the shoulders of the captain of a German steamer, which was the first one bound south. Our doctors of the Canal Zone, ever watchful for yellow fever, required most exact information about a ship's passengers as a condition of

Coatzacoalcos, eastern terminus of the Tehauntepec railway

her escaping quarantine at Panama. There were certain names on the agent's list which were not on that of the local health authorities. Rectifying matters necessitated a delay of two or three hours, which might have been spent in taking on coffee and earning more dollars for the Hamburg company, which expects no nimble penny to escape its servants.

The wonder is that the captain keeps his temper at all. His steamer travels 36,000 miles out and home. From Hamburg her route is to London; then to the Canaries to coal; then direct to Puenta Arenas in the Straits of Magellan, where she becomes a local passenger and freight boat in deadly earnest, stopping at every port all the way to Puget Sound and so on back again to the Straits. Eleven months is the duration allowed the run, and the time spent at Hamburg may be two or three weeks; never more than four.

I asked the captain if he were married. "No," he answered bluntly, "and no right to be." But the first mate, who spoke both English and Spanish, was keeping a family at home on his pay, sixty dollars a month, in return for his watches, his long absences, and the vexations of lightering through the surf, dealing with all manner of foreign officials, and dropping anchor at all hours of the night.

"I kiss my wife and children," he explained, "and I'm away to sea again. When I come

back"—he lifted his hand to indicate how much the children had grown. "If I had known about California when I was a young man I don't think I'd be in this business. I'd have a little ranch of my own up in the hills back of San Francisco."

All the regular crew were German; the cargo-handlers Chileans, typical, alert, dark-eyed gamins of the Santiago water-front, who never make but one trip. According to the captain, whose inclination to cynicism is pardonable, one constitutes a cure. However, the Chileans told me that their object was to see the Gringos in San Francisco and Seattle and something of the rest of the world. Happily, the captain's economies for the company's sake did not extend to the table, which was excellent.

My only fellow-passenger in the first class was a Japanese major, once of the Information Division of Oyama's staff. We had met in Manchuria, and now we met again, bound for Guatemala. He was busy with his notebook and troublesome Spanish primer, seeking knowledge with racial greediness. Later, we ran across each other in Cabrera's capital, and that astute dictator, in one of my talks with him, ventured, with true Spanish politeness, a sympathetic remark on the misfortune of an American finding himself associated with a Japanese in his travels.

It showed how well informed Central American politicians are of the international differences

of the United States, and how quick they are to scent politics and intrigue where nothing of the kind occurs to us. As a matter of fact, the major became rather bored by his trip, and after witnessing one or two reviews of the Central American soldiers, hastened on to Panama and the canal, where he expected to see something worth while.

On one occasion, when we were riding on the train, as he looked out of the window at the rich, sparsely populated valleys of the Cordilleras, he exclaimed, half to himself:

"Much better climtae than Kiushu" (the great southern island of the Japanese group). "So much room here. No room in Japan. If the Japanese were here they would cultivate right up to the mountain tops. Beautiful, beautiful country. Too bad!"

It was the aching of a highly organized race to develop resources going to waste.

To return to the thread of the narrative, the next day at noon we dropped anchor opposite two big buoys, a mile or more out from a billowy white ribbon in front of unpainted buildings, gray against the deep green of the foliage. We were at San Benito, on the Mexican border. After whistling a while to announce our arrival—evidently a lone steamer against the horizon was invisible to official eyes—there was a puff of white ashore. This proved to be the steam from a

donkey engine which drew a boat through the surf by a rope run over pulleys on the buoys.

Aboard were the doctor, the captain of the port, and the agent of the company (and incidentally of every other foreign interest in the place)—a German who wore leather gaiters, riding breeches, and a Tyrolese cap in the blazing sun and seemed perfectly cool. Time had seasoned him to the land's delays, though his national characteristic of efficiency was probably little impaired, as I found to be the case with most Germans in Central America, whether afloat or ashore.

Inspection of the ship's papers and of the health of the passengers was conducted in the cabin over the iced Pilsener, which I imagine has saved the steamship company many officially imposed delays in their affairs. From Salina Cruz to Costa Rica the steamer's arrival is a great occasion; and a combination of every bit of red tape invented by the different civilized nations is rigidly adhered to. At length we watched the boarding boat being leisurely rowed back to the buoys. The two hours which elapsed before a cargo boat came out delayed us twelve. On account of the increasing surf and approaching darkness we had to remain overnight, with only one boatload yet to discharge. Some things are difficult of explanation to the manager in Ham-

burg, who must have his trials, in turn, with a board of directors.

Another vista of breaking surf, another group of unpainted buildings, the next afternoon, signified Champerico, the first port of Guatemala. Our skeptical skipper confided to me, with what truth I could never ascertain, that the port doctor who came off here was really a blacksmith.

Leaving my heavy baggage to go to San José de Guatemala by the steamer, without any company except the officials, I climbed into the big, boxlike chair which lowered me into the boat like so much cargo. After weeks on the west coast one becomes as used to this procedure as to jumping on a street car at home. It is the only way in lands where there are no harbors, and Guatemala has not a single one on the Pacific side. She lies naked to the unbroken roll of 10,000 miles' width of ocean. A second pulley lift and I was on a long, spider-like pier—the surf tearing through the meshes of the steel legs—with a government official asking for the traveler's name, occupation, and object of coming to Champerico, and a representative of the company that had the pier concession asking for landing dues. The scene at the end of that pier would depress any optimist. Heavy storms had eaten caves and gullies into the soft clay bank, undermining many buildings, which had already fallen or were about to fall. In fact, all the town along the water-

front was in the process of retreating a hundred feet or more inland.

A dozen soldiers, barefoot, some with caps, but mostly without, in soiled blue jeans, armed with old Remington rifles, saluted as the captain of the port escorted me to the *comandancia,* where I gave my name, occupation, destination, and object of travel again. Next we sought the American vice-consul, a Jamaican by birth, who was living Dyak fashion up a long stretch of steps in a single room—office and cottage combined—built out of the débris after the storms.

The last train for the day on the coffee line connecting with the Guatemalan Central at Mazatenango had gone and another would not start until day after to-morrow. There was no hotel, though I was welcome to the consul's single bed. How about a locomotive to make the journey to Mazatenango that night? I inquired.

The sleepy station agent, after he had been found, sent off a wire to see what could be done, and while we waited for an answer Mr. Kauffman, business arbiter of the community and agent for the coffee planters up-country, himself an owner of a coffee *finca* (plantation), came to my rescue, offering hospitality, but agreeing that there was nothing in the world to keep any one who wished to study Guatemala for even a few hours. Champerico was not Guatemala at all,

only a place where the coffee crop was put aboard the steamers.

Word came that I could have the locomotive. Mr. Kauffman warned the station agent as to what was a reasonable price, and saw that I was not beaten in the exchange of my gold for quantities of Guatemalan paper of continually fluctuating value.

Evidently the manager of the railroad was bound to lose no possible traffic. He was quick with his promises, if slow of their fulfilment. Word kept arriving by a man whom the consul had appointed as courier that the special was on its way.

"It is raining; there might be a washout," said the consul, "and maybe they've overlooked telegraphing the fact."

This was hardly encouraging news at midnight; but directly we heard the scream of a whistle back in the jungle, and the courier acted as guide over the fissures of the bank to the station, where an Italian conductor in charge of a venerable day car behind a venerable, wood-burning locomotive, and an American engineer at the throttle, were ready. For two hours, with the rain beating against the windows, we hurtled through the darkness, the gleam of the headlight making the wet leaves of the forest glisten, and the swing of an occasional lantern at a station signaling as we passed.

Shortly before three o'clock the conductor said "Mazatenango!" and his lone passenger stepped out into the darkness on to a board-walk, with nothing else in sight. Convinced that the hotel would not be open, I was prepared to spend the night under the nearest cover, when a lantern reflected the methodical progress of two figures.

"Welcome to Mazatenango, señor!" called a voice, and though I could not see his face, I caught the shadow pantomime of a hat being lifted from the head of the speaker with a grand sweep. It was the *jéfe politico* come to meet me. Such politeness was overwhelming to one who knew what it meant in a climate where early retiring and rising were the rule. The other man was a friend who had volunteered as interpreter, in event I did not know Spanish.

A carriage was waiting behind some scrawny horses, and, the driver lashing them, we plunged through mudholes till we struck a cobblestone pavement quite as uneven and treacherous. With all three of us fairly gasping, we halted before the door that opened into the hotel court, where señor and señora were waiting before a table spread for supper. Señora hastened out to bring in a tureen of soup; señor opened beer.

The *jéfe* and I drank to Guatemala, the United States, and each other's good health. Something of the importance of a Pan-American commissioner seemed to attach to my humble self. How

On the Pan-American Road, Southern Mexico

A street in Guatemala City

had the governor of the province heard of my coming? And why all this pains, in any event?

Later I was to learn that the name, occupation, destination and object of travel which are taken wherever resident or non-resident goes are sent direct to the *jéfe,* when anything unusual attaches to them. It is his business to keep a sharp watch on all travelers, in view of possible revolutionary plots. A foreigner who was neither a coffee planter nor a railroad promoter entering his domain of authority so abruptly by special train in the small hours was either a perfectly "mad Gringo" or a justifiable object of suspicion.

"We thought you were coming by way of the frontier," he said.

My intention originally had been to go overland by the Pan-American Railroad, riding mule-back over the uncompleted sections—which were all on the Guatemalan side. So I had wired to our minister in Guatemala to make sure of a safe official passport. Inquiry had changed my plan. It was September, with the rainy season at its height, and no telling how long washouts might delay me. The water route seemed wisest, on the score of time.

In vain I begged that polite *jéfe* to retire. He insisted in keeping me company while I ate. He told me of the coffee crop and asked how it happened that when President Roosevelt was so strong he could name his successor, he should not

remain President himself. My answers did not quite convince him. Mr. Roosevelt's action was all against the rules of politics and human nature as he knew them.

At last, with a grand sweep of his hat at the door of my bedchamber, he bade me good-night a few minutes before dawn broke. *"Hasta mañana!"* he concluded, with what must have been real depth of feeling under his politeness.

CHAPTER SIX

THE PEOPLE UNDER SPAIN

ANY traveler who glanced at the main street of Mazatenango would have known that he was in the town of a former Spanish colony. Though another type of people fill in the picture, the frame is the same as in Cuba, the Philippines, or Peru. Spanish influence endures. The *patio* and barred windows are as much a part of the life of the community as Castilian manners.

Your sense of the picturesque suffers a shock at finding yourself out of the land of the peaked hat, that proud possession of the Mexican peon despised by the Guatemalan. You have crossed a boundary line which was first drawn by the Spanish conquerors. Under their dominion, Mexico was New Spain, and all that region from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to the Isthmus of Panama was officially the captain-generalcy of Guatemala, but better known as the "Kingdom of Guatemala."

It was in 1517 that the Cuban planter, Hernandez de Córdoba, bent on fresh supplies of slaves for his plantation, landed in Yucatan and Chris-

tian civilization made its first acquaintance with the civilization of the Mayas. In 1519 Cortéz, that man of amazing will and endurance, settled Vera Cruz. Two years later the seat of the Aztec empire in the City of Mexico was his spoil. In 1522 he sent Pedro de Alvarado at the head of a small band to overrun western Guatemala. The name of Alvarado has become to Guatemala what that of Cortéz is to Mexico, Pizarro to Peru, and John Smith to Virginia.

"At the time of the conquest," says Keane, "a great portion of Mexico proper, the whole of Yucatan and most of Guatemala, together with parts of Honduras and Nicaragua, were inhabited by a large number of civilized nations, who had, from remote times, formed political States, some of considerable magnitude, but all fairly well organized, with thoroughly constituted forms of government, highly developed social institutions, polytheistic religious systems still mostly at the sacrificial stage, numerous arts and industries, conspicuous among which was architecture of a monumental order, and, lastly, a knowledge of letters showing nearly all the transitions from picture-writing to phonetic symbol, and, as some hold, to a crude alphabetic system."

So well did the Mayas of Yucatan resist Córdoba and his successors that fifteen years after the first landing the conquerors were driven out. Under the lead of General Montoros and Bishop

Landa the Spanish returned in force; and when their work was finished practically only native women and children were left among the wreckage of the Mayan temples. The pagan books and writings were destroyed by orders of the zealous bishop. Four of the books have come down to us, but their message is still sealed to the archeologists, who have sought in vain for a key of translation.

The Maya-Quichés of the highlands of Guatemala were either less virile than their brothers of Yucatan, or, what is more likely, they awakened to their danger too late. They had as their immediate neighbors other civilized tribes, each dwelling peacefully in some valley or other recognized habitat, while traders going and coming among them traveled far into Mexico. Many believe that their civilization was already becoming decadent. At all events, it was peaceful.

Lack of unity among the tribes made it easy for Alvarado to overcome them in detail. But he did not escape altogether without fighting. He had one notable battle with the Nagualas, which lasted all day. In want of other weapons they rolled stones down the hills on the heads of the enemy. Alvarado promised to leave them unmolested, provided they would pay him a certain amount of tribute. This tribe is still something of a law unto itself, and until recent years

continued to pay its annual tribute to the President of Guatemala, I am told.

On the site of the old Guatemala City, the present Antigua, deserted by order of the Spanish government after the earthquake of 1776, Alvarado founded his capital in the shadow of splendid evergreen hills. In a word, the conqueror said: "Make me a city here and make it the grandest in the New World," and in the heart of what Humboldt termed the Paradise of that New World.

Alvarado brought artisans from Spain to superintend the work. The natives who had served their priests in building the temples which call the archeologist were set to quarrying massive stone columns for his vice-regal palace, with its double row of corridors supporting domed roofs, unsurpassed in Spanish-American architecture; and on its right was the cathedral, facing a plaza larger than that of the present City of Mexico, in which finally the conqueror's own bones rested after his long regency. The spacious monasteries and convents, the official residences and the fountains were supplied with water brought from the hills by a stone aqueduct. There were even public lavatories for the use of the washerwomen.

A man of action, whose deeds kept pace with his dreams, was this Alvarado, a lieutenant after the heart of his master. He once reported to

Cortéz concerning a matter of recalcitrant Indian chiefs: "In order to bring them to the service of his majesty I determined to burn the lords; and I burned them and commanded their city to be burned and razed to the foundations." He came, he saw, he conquered. One year after his arrival Guatemala was pacified.

Then he set out with equal success to the conquest of the Pupils, a numerous tribe who occupied the country within the confines of what is practically the present republic of Salvador. Gil Gonzales Dávila had already advanced up the west coast into Nicaragua in 1522, subjecting the indolent people to fearful barbarities. Costa Rica had already been occupied; and thus, in 1525, nearly one hundred years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the "stern and rockbound coast," all Central America was subject to an organized government radiating from a capital which soon became a seat of learning.

Subjugation was not altogether by the sword. Not all the bishops were of the type of Landa, and even he believed that he was undoing the work of the devil by the destruction of the Maya writings. Bishop Las Casas, who had long preached against the cruelties practiced on the Indian, asked that the unexplored country west of Yucatan and south of the present province of Chiapas in Mexico should be made his see. His request was granted, even to the stipulation that

not a single soldier should assist him. He won the natives to Christianity without the aid of bloodshed and gave this region the name of Vera Paz, or "true peace," which it still bears. History has few more fascinating accounts of patient Christian endeavor than his own story of his work.

Alvarado organized his vice-royalty into eight provinces: Chiapas, Guatemala, Yucatan, Vera Paz, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica. On account of the distance and difficulty of travel, Yucatan later became a separate captaincy-general. Vera Paz is a part of the present republic of Guatemala, as Chiapas was before its annexation to Mexico. The other four form the present republics of Salvador, Nicaragua, Honduras and Costa Rica. Each had a bishop directly responsible in all religious matters to the ecclesiastical management of the metropolitan church.

While, broadly speaking, the captain-general exercised a most absolute despotism, rivaled only by that of the Church in all religious matters, Spanish cities were in the nature of little republics, and Alvarado simply demanded tribute, peace and submission to his will in all outside affairs. The Indian communities were left largely to themselves, so long as they rendered "unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's."

In Guatemala City rose an aristocracy of the land-holding and office-holding class. The sons of the artisans whom Alvarado had brought from

Spain and of the camp followers, mixing with the natives, formed the beginning of the *ladino*—a word literally meaning trickster—class which rules Guatemala to-day. It is said that the artisans' descendants were really responsible for the moving of the capital from Antigua to its present site. The public reason was an earthquake, which, from all accounts, was no more destructive than that of San Francisco in 1905. But the *ladinos* petitioned King Philip II. in such great numbers and influenced him so far that he even ordered the banishment of every citizen from the site of Alvarado's palaces, churches and monasteries.

Nowhere, excepting in small numbers in Costa Rica, from the Rio Grande to the Amazon, was the Spaniard a settler in the North American sense. The climate, humid and enervating in the lowlands, with a paradisaical ozone engendering a *dolce far niente* view of life in the highlands, was not the only factor which made him an aristocrat. At his command, in place of a Mohawk or an Apache watching from ambush, was a civilized race who found their best means of self-preservation in docility. Though they accepted the forms of Christianity, so persistent is the ancient inheritance that they still conceal native gods behind the altar of the Virgin. Slavery having been abolished by the King of Spain, forced labor was made easy by the *repartimiento* system, by which an *alcalde* of a village might be

called upon at any time to provide a certain number of laborers for a wage that was purely nominal. This applied to the Indians who dwelt away from the plantations. Those on the plantations were practically peons or serfs.

The Spanish yoke fell from Central America largely by its own weight, following the revolt of Mexico in 1821. The resident aristocracy and the professional classes wanted the emoluments of office for themselves. Spain had exhausted the land; there was little more tribute worth having. At home she had sunk to the rank of a second-class nation. She had neither the soldiers nor the will to suppress a widespread insurrection in New Spain and the Kingdom of Guatemala. The fervent ideals which had sent forth her discoverers had degenerated into a pursuit of such remnants of profit as remained in the wreck of her colonial empire. Hubert Howe Bancroft, in his "History of Central America," gives this picture of conditions in Guatemala in the last days of the Spanish régime:

"The *subdelegados,*" he says, "by means of their *comisarios,* collected the tribute and speculated with it, each being a tyrant who oppressed the Indians at his will. Education was neglected; ignorance prevailed to such an extent that a large portion did not even know the first rudiments of their religion. The poorer Spaniards and the mixed breeds were entirely without education.

Indeed, in nearly three centuries not only had the Indians not learned to speak Spanish, but the native Spaniards spoke the six Indian tongues of the province better than their own. . . . In some Indian towns so-called *maestros* were salaried from the community funds of the inhabitants. Such *maestros* could scarcely read and write, and most of them were immoral and given to drunkenness. Of course, no good results could be obtained from such teachers."

CHAPTER SEVEN

AFTER INDEPENDENCE

FOR a short time after the declaration of independence, while Iturbide was playing monarch in Mexico, Guatemala, by political choice, and Salvador, under duress, threw in their lot with his empire. But such an alliance was against all precedent. The former Kingdom of Guatemala became the Central American Confederation of the five States of Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica. As a constitutional pattern the new nation chose the United States of America, which has the moral responsibility of having been a guiding example in the formation of many republics in which the elements were little suited to the idea. In this instance, people in nowise homogeneous were without experience of the simplest form of electoral government on a large scale. Their first executive head was a triumvirate. Naturally, its members soon quarreled.

Under the captains-general, lords over a number of satrapies, with each provincial subordinate enjoying a good deal of latitude and freedom

from question so long as he kept peace and turned in his share of taxes, Indian tribal differences had been strengthened, and sections geographically and commercially distinct set against one another to prevent any united opposition to the ruling power. Even if all the elements of local prejudice, contest for places and lack of communication had been absent, the confederation would have foundered for want of funds. A European loan for a time satisfied the demands of the politicians, who were drawn from the land-holding and professional classes, as were also most of the higher churchmen, who had undertaken to establish an oligarchy which should control all Central America in their interests.

Within a year after the promulgation of the Constitution (1826) a rebellion was under way. It spread under the leadership of Francisco Morazán, a Honduran, of French blood on his father's side, the highest type of adventurer that Central America has produced, who took the capital and made himself virtual dictator. One of his first acts was to declare freedom of worship. Already, in 1832, Central America was a nation only in name, and the other States were formally withdrawing from the confederation. In 1838 they were regularly established as the republics of Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua and Costa Rica, which, after seventy years of wars, revolutions and ambitious efforts

by the successful dictator of one country and another to conquer his neighbors, remain practically within the same boundaries as those established by Alvarado, with British Honduras, under the British crown since 1797, a broad stretch of insalubrious lowlands to the east of Guatemala.

And from that day to this the power has been to the man who could win and keep it by the bayonet. The seal of the character of the adventurous Alvarado is set upon the political ideals of the Central American youth. Every dictator wants to erect some building or monument in his own honor, even as Alvarado erected a city. In place of captains-general from Spain have been home-bred captains-general, who send their garnered tribute to Paris instead of Madrid.

Morazán was the pioneer Liberal, voicing not the idea of freedom of speech—which no dictator has ever allowed—but of freedom from clerical government. He was a man of some education and of practically pure white blood, who went on fighting to the end of his days in one revolution and another for love of excitement, regardless of gain—in this he was an exception to the rule—and gave the command to "Fire!" with his own lips when he was finally executed in Costa Rica. At the time that he came into power in Guatemala he was twenty-eight years old, and only thirty-eight at his downfall.

His successor, Rafael Carrera, the son of a

An Indian woman (with *ladino* type of man at left)

marketwoman, who could not write his own name, became master of Guatemala at the age of twenty-one. The clergy gathered around this young devil from the highways. According to Liberal authorities, they incited the people with a report that the cholera pestilence of 1837 was due to the poisoning of the wells by Morazán, who wished to make room for more Hondurans in Guatemala. With the cry of "Long live religion and down with the foreigner!" they won.

Carrera was as ruthless and vain as he was ignorant. He did not bother with taking prisoners in battle. Whenever he appeared in the streets the people were under orders to shout *"Viva Carrera!"* under extreme penalty for disobedience. On public occasions he wore green frieze trousers, a coat brilliant with gold embroidery of his own design, and a hat decked with pictures of the saints.

To the Conservatives the marketwoman's son was a bulwark against anarchy. He had enabled them to restore the old order. Their Congress voted him a hero and his bust was engraved on the coins of the land. Chosen President for life, in 1852, he held the reins till his death in 1865.

After him came Vicente Cerna, whom he had named for his successor in much the same fashion that President Diaz is expected to name his. Cerna was strongly pro-clerical and weak. Insurrections of the *ladino,* or Liberal element,

breaking out in many places were suppressed easily at first, but in 1869 Serapio Cruz, the foremost malcontent, sprang across the border from Mexico with all of twenty-five armed men, a nucleus which grew into a considerable force as he advanced. He was killed and his head borne into the capital as a public exhibition of the fate of traitors. His lieutenants, Granados and Barrios, kept up the fight, and before the year was out Cerna was in flight and they were in power.

Granados was President for a short time, but made way for his stronger ally, J. Rufino Barrios, the hero of "the age of Liberalism," which still prevails in Central America, whether under a Cabrera or a Zelaya. In the thirty-eight years since independence there had been little or no improvement in education, communications or commerce. The landlords had thriven off the increasing production and price of coffee. They had lived extravagantly and carelessly, planter fashion. Paris was the Mecca of the rich families, who frequently educated their children abroad. The *repartimiento* system continued as under the Spaniards. Each plantation had its own justice of the peace for dealing with the offenses of its resident laborers.

Nominally, the Barrios movement was that of reform for the masses against the ecclesiastical and land-holding aristocracy. He was as brutal as Carrera. A dead enemy was the safest enemy.

His followers were the creole or *ladino* element, far outnumbering the old white families, but outnumbered two to one by the pure-blooded Indians, who, as will appear later, are in nowise a political factor except for purposes of exploitation. The language of the *ladinos* is Spanish; that of the natives was in Barrios' time, and is still, their native tongue. A few *ladinos* had received education at the university in Guatemala; many had attended the priests' schools. A brood of *abogados,* ambitious for political preferment, had arisen. Barrios was their hero.

He banished the Jesuits, confiscated much of the property of the Church, took all tithes out of its hands, prohibited the wearing of vestments in the street, and, in order to set one sect against another, invited the Protestant missionaries from the United States to undertake proselytization. Church schools became public schools, with his own picture on the walls in place of the Pope and the saints. He was excommunicated by the Bishop of Teya in the following words:

"1. That the man who is called José Rufino Barrios is held to be excommunicated from our blessed congregation, and to-day I prohibit from taking the name of one of the saints of our Roman martyrology.

"2. We caution the faithful not to communicate with him who is called José Rufino Barrios, who has been placed outside of the mercy of God.

"3. If our accursed brother (Rufino Barrios) wishes to continue in the government of the dioceses of Guatemala, let him be accursed by all generations and let him be held once and a thousand times as a pharisee and a publican of modern times, and

"4. Let the fate of the accursed excommunicated follow all those who will lend to him their support to throw to the ground the altars of our religion," etc., etc.

Barrios drafted a new Constitution, which was a dead letter immediately after its adoption, so far as any allegiance to its liberal provisions on his part was concerned. Coming into power in a period of great industrial expansion throughout the world, he opened the door to foreign commercial enterprise by a system of grants and monopolies. He built a certain number of cart roads; he established telegraphs, whose value in keeping him in touch with insurgent plots he saw as readily as Diaz; he granted a concession for the first railway to be built in Guatemala, and he welcomed the Germans to the development of new tracts of coffee land, with his *jéfes* forcing the natives to labor for the new masters. And all the while it meant imprisonment, if not worse, to utter or publish a word tinged with the slightest criticism of him or his measures. Yet, in view of later oppression, the Conservatives look back to him as a comparatively generous ruler.

Inevitably, his success made him aspire to the restoration of the Central American union, with himself as its head. Honduras, pliable to his will, had agreed to submit, and so had Salvador, he asserted. Upon Salvador's repudiation of his proclamation of the confederation, he started across her frontier with his army. He was killed on April 21, 1885 (by his own men, it is generally admitted); and, wanting a leader, his troops fled. For thirteen years he had been the most pretentious figure in Central America. In keeping with his opportunities, he had accumulated the largest fortune of any of its rulers. This was carefully invested abroad against emergency and went to his wife and six children, who left the country at once.

His successor, Manuel Barrillas, held office for four years, or a full term, but was too weak to prevail against the cabal formed to vote the districts for Reina Barrios, nephew of the hero. Thereafter, Barrillas became an active revolutionist, who was assassinated in 1907 by a Guatemalan in the City of Mexico, in pursuance of a plot formed, it is alleged, with the knowledge of the ruling powers in Guatemala City. On the night of February 8, 1899, Reina Barrios was shot in the street by Oscar Zollinger, a German. Estrada Cabrera, who had just returned from a mission to Costa Rica, appeared at once in the palace and getting the Cabinet to recognize him

as first *Designado,* became President of Guatemala until an election for that office could be held. Barrios' friends said that Zollinger was in San José de Costa Rica for eight days at the same time that Cabrera was there, and that his expenses were paid by Cabrera. Later, Cabrera, who is a clever lawyer, elected himself by force, and is still in office.

CHAPTER EIGHT

ACROSS THE HIGHLANDS

THE train ride to Guatemala City the day after my arrival at Mazatenango killed my growing distrust of Humboldt at a blow. He was right, unless the contrast of the lowlands with the plateau affects the judgment of all visitors—Guatemala is the Paradise of the New World. Alvarado's building plans were nothing more than an inspiration in keeping with the background of his capital. Days spent amidst the scenery of the West Indian islands seemed comparatively waste, though less so after an experience of the beds and fare of the *Grand Hotel de Guatemala.*

A traveling companion appearing and disappearing with the turns of the railroad line was the dead volcano Atitlan, a cone as perfect as Fujiyama's, in dim, dark outline against the soft, intoxicating blue. Prodigally, with a sense of fair play to all districts, such cones are scattered through the length of the land. Tajumulxo and Tacana are more than 13,000 feet above sea level. Santa Maria, long silent, erupted in April, 1902,

over the mountain city of Quezaltenango, killing ten times the number of people lost at San Francisco and a quarter of the number at Messina without creating a flutter in the news dispatches or international Red Cross circles.

Coffee planters found their *fincas* half buried, and were discouraged till they recalled precedents. History repeated itself with the blessing of fertilizer in the form of volcanic ash, producing largely increased crops in ensuing years. It amounts to a positive asset for a plantation to have been sprinkled by an eruption.

The mountain region of *los altos* in the distance shared the eye's attention with a vista of mighty oaks and cedars and of the everlasting life of orchid and vine, which devour decayed timber so rapidly that whatever is dead is blanketed with green. Ours was a loitering train, having a freight car, a first-class cane-seated passenger car, and two cars for the natives, with long, wooden seats against the sides. At every station Indian women advanced at the double-quick, with baskets of fruit borne on their heads. They turned an affair of trade into a *fiesta* occasion, with infrequent sales the prizes of the game. To the untrained observer, when he did not detect a strain of Spanish blood, they all looked alike; but I was told that a difference in the designs of shawls and skirts was the badge from time immemorial of neighboring tribes, speaking

different dialects. Probably the chiefs whom Alvarado conquered would understand their talk easier than Alvarado would understand the Spanish of to-day.

Aside from the faces of the numerically overwhelming Indians, you noted the faces of people of varying degrees of Spanish blood. At one station a dozen young women came to see a friend off. All were creoles, or *ladinos,* who shared the contempt of the purest Spaniard for the aborigines. Only the humblest of this class ever think of intermarrying with the Indians. The marked social distinction is between those who are and those who are not of exclusive Indian blood.

We had glimpses of an occasional German planter and creole overseers, with their high "dashboard" boots to protect their knees from the brambles and *machete* slung in the saddle, ready to cut away a vine or a limb that had shot across the trail. The land seemed thinly populated for its resources, the villages clusters of thatched huts, and nowhere, except in the persons of the German planters, any evidences of wealth.

At Escuintla, the junction of the line which connects San José, the main Pacific port, with Guatemala City, we dined. The Swiss conductor warned me against the station restaurant. He knew a better place kept by a Chinese. Thanks, perhaps, to the hunger it appeased, that meal seems the best I had ashore, outside a private

house, from Mexico to Costa Rica: Macaroni soup, fried plantains, shirred eggs, beefsteak, and rice a trifle greasy, Spanish fashion. Finally, your choice of a mountain of fruit—oranges, finger bananas, pineapples, custard apples, sapotes, grenadillos and alligator pears, luxuries which reach New York in cotton jackets at overwhelming prices. Meanwhile, our host was omnipresent. In fact, the Chinese is omnipresent throughout Guatemala, paying his tribute to officialdom, cutting off his queue and taking a native wife, and, so long as he may trade, not caring whether they call the man in the palace viceroy, king, president or dictator.

After leaving Escuintla, our train became an express, scorning the smaller villages, and we began the winding climb toward Guatemala City, passing Lake Amatitlan—which must not be confounded with the larger lake of Atitlan—a sheet of wondrous beauty and an aid to laziness in keeping with the prolific fertility of the land. The washerwomen were busy boiling their clothes in the bubbling hot spring along the shores and using the broad, flat stones as pounding boards. Skies which rained soap would mean perfection.

A first view of Guatemala City, in its outskirts of thatches, of the fortress on one hill suggestive of the hill of the Acropolis, and of the ancient cathedral of El Carmen on another, was followed by the disillusion of a dilapidated cab

Some highland belles in Guatemala

At a station on the Guatemala Central

drawn by miserable ponies in disintegrating harness patched by rope and driven by whippings and cluckings and shoutings of the driver along the route of the single horse-car line, past the buildings of stone and stucco flush with the narrow sidewalk.

Though it was the evening promenade hour, not many people were abroad. By the time you were at the hotel door you had sensed the atmosphere of repression which you were later to understand. Propitiatory paper dollar after paper dollar was placed in the extended hand of cabby till the cordage seemed sufficient to every one present except himself. If he was as extravagantly overpaid as some informants said that he was, then let us hope that some part of the windfall went into forage for his steed.

The official courtesy which began at Mazatenango positively flowered at Guatemala City. In a sense, it became embarrassing when I found that I must, in justice, show the reverse side of the official picture. Since the latest attempt at assassination, Estrada Cabrera, the President, had settled himself in a house across the street from the Presidential Palace, where he was less exposed to attack. In a reception-room, with two rows of chairs facing each other in stiff Castilian inference of *vis-à-vis* conversation, he received his visitor with the Spanish politeness char-

acteristic of every country on which Spain has set the stamp of many attractive conventions.

He is forty-five, alert, suspicious of manner, with a strain of Indian blood evident in his features. When an officer in his household appeared rather suddenly in the doorway, his keen glance, the quick movement of his body in readiness for an emergency, the sharp call of inquiry with which he broke the flow of his talk, indicated a watchfulness which had become part of his existence.

"What would you like to see?" he inquired, after the formalities were over.

"Your garrison at drill and permission to visit your public schools," I suggested.

"My ambition and the whole object of my policy," he explained, "is the education of the people. My one patriotic thought is to carry on the work begun by the Liberator, Rufino Barrios. As for our army, I fear you will hardly find it worth your attention. We have only a few poorly drilled peasants."

"How many in the standing army?"

"From fifteen to twenty thousand, and altogether we could put sixty thousand in the field," he answered.

In ratio to population, this gives Guatemala a larger standing army than Germany.

"I will send some one," he continued, "to show you both my army and my *escuelas practicas,*

by which I hope to redeem my country to prosperity and industry."

"Permission will be sufficient, Mr. President. I will find my way."

But protest was vain. He turned to his secretary of foreign affairs, Juan Barrios, who was present. By the way, Señor Barrios had greeted the officially conducted traveler by exhibiting a telegram of regret from an *alcalde* for not having been present to greet me as the locomotive from Champerico passed through his village at two o'clock in the morning.

"Señor Barrios," said the President, speaking to him in the tone of an officer to a soldier, "you will meet our guest at seven in the morning and take him to the *Campo de Marte* to see the troops drill, and afterward to the schools and Hippodrome."

"Yes, your excellency," said Señor Barrios.

It was nearer eight the next morning when he appeared at the hotel door in a carriage which had the stability and springs of a Pullman, defiant of the worst havoc of the rainy season on suburban roads. I had spent the night under blankets; the air was soft and cool as May. From the broad stretch of thick turf of the drillground one saw the city in the valley surrounded by hills of deep, billowy green. Afar up the slopes the old church of a mountain village was a finger of

white pointing to a sky which was like the sky of the Mediterranean at dawn.

Meanwhile, the garrison marched past. Every army in Central America is the army of its master, expressing his personal ideas of pomp and efficiency. Cabrera has a troop of boy buglers, who take the place of honor at dress parade with a roar of brassy notes. Some five hundred men form the *corps d'élite,* known as the Presidential Guard. They are trusted to defend him and are taught loyalty to him alone. In return, they have a uniform which includes some strips of white braid, are supplied with shoes, and armed with modern rifles. These and some two hundred regulars and a battery of Hotchkiss mountain guns went through the manual of the skirmish drill with a good deal of spirit and skill. They included pure-blooded Indians and *ladinos* varying from a small to a large admixture of white blood. Of course, this was the flower of the army, in contrast to the ununiformed, tatterdemalion, slightly drilled garrisons through the country districts.

If Cabrera had fifteen or twenty thousand men of the type that I saw at the *Campo de Marte,* the war strength of Guatemala would be in keeping with its position as the most populous Central American nation, and Cabrera's ambition to extend his domain to the boundaries of Costa Rica might be fulfilled if he did not have to reckon

with interference by Mexico or the United States. But when I asked the commanding officer for the strength of the standing army, he hesitated and finally said: "Five thousand." The truth is that the number is always fluctuating and nobody knows exactly how many are under arms at a time. Additional recruits are impressed if danger threatens from any quarter.

After leaving the drillground we had another and most delightful companion, General Moliña, the minister of war, a brown-skinned, white-bearded old gentleman, whose features had a touch of Mongolian dignity and repose. He is said to be unique among modern Central American military leaders in that he has no political interest in any faction and is ever ready to serve whoever officially rules in the palace. Accepting his definition of a battle and a campaign, he had been in thirty battles and fourteen campaigns. If the spirits of warriors hover together in the after-world, he ought to be perfectly at home among the veterans of the broils of the Middle Ages. I can attest that they will find him genial company.

Along the *Paseo del Reforma,* the public drive, with two rows of trees and rows of marble statues of the statesmen of Guatemala and of young women in modern costume—young women with and without bustles, young women going out for a walk, parasol in hand, and young women in

ball gowns—we drove to the Estrada Cabrera Museum, with its imposing façade, a statue of Rufino Barrios in front, and a limited collection of Guatemalan arts, mineralogy and products within. Next we went to the Estrada Cabrera Normal School, which has seventy or eighty pupils from all parts of the country. Those from out of town live in the dormitories. I met two foreign instructors, and the conditions, if not up to date, seemed progressive. We passed a large building in course of construction, which was to be the new home of the principal Estrada Cabrera Industrial School, and saw at the old *escuela practica* fifteen or twenty pupils, with a full-blooded negro as the instructor in agriculture.

The charming note of the day was struck at a normal school for girls in charge of a young woman, who seemed to be getting more work out of her pupils than any other instructor we met. On the walls were the usual portraits of the President, "His Excellency, the Most Illustrious," etc., etc., as patron and benefactor. When I asked the young woman if she had received her education in a convent, she said "No!" very decidedly and in a way to make sure that the secretary for foreign affairs heard her answer. Were there any religious exercises at all? "No!" Cabrera is a prophet of a Guatemalan Age of Reason. He continues the war on the Church which Rufino Barrios began. The political ele-

President Cabrera's company of boy buglers

The Presidential guard regiment in Guatemala

ment of the creole class which forms his following are irreligious, though their women folk are frequently attached to Catholicism, which has a strong hold with the old aristocracy and with the Indians.

At the Hippodrome, where the annual races are held, Cabrera erected the Estrada Cabrera Temple of Minerva, of wood. When it fell down the priests said it was due to divine anger at a pagan temple in a Christian city. The little Indian dictator's answer was a second structure, this time of stone, defying divine wrath to do its worst. For fear of assassination he can never ride out to see his name in big letters on his temple or schools. He had not been in the streets but once in six months when I was in Guatemala, and then had ridden between a double line of soldiers.

We have heard the official side. In the next chapter we shall hear the other side, which explains why he and every political enemy of his lives a hunted life.

CHAPTER NINE

THE UNOFFICIAL SIDE

WHEN a man or a woman, well bred and of quiet manner and a graduate of an American college or school, says calmly that assassination is warrantable as a means of ridding a so-called republic of its President who serves nominally for only four years, your sense of shock is not softened by the fact that you have just been hearing the gentleman who excites so desperate a view talk the highest patriotism and picture his career as a sacrifice for enlightened and progressive government.

"Some one will kill the monster yet," expresses the wish as well as the thought of thousands of Guatemalans who have seen their friends and relatives imprisoned and executed without trial, under a reign of terror. The American who is personally conducted through Guatemala, without getting either citizens or foreign residents behind closed doors, will return in a pleasanter frame of mind than if he had listened to allegations whose credibility was vouched for from sources that seem indisputable.

Cabrera has escaped one attempt at assassination, and, supposedly, a second. The first time, April 29, 1907, a mine was exploded under his carriage as he drove through the streets. Arrests were made by the wholesale. It was compromising to have been abroad at the time of the attempt. The jails were filled with suspects, who were brought before a military tribunal without any chance to defend themselves, where they had a form of secret trial. Many were tortured to make them confess guilt concerning an affair of which they probably knew nothing, and many were executed.

The second time, July, 1908, his own cadets, the young men of Guatemala's West Point, were charged with an attempt on his life while acting as a guard of honor. All these young men were of good families. How many were hunted down and shot nobody knows. Every one who had been seen talking to a cadet within two or three days previous to the attempt was arrested. Many of those already in jail on suspicion of being party to the mine plot were summarily shot.

The following is from a letter written to the New York *Times* by Dr. Herman Prowe, a German physician who spent twenty-three years in Guatemala, in answer to a statement of Señor Herrarte, the Guatemalan minister to Washington:

"As a physician it fell to my lot to have to treat

three of the poor youths who were flogged into insensibility by Cabrera's orders. They told me that they thought the whole conspiracy was a fake. When the cadets were ordered to the palace their muskets were unloaded, and they carried no ammunition. A civilian in the President's suite fired the first shot. After that all the shooting was done by Cabrera's own adjutants.

"One of these young men, after having carefully been nursed back to health under my care, was again seized and was flogged so unmercifully that he died. This was more than I could stand. After this incident I left Guatemala, glad to turn my back on that unhappy country for good."

Among those arrested for complicity with the cadets were many Hondurans, Cabrera at that time being angry at Honduras, which was under the control of Zelaya, President of Nicaragua, his political rival. The Hondurans were kept in jail without trial, but finally all were released through the good offices of Secretary Root, except one. This was a young man named Midence. Cabrera refused to let him go on the ground that he was a Guatemalan, as he had attended the military school and the national institute.

Young Midence's father was also brought before the military tribunal, and, according to the account given me, the court having failed to entrap him into admissions, told him that he was an infamous old scoundrel and liar, and he had better

come out with the truth if he knew what was good for him. He could only answer that he was entirely innocent of any plot against Cabrera.

Then they stripped him and threw him on his face, and warned him to tell everything or they would beat him to death. He still answered that he had nothing to tell, and they finally let him go. His son, having been more than once beaten into insensibility, had received altogether 300 lashes. Some of these, it is alleged, were given in the presence of Juan Barrios, minister of foreign affairs, who wished to see that the job was well done.

But this justification for brutality scarcely holds when all that is wanted of the victims is money. The richest man in Guatemala, excepting Cabrera himself, who has amassed a great fortune, is Salvador Herrera, a land owner, who has been in jail seven times, on each occasion for the purpose of forcing from him a sum of money called a "voluntary loan."

One of Cabrera's Cabinet remarked that the only way, he feared, that the administration would ever be able to get all of Herrera's fortune was to kill him. This would be easy enough if he were not a man of so much prominence that news of his death would be widely circulated outside of Guatemala.

Your average owner of a small coffee plantation is more easily disposed of. The exactions

of the government strip him of his property, and gradually, for debt, the plantations are passing into the hands of the Germans, who own 60 per cent. of them. Families are not only impoverished but decimated. Women have been to the *cuartel* and begged for the corpses of their fathers and husbands which they have seen go by in carts. The authorities denied their prayer, probably because of a desire that the lacerations of the bodies from whippings should not be exposed.

But why do not these people sell their property? Why do not they leave Guatemala? you ask. They cannot sell their property without the consent of the officials, who refuse to issue a legal transfer. They cannot leave Guatemala except over jungle trails, and then only if undetected. Cabrera fears that if he let them go they would become *emigrados* who would agitate against him.

Then, why do not a hundred of the leading citizens band together and buy arms and start a revolution? The first answer is that the United States has supported the side of the party in power which is the official government, regardless of its nature; and the second is that Cabrera has the leading citizens terrorized, as he has every one else. They suspect one another; co-ordination is impossible. On the slightest suspicion by the government they would be imprisoned. Each one is hoping that he can avoid arrest and save

his property; and therefore it is difficult to get them to permit their names to go with their statements, which I have taken pains to minimize rather than exaggerate. Not only the offender himself, but his relatives and friends would be made to suffer.

"Recently some poor tailors of Guatemala City," says Dr. Prowe, "ventured to address a humble letter to the President, protesting against having to furnish without pay uniforms for the soldiers. The signers to this petition were thrown into jail, were flogged nearly to death, and afterward were dragged off to the unhealthy penal colony on the Atlantic coast.

"On the occasion of General Davis' visit to Guatemala some ladies of Guatemala dared to intrust to the American envoy a petition to President Roosevelt protesting against the lawless executions, torture and imprisonment of their husbands, sons and fathers. As a result of this the male relatives of these ladies were hounded by the Guatemalan police, many were dragged to jail, while the others had to flee the country. Their property was confiscated by Estrada Cabrera and converted to his own use. Much of the real estate thus confiscated that could not be sold at public auction was assigned to Cabrera's scapegrace son in San Francisco, who has lately become an American citizen."

The official newspaper, *El Guatemalteca,* pub-

lishes lists of confiscated property which is sold at what is nominally public auction, but frequently bid in at ridiculous prices by the friends of Cabrera. Mrs. Mary Edith Griswold tells of living opposite a house from which the owner was evicted:

"I saw the poor widow, her children, and the aged members of her family, belonging to the best society of Guatemala, creep out of their home. A lady who knew them told me they had nowhere to go. Everything they owned had been taken. The wife and little son of Dr. Blanco, one of the men suspected of being implicated in the plot to kill Cabrera with a dynamite bomb, were flogged almost to death."

The old families and the well-to-do native land-holders generally are being decimated. If the persecution ended here, one might ascribe it to the bitterness of class war. But it is only the beginning. No citizen will talk freely for fear he will be overheard by spies. Suspicion may amount to conviction for any citizen, rich or poor. Cabrera lives in fear of plots among his office-holders and they in fear of the penalty of his mistrust.

He seems certain only of the loyalty of a German officer who is nominally in Guatemala to drill the troops. On one occasion, when the President had to appear in public, the orders were that on the sign of the slightest hostile

movement toward him, Juan Barrios, the secretary of foreign affairs, and two other members of the Cabinet, were to be shot in their tracks; and this is no idle after-dinner tale, but came from an authority who was in a position to know and had no object in perverting the facts.

Nominally Guatemala has a most liberal Constitution, a liberal code of laws, free speech and a free press, and a single-chamber Congress which meets once a year. Cabrera points to these with pride, as the politicians say. But the Constitution has little more application than the picture-writings on the monuments of the Mayan ruins. The code of laws is interpreted by the President, his Cabinet ministers, or *jéfes politicos,* to suit the occasion.

Any one who should publicly criticize any act of the administration would be immediately put in jail. It is the business of all editors to print frequent long disquisitions on the glorious career of His Excellency, the Most Illustrious. All foreign news dispatches are blue-penciled by Cabrera in person before they are published. The public may read nothing whatsoever not to his taste. Congress is an annual function with some oratory, but never a word in criticism of an administration act, the members being chosen by Cabrera himself. How does he find the time for so much detail? This will be answered in another chapter, where I deal with the routine and

character of Central American dictators in general.

If you want the truth, cut through the veneer of politeness to any foreign visitor whom Cabrera wishes to appease, or in whom he sees a possibility of gain by the granting of a concession, and behold the *jéfes politicos* ruling the provinces, in which they are masters of life and death. In its working principles the government reverts to the Spanish form, while cities, towns and communities have a smaller measure of self-government than under the captains-general; and, so far as we may judge from historical data, there is more corruption and brutality, particularly if you make a comparison with Spanish rule of the seventeenth century, when loyalty to religion and patriotic ideals as represented in nationality and king formed some restraint on sheer cupidity.

Nominally, the peonage system is abolished. Actually, it has been rearranged to permit of more profit for the official and less for the planter and the Indian. Nominally, the resident laborer may leave the plantation, provided he is out of debt. Should he start to go he is confronted with a contract signed under duress, which he does not understand further than that the power of the *jéfe* is back of it—if the planter has "arranged" with the *jéfe*. The following is a characteristic contract between a plantation and a *mozo* (laborer), who agrees:

1. To discharge with his work daily and personally the debt contracted on this *finca.*

2. To do every class of work after the customs established on the *finca.*

3. To absent himself from the *finca* on no pretext without previous permission in writing.

4. To pay all expenses made necessary in case of flight, and rendering himself subject to the proceedings brought against him through the proper authority.

5. To remain on the *finca* eleven months of each year.

6. To subject himself to all articles of the law of laborers decreed by the government. (Which means that he must remain so long as the *finca* says he is in debt.)

7. The loan is given not to the man, but to his entire family; and each and every one will be individually responsible for what they receive.

8. The *mozo* who becomes security for another *mozo* (be it man or woman) assumes the same responsibilities as the one who receives the loan.

The *repartimiento* system for impressing laborers for the busy season flourishes as actively as it did under Alvarado. A plantation manager goes to the *jéfe politico* and says that he wants a certain number of men for a certain length of time. A bargain is struck, and the *jéfe* sends out his soldiers to bring in the laborers, who get about half of the wages. The rest goes to the

jéfe, who, of course, has his soldiers to feed. They are never paid.

Through four centuries the Indians, from the inferior types of the lowlands to the superior class of sheep-herders of the highlands, have yielded passive obedience to one master and another. The honesty and loyalty of the highlanders are never in dispute. A foreigner said to me that he would rather trust a sum of money for safe keeping to any mountain Indian than to most of the members of the Cabinet.

The *ladino* ruler insists that the Indian is stupid. But possibly he has found stupidity the line of least resistance for so long that it has become habitual. In his heart, doubtless, he has the same contempt for the half-caste that the aristocratic half-caste has for him. The town Indians are tricky and degenerate. Those of the remote mountain districts are simple-minded and virile; and in type tall, bronze, with coarse black hair, high cheekbones and frequently aquiline noses. Both men and women are hardy and enduring. Life in many a mountain valley remains little changed from the days of their Mayan ancestors. The people pay their tribute to Cæsar when need be and cling to their traditions. No missionary ever comes to their doors. A rich field of ethnological study is almost neglected, while the remnants of the North American

Indian tribes are pursued by scientist, philanthropist, tourist and photographer.

Probably half of the population of Guatemala speaks no Spanish. The Estrada Cabrera schools are not for the Indians. Many of the schoolhouses which he has built have neither pupils nor teachers. His opponents say that actual accomplishment is limited to a show program in the capital to impress visitors. Certainly, the University of Guatemala, which was once the principal seat of learning in Central America, has deteriorated. Pupils are not coming from other countries to risk arrest as political conspirators if they are seen in the company of citizens who are political enemies of the ruler.

From the travels of Stephens, Squier, Scherzer, Froebel, Morelet, and others, I should judge that general educational facilities were probably as good under Carrera and Rufino Barrios, for their time, as they are to-day. Besides the university and the Tridentine College, founded in 1690, with chairs of Greek, Latin, mathematics and philosophy, Morelet, who was in Central America sixty years ago, mentions an excellent hospital endowed by the Spanish with the profits from bullfights, twenty-seven common schools, eleven for boys and sixteen for girls, and special schools for the working classes, which had the same object as the present boasted *escuelas practicas*. But granting Cabrera good intentions and some prog-

ress, you have the one ray of light in the darkness of that political system which he inherited and which holds him and the whole land by the throat.

The Indians' obligatory faith in a piece of stamped paper forms about the only real backing of Guatemalan currency. A banker told me that there might be three or four hundred thousand dollars' worth of silver in the country against an issue of $65,000,000 in paper. At the time Cabrera took office ten years ago the Guatemalan dollar was worth thirty-five cents in American gold. It varied during my stay from six to seven cents, and had been as low as five. When I asked him what peculiar conditions prevailed in Guatemala that warranted this flood of greenbacks, Cabrera answered blandly:

"It is a good thing for business. You see, the planters get the workers for wages in Guatemala currency, while they sell their products for gold."

But on leaving the country my baggage was searched for silver. Rather than lose the little metallic coinage which remains within his borders, he has passed a law preventing its further export.

When I asked him for light on the economic policy of taxation of the country's leading product, coffee, which might be grown in much larger quantities if there were no export duties, he answered, still blandly:

"You see, that is the only way I can protect

my people from the foreign planters. On every quintal I get a dollar for our Guatemalans which otherwise would go to the bankers of Hamburg."

And that dollar must be paid in gold. It is one source of real metallic taxation. But the *jéfes,* officials, soldiers and government employees get nothing of it. Their salaries are miserably low, which is immaterial, as they are so seldom paid. Each office-holder, including the judges, is expected to find his profit in his perquisites. At the time of my visit all pay was months in arrears, while the Italian opera company playing at the official Teatro Colon, the city's architectural boast, its exterior modeled after the Madeleine in Paris, had received a subsidy of $40,000 gold from a government which was hypothecating its coffee taxes months before they were collected. Here every evening you might see Guatemalan official society in its best attire, less brilliant, I was told, than in the old days before confiscation had laid its hand on the fortunes of the well-to-do. Cabrera could not expose himself by attending; all his liberality was in behalf of others.

His boast is that while Zelaya, of Nicaragua, kept everything for his Paris bank account, Guatemala is fortunate in a ruler who spends some of his gains at home—though not all, if any of the varying estimates of a fortune of from three to twenty millions, which he has accumu-

lated in ten years, be true. While Zelaya affronted foreigners, Cabrera has been exceedingly careful of the susceptibilities of Americans of influence, and harder on his own "subjects," probably, than Zelaya. He spent vast sums on the entertainment of the Pan-American Medical Congress, and, later, on our Pacific cruiser squadron, when our navy had the pleasure of seeing Guatemala through the official glass with which we are already familiar. He gives extravagant *fiestas* on national holidays as an offset to the church holidays.

Among foreigners who have or expect to receive concessions he has many apologists. One of them is a well-known member of Congress and of Tammany Hall. Frequently the concessionaire changes his view after his money is paid and practical work begins. For example, as a side light on conditions, the development of a mica mine was halted by the prohibition of the importation of dynamite, which, the President feared, might be used as a means for assassination. The resident foreigner, whatever he says in private, knows that his business depends on favor; and the plantation owner and the organizer of industry finds labor, such as it is, procurable thanks to impressment.

All development whatsoever is in the hands of outsiders. The new Northern Railway, which connects the capital with the east coast at Puerto

Barrios, put a line of steel across the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There is no telling how valuable may be its franchise if Guatemala shall ever join in the march of progress. The large, isolated province of Petén, which extends into the heart of southern Mexico, is rich in hardwoods and at the door of a great market.

A nation equal in area to the State of Pennsylvania wants only the touch of the magic of good government to be a paradise. No city that I have ever seen has a fairer situation than its capital, with its climate of eternal spring, five thousand feet above the sea, surrounded by Alban hills under silver clouds that are ever rolling and tumbling, and which has no more population than it had a hundred years ago, when Chicago was a swamp.

It is a country of the gods, fit home for the aboriginal civilization of a continent. Had it had anything like a fair chance, the German steamers that take well-to-do Americans on winter cruises would pass by the islands of the Caribbean. Our tourists would be seeing the beauties of Lake Atitlan, taking horseback rides on fine roads, lounging on the verandas of hotels in the delicious sunshine, or ascending the heights to catch a glimpse of the Pacific as a misty floor merging into the sky.

CHAPTER TEN

SALVADOR, THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC

FOR company on the day that I left Guatemala City I had Señor Morales, who had seen much of the world, with manners to carry him anywhere. Home politics were quite out of his domain, his career having been given to diplomatic errands.

Now he was going into the lion's mouth on a mission from Cabrera, the great man of Guatemala, to Zelaya, the great man of Nicaragua. Gossip of the two capitals was as busy over this portentous event as that of Europe and America over the Portsmouth Peace Conference a few years ago. The minister of foreign affairs, and all the leading public men, saw the plenipotentiary off in a special car; and at Escuintla the *alcalde* gave him a banquet in place of a lunch. That *alcalde,* browned as he was by the sun, had a positive Teutonic cast of countenance. I found that he was a German who had been in the country for thirty-five years. He was thoroughly Guatemalicized, if I may use the word, and "played the game" with a skill, it was said, of

which the most adroit native politicians might not be ashamed.

Slowly, over many curves, among the heights, the train descended into the hot air of the lowlands. At San José de Guatemala, which recalled memories of Champerico where I had landed, official permission was granted to leave the country, and my baggage was searched for any Guatemalan silver coins. Then the polyglot lot of passengers, including a French drummer, a German planter, an American prospector, a political enemy whom Cabrera had exiled, and the Japanese major, who had again become my traveling companion, were put in a lighter and towed out, to be hoisted up in groups of four in the pulley chair on to the deck of an antediluvian of the Pacific Mail. Thirty-five years of age, after graduation from the Atlantic service and a postgraduate course on the Pacific, she had come for her swan song before superannuation to Central American waters.

Her captain was a type of the old American merchant service, well read and well trained, who had gone before the mast in the days when it never occurred to any one that our colors would be driven from the seas. His hope was that he might yet have the good luck to get the happy China run, with its long cruises between ports, the chance to keep really clean and shipshape again, and an end of all the petty annoyances from

Central American officials, who may, in the exercise of their authority, keep a steamer waiting while they have a *siesta* or in order that a friend up-country may arrive to go aboard. There was something noble in his patience, which may have been the reason that the manager of the line kept him on this run and left less troublesome routes to more hot-tempered skippers.

"God help you!" said the steward, as he gave the major and myself the only vacant cabin, midship, with no porthole. The door opened aft so that no breeze could possibly enter. I could see that the major had in mind the steamers flying his own flag and the flags of other nations, specially built for tropical service, which ply south from Hong Kong to the benighted islands of the Asiatic seas, where peace and the development of resources are the results of colonial government.

The members of the Spanish theatrical company which had been playing at Salina Cruz were overrunning decks and gangways with rampant bohemianism and in the midst of the composition of an eloquent petition of protest (passages of which they repeated to one another in their sonorous, rolling Castilian, in rich contrast to the dental Spanish of the country) because the cooking was not Spanish. There was no seasoning, no taste to it. The heavy tragedian complained at the sharp knives; he had cut his mouth

Disembarking in a pulley chair on the west coast

badly. But the major, who, at Escuintla, had taken a spoonful of soup and a forkful of rice saturated with bacon grease and fallen back on bread and oranges, had his innings. It was a delight to see him set to in the confidence, as he said, that the kitchen was clean. If there is any one to whom filth and disorder are abhorrent it is the modern Japanese officer. Plainly, he was weary of Central America. The only conditions under which he would care to return, I am sure, would be the same that took the Japanese to Formosa.

Sleep in the Turkish bath of our room was out of the question. We lay down on the upper deck and fell asleep after the short run, with the steamer at anchor and the flames of the volcano Izalco flashing out of the sky. We did not have to wait on the dependable alarm clock of the ship's morning noises, but were awakened by the clinging mist blanketing the tropical sea, which grows chill and penetrating before dawn. Ashore was another spider pier, another group of buildings hugging the beach—the port of Acajutla, in Salvador.

When you look for Salvador on the map be sure not to hide it with your finger tip. It is the pocket edition—the smallest republic on the western hemisphere, with the most people of any for its size; but larger than Connecticut, about equal to New Jersey, a little larger than all the

Hawaiian Islands, and a good deal larger than Porto Rico. The density of population, while less than that of Porto Rico, is six times that of the United States, one and a half times that of Spain, three times that of Guatemala, its neighbor, and eight times that of Nicaragua.

From Salvador came the first indigo ever used for dyes. The balsam of medicine is exclusively a Salvadorian product. Salvador is the only nation on the North American hemisphere which is not a transcontinental cross section, while Colombia is the only one in South America which is.

Though Salvador has no lowlands on the Atlantic side to balance her lowlands on the Pacific side, and despite her earthquakes and the possession—still another distinction—of the only active volcano in Central America, which is always smoking, rumbling and flaming, she considers herself securely nailed to the Cordilleran range and not in the slightest danger of slipping off into the sea.

And Salvador suffers from characteristic Central American maladies. Ex-President Regallado, for example, had no more official position than a retired general of any army. But politically he belonged to the "outs." Whenever he went on one of his long sprees his cry was for something to break the monotony of orderly government. While he lived the old customs should not die out, and the army thought him a devil of a

fellow and unconquerable—especially when intoxicated.

Early one morning in the spring of 1906 he planted the artillery in the plaza and blew off the front of the Salvadorian White House. His action was primarily due to his personal dislike of Escalon, who was President at the time. Having paid this grudge, he set out to pay another. That Cabrera, of Guatemala, was a mean, half-caste Indian, who deserved to have his face slapped. So Regallado led the troops across the Guatemalan frontier without any declaration of war. He had not yet sobered up when he was killed in battle, while the issue of the war was still undecided at the time that Secretary Root proffered his "good offices."

In 1907 Zelaya, of Nicaragua, was wroth with Figueroa, then President of Salvador. He said that Salvador had broken a secret pact made at Corinto with him. Actually, he wanted to strike a blow at his great rival Cabrera, through Cabrera's ally. He took care not to precede hostilities with any notice of his intentions. A declaration of war is bound to warn the enemy of your approach, and plainly destroys the value of a surprise, which every one agrees is one of the most important elements of military strategy.

Zelaya found an ally in Tomasso Alfaro, ex-President, and recognized as Salvador's leading revolutionist; in fact, one of the foremost peri-

patetic revolutionists in all Central America. He had a quota of followers, consisting of a staff ready to wear brilliant uniforms as soon as they had the wherewithal to buy them.

With them, a band of Nicaraguan soldiers, and a Nicaraguan commander a landing was made from the Nicaraguan gunboat *Momotombo* at Acajutla. Marching inland, the invaders captured Sonsonate, a town on the railroad half way to the capital. They were beaten, but took away $25,000 in silver as part of their loot. Alfaro thought that the money belonged to him, but Zelaya took it for the expenses of his expedition. It seems that, in this instance, Zelaya had justice on his side. Had he not fearlessly risked his navy by getting up steam?

In spite of such occurrences, Salvador has the most stable government of any republic in Central America, except Costa Rica.

One felt at once that he was in a different atmosphere from Guatemala. The buildings at Acajutla were not so dilapidated as at San José and Champerico; the officials less truculent and better dressed. One of our lay passengers by rail from Guatemala City to the coast and thence by steamer, when he came out of his room at the hotel at Acajutla appeared in a cassock. In Guatemala it is against the law for the clergy to wear their vestments in public. Salvador never

confiscated the property of the Church or officially made war on any religion.

When you came to buy your ticket at the station you met with a new rate of exchange. Instead of fifteen or sixteen dollars, a gold dollar brought a return of only two dollars and forty-seven cents, with the fraction in silver rather than in paper. Throughout Mexico and Guatemala all the train conductors and engineers had been foreigners, usually Americans. In Salvador they were natives. This was a first sign of competency not to be underestimated.

The Salvadorian has enough sense of the continuity of labor not to take a holiday without informing the yardmaster before he is due to take out a train. Yet he has no more white blood than the Mexican or the Guatemalan creole, who cannot be entrusted with responsibility. His aboriginal ancestors were of no higher type. The environment of time is purely responsible for the difference; not the climate, by any means. For the Salvadorian highlands have not the altitude of those of Guatemala.

In Salvador City the cathedral of wood, painted stone color—for the old capital of 65,000 people was once destroyed by earthquake—was well kept; an air of peace and happiness prevailed among the people, who went to church in the morning and sauntered in the plaza to hear the music in the evening. Apparently they did not

fear arrest on suspicion of plotting to assassinate the President if they gathered in groups. The foreign residents spoke candidly of political conditions; and if they took you behind closed doors, their tales of oppression were mild beside those you had heard in Guatemala.

An inclination to make an obeisance to the manager of the Hotel Nuevo Mundo was almost irresistible. A pleasant, middle-aged German, he sat in the café playing chess when there was no work to do; and about the door loitered none of the hard-looking reprobates of the Presidential secret service always in evidence at the door of the Grand Hotel in Guatemala. General utility napkins and towels were not the rule. To the insistent, busy American traveler it was gratifying to find that the servants responded to a pleasant word. The natives, as a rule, seemed glad to earn money, while the Guatemalans had reached a state of listlessness beyond even this appeal.

Under monetary encouragement it was easy to count on the quick-witted porter to waken me at four for my ride to La Libertad to catch the steamer. He and all the others had a poor idea of the Guatemalans, I found on inquiry. Guatemala is the ancient enemy, which has bred in the Salvadorian a real patriotic impulse, ever directed against conquest.

With a population of 1,200,000, second in num-

ber among the Central American republics only to Guatemala, Salvador has always been able to defend herself from her larger neighbor. Her people in their formative period had kinder Spanish captains-general; they had never suffered from the rapacity of large land owners, who treated the workers as slaves; they have partly escaped the cupidity of the dictatorships of the later and most awful period of Central American history. Though elections are a farce, public opinion has some effect. The quarrels of politicians have permitted something like rotation in office. No one of the statesmen has accumulated a vast amount of graft; many have accumulated small fortunes.

But Salvador's independence is now jeopardized. Though Cabrera, the ambitious dictator of Guatemala, has not beaten the little republic in the field, she is his vassal, whom he bullies as it pleases him. Figueroa, the weak Salvadorian President, is his man; his cunning hand is playing all the time in Salvadorian politics under pretense of protecting his little neighbor from the wicked Zelaya of Nicaragua. Guatemala and Salvador must stand together, he says, to keep Zelaya from becoming master of Honduras, where Zelaya's man, Dávila, is President. With Zelaya out of the way, another excuse will suffice. The Salvadorian submits to all this marplotting by his extravagant ruler as "higher politics," be-

yond his comprehension, while he pays for additional soldiers and arms which Cabrera thinks are necessary.

Salvador is being dragged down to the level of the other States. Conditions are growing worse, economically as well as politically. On the 700,000 quintals of coffee produced every year, each quintal pays a tax of 40 cents in gold. Sugar is free of export charges as yet, and a little is shipped to Ecuador and to Europe. With no access to our Atlantic coast, there is no market for Salvadorian fruit. All imports must come from our Pacific coast States or by way of Magellan or Panama, for want of railroad connection through Guatemala. The cry of the tariff reformer has not yet been heard in the land, where the only manufactures are from an occasional handloom.

Duties are the heaviest of any country in the world, and are arranged on a system to encourage official favoritism in return for bribes. They are mostly according to weight, with a pound of barbed wire paying almost as much as a pound of lace. On top of this is a special tax of 240 per cent. and still another *bonos oro* of 360 per cent. put on for war purposes. Flour which costs in San Francisco $6 a barrel in Salvador costs about $12; a case of coal oil that costs $1 in New York costs $7 laid down in Salvador. No wonder the

Salvadorian eats little bread; no wonder he goes to bed early.

But while the tropical rains continue to fall, no amount of misgovernment can destroy the fertility of the Salvadorian soil. It has a lesson for the rest of Central America in the number of human beings who exist to the square mile—the largest of any Christian country which has no manufactures except Porto Rico. This number could be doubled.

The secret of the Salvadorian's relative happiness and content I found on my ride across the country, when I passed plot after plot of coffee ground as large as village squares, each owned and worked by some peasant proprietor.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

ON THE HONDURAS ROAD

IT requires real fortitude not to grow poetic about the Gulf of Fonseca. Have you ever heard of it? If not, look along the west coast of America until you come to a piece of blue, island locked, where the boundaries of Salvador and Honduras run into the water. You will see at once why powerful interests who like to imagine that they can look ahead fifty years with the prescience of our pioneer railroad builders have fought for terminal privileges at the best anchorage between San Francisco and Panama.

It is a rare gift of the Pacific, so ungenerous in harbors on the Californian, Chilean and Mexican coasts, to a section of country in which commerce languishes. If Los Angeles had Fonseca at San Pedro, where we are spending millions in a breakwater, the Golden Gate would have a rival in beauty and value. A fleet in command of the sea would be drawn as a magnet to this naval base. Its strategic importance is indisputable.

After anchorages in the open before surf billowing along a straight beach, still water mirror-

ing the hills had the enchantment of a mirage to the traveler in the desert; but descending to the shore by the gangway instead of in the pulley chair was a detail of convincing reality. Nature is unmolested except for the few houses on the shore line at La Union in Salvador. Another stretch of buildings, Amapala, Honduras, is set like a piece of fringe at the base of an island which rises in a cone almost as symmetrical as that formed by a trickle of sand from the hand.

Whoever would see Fonseca in its glory should go down the west coast in the rainy season; but if you wish to travel inland, choose the dry season, when the foliage, massy thick as the pile of some deep green carpet, becomes parched by the blazing sun, and the trails are hard. My own was a drenching experience in that country, which is as large as the State of Pennsylvania and has only fifty-seven miles of railroad, which are on the Pacific side. Tegucigalpa, the capital, is one hundred miles from the Gulf of Fonseca and two hundred miles from Puerto Caballos, the Atlantic port. My introduction to the Central American mule in Salvador was now to grow to a familiar acquaintance, amounting to the friendliest feeling on my part, though perfect philosophic impersonality on his.

Our steamer had no passengers for La Union, and the discharge of the two tons of freight occupied about one-tenth of the time of the official

formalities. Amapala, so picturesque from the steamer's deck, is a sad disillusion ashore. That castellated building facing the little pier was a general store rather than the *comandancia,* and its Austro-American owner, Mr. Mott, is commercial lord of the land.

For the sake of all future travelers, I pray that he may yet embark in the hotel business. The Hotel Morazán is the worst I encountered in Central America. A row of rooms faces the street and looks out on the kitchen and pigsty, while the cook throws the slops beside the dining-room table. Her liberal use of garlic in every dish could not have been for purposes of seasoning alone. It had the ulterior motive of concealing something worse.

We hear much of the deadliness of the tropics, without considering human conditions. By nature Amapala must be most healthy, for both the Mexican consul and his clerk seemed well inured to the surroundings and the fare. The clerk, born of English parents in Nicaragua, had spent all his life in these countries, and I fear his official position was purely an honorary expression of the consul's esteem. He said that he was looking for a connection with American houses, or any "business opportunities whatsoever that might appear." While we ate our dinner a lunatic was rambling about the place, mumbling and gesturing.

Amapala, in the Gulf of Fonseca, principal western port of Honduras

"You see that there is no institution for the care of the insane," explained the Englishman. "Honduras was never so poor and helpless as it is to-day."

The bedrooms were without windows; the beds without sheets. And the mattress? Words fail! If you wished any air you must leave the doors open. Between the pigs and the lunatic in the court and the possibility of thieves from the street, I decided, after counsel, to take my chances from exterior invasion and leave the door open into the street. Both the consul and the Englishman explained that this was perfectly safe. Everybody, they assured me, was abed at nine, and oil was expensive. Who would burn it unless he were plotting destruction of the government? Who would confess his wealth by such extravagance? Who would steal anything of value when he knew that an official would take it for himself and keep the thief in jail?

If you wanted to change money, to arrange for transportation, to buy supplies, or to settle a difference with the *comandante,* see the Austro-American storekeeper. For one thing, the government was under obligations to him. It owed him a good deal of money.

For plying to the mainland he had two gasoline launches. One was out of commission and the other had started the previous afternoon for San Lorenzo, the trail head to Tegucigalpa. But

it had broken down, and M. Nordman, the French drummer, after being out all night, had returned to Amapala. After it was repaired he was in such a hurry to get away from the Hotel Morazán and in pursuit of his samples, which had gone on by bullock cart, that he did not give me time to get some money changed and to pack and store my trunk in order to accompany him. Mr. Mott provided a safer way with four oarsmen and a boat.

We pulled out past an island where countless pelicans had their rookeries, and in the stretch of the Bay of San Lorenzo we caught a quartering breeze that sent us spinning. The pelicans, so amiably awkward when they sat on the beach or on a limb, sailing overhead with wings steady as the canvas of our mainsail, would dip suddenly, their fantastic beaks turning to leaded arrow-heads that shot into the water. They emerged sometimes with a fish, sometimes without, returning to the patrol duty of the chase if hunger was still unappeased. A long, level beach, which would be an automobilist's paradise, lay to the south, and a stretch of marsh to the east, with the mountains bluish phantoms in the distance.

Three-quarters of the way across we passed M. Nordman in the launch, which had broken down again and was proceeding under the slow propulsion of two highly disgusted *hombres* at the oars. Suddenly our sails drooped as we came

out of the current of wind into a bayou. The shores were not marked by land, but by trees with stiltlike roots which sank into the mud beneath the surface of the water-covered morass. Their foothold seemed most precarious, and crowded members of the community were continually falling.

Keeping to the main course of the Agua Caliente River and passing many blind bayous, we came at last to San Lorenzo, a dozen adobe houses, which form all the settlement there is at what has been the road's end from the capital for three hundred years. We landed in the presence of four or five half-castes, and the boatmen went in search of Cerrato y Cia, to whom Mr. Mott had wired for mules. Señor Cerrato, who was waked from his *siesta,* discouraged the idea of setting out that day. He pointed toward the mountains, where the broad, gray streaks told of heavy downpours.

"It always rains in the early evening," he said, "and you will ride into the thick of it. You will get very wet, and it is too bad to get very wet. Start at dawn and make Tegucigalpa on the second night."

But my plan had been to arrive in Tegucigalpa in the early afternoon.

"Does it rain in the evening up in the highlands, too?" I asked.

"Yes, señor."

"Then I am bound to get drenched anyway, one time or another."

"Yes, but not to-day," he answered, with true *mañana* philosophy. "Not till to-morrow night and day after to-morrow night. You had better stay at the hotel and we will call you at four."

The hotel, consisting of a two-roomed adobe house, promised dreary hours. The mules, a dark gray and a light gray, were saddled, and Señor Cerrato, regarding them and my avoirdupois with a weighing glance, assigned me to the dark gray and the light gray to the *mozo,* a slight creole boy of about nineteen. All my baggage, a change of underclothes and some toilet articles inside a rubber blanket was aboard aft, as the sailor would say, with a poncho forward.

Our course till long after dusk was over a perfectly level country, passing an occasional tiled hut of one or two rooms, with pigs, dogs and naked children about the door. Many varieties of shrubs were scattered over the pasture land. Under the quaint calabash trees, which flower from the limb, lay the hardshell fruit which the natives use for drinking-cups and dippers. Those fascinatingly homely lizards, the iguanas, popped out of their holes to stare as their throats fluttered. The natives find them better eating than chickens, and the discovery of the nutritious steaks on their plump sides was a boon in the old days to many a famished party of Spanish *con-*

quistadores. They make a good target with a revolver from muleback, but it is better sport to leave them undisturbed in the truculence of heads raised in defiant inquiry.

There were many herds of cattle, mostly dun color, well horned, of the Texan steer type. They sought the center of the road as night fell, probably because it was the driest place and freest from insect pests, and lay calmly chewing their cuds. It did not please them to move usually, and when the mules, turning stubborn, refused to pass around them, they rose with something of the resentment of Señor Cerrato from his *siesta.* The bulls were about as fierce as the iguanas.

After dark we struck the upgrade and heavier timber and saw the sheen of a river and heard its flood roaring in the plenitude of the rainy season. Though the clouds had threatened and deluges had fallen to the right and left of us, none had crossed our path. So Señor Cerrata as a weather prophet had been, at least technically, in error. It was only 9:30, but the town of Pespire was perfectly dark. We passed the shadowy walls of houses, with a church tower ahead, and scrambling up an incline of cobbles the *mozo* stopped, beat on a door, and cried out in a grand and important voice:

"Señor, el hotel! Por la noche, señor?"

There was a sound of sliding bolts, and a gray-bearded little man appeared, candle in hand.

Using mister instead of señor, he inquired if I were 'Mister' Nordman. My answer seemed unsatisfactory. Evidently he could not see how any one but Mister Nordman, who had wired ahead, could come to his hotel unannounced at that hour of the night. The absence of any telegraphic word on my part was most singular in a Gringo. He repeated his question; the *mozo* joined me, making a chorus of denial.

Mister Nordman had been expected; another man had turned up. It was all most perplexing. But mine host after scanning my face must have found it fairly free from guile, for he led me into a big room, which seemed the only one in the building outside the kitchen. An old mahogany table in the center might have come from Spain a century ago. He put up a cot, laid a sheet on it, still reserving the one bed for Mister Nordman.

In the morning at four, as I ate my breakfast by candlelight, he presented his bill to Señor Fédérico Parmer, scrupulously exact in every detail and singularly moderate, in a copperplate handwriting worthy of an old priestly manuscript. Would I do him the honor to judge of its correctness? He was a page out of old Spain in a land little changed from Spanish days; and it was with a real sense of pride that I found on my return an atmosphere of warm welcome ex-

tended to one who might now claim to be a veteran of the Tegucigalpa trail.

We left the town enveloped in darkness as we had entered it. Dawn revealed a graded road under the mules' feet, following the course of the Nacaome River, whose roar we had heard the night before, in the full rush of its busy season of transferring acres of real estate and sections of forest from the highlands to the savannas. This road is the pride of Honduras and the title to fame of Sierra, the most progressive President of modern times, whose vanity expressed itself in practical public work. An American who was visiting the country at that time told him of the good roads movement at home, and Sierra, in the provincial satisfaction of his mountain capital, spoke of the widening circles from the splash of a stone in the water. He was glad to see that the good example he had set was spreading.

Early in the day my *mozo* met a fellow-employee, also in charge of mules belonging to Señor Cerrato. He changed my saddle for what he thought was a better one. I forgot that, in order to prevent their chafing my legs, I had put some of the packets of Honduras silver in the old-fashioned pistol holders of the first saddle and also a pair of gloves. Thus the absent-minded man's treasure—about eight dollars in gold—went on toward San Lorenzo before the mistake

was discovered and a wire was sent. The gloves caught me at Tegucigalpa, but not the silver.

We passed trains of bullock carts loaded with everything, from the track for a short railway for the Rosario Mine to drygoods boxes full of ladies' hats. All that the capital and the towns of the interior consume in the way of foreign products—indeed, all manufactured goods, for none are made in Honduras—must travel as they traveled in the time of Córtez and Morazán, paying the heavy freight toll of the trail. Pack mules carry the mails and express.

An enterprising merchant of Tegucigalpa recently brought an automobile from Europe at heavy cost. After a few trips it was stored indefinitely. The road's rapid deterioration has already increased the cost of hauling. Culverts have been washed away; sections have fallen from the mountain-side. At the time of my trip a cart could carry only about half the load it could ten years ago. There are no funds in the Honduran treasury for upkeep, and no prospect of any till the present régime of revolutions shall pass. Thus the lone public improvement, outside of that fifty-seven miles of railway, will soon be only a series of disconnected remnants of its former self.

From dawn to the rain storm, yes, and through the rain storm, that ride was a revelation of grandeur. You forgot the diet of eggs three times a day, of eggs fried and shirred, of black beans,

and of the *tortillas* rasping to mucous membranes but most sustaining, even toothsome, when your molars do not crunch on particles of sand and other foreign substances less reassuring in their nature. There were occasional thatched huts, with plantain trees near by and patches of corn springing up luxuriantly without cultivation after the ground is cleared.

Except for these and the signs of slow-pacing life of the bullock teams—urged on by the *mozos'* steel-pointed sticks—which appeared at turns of the road, the land was virgin. It was easy to imagine that you were quite alone, a discoverer. Afar on the higher hills, with the gradual ascent, you saw tawny tufts which suggested the Adirondacks and later resolved themselves into the plumes of tall pitch pines. Orchids grew in the crotches of their limbs, and underneath orange, banana, saber-tooth palms, and wild sumach enjoyed the felicity of temperate and tropical zone companionship.

The air was sweet with the odor of the needles, electric with ozone—and all this in what they call a desert country! If the people who landed on the "stern and rockbound coast" had cast their lot here, what would Honduras be like now, one wondered, or the people who carry their vines up the rocky walls of the Rhine or their paddy dykes up the summits of Japan? Every turn brought a fresh vista of timbered declivities. A

waterfall was a foamy, silver streak on a distant mountain-side. Another singing at the elbow shot under a culvert beneath our feet and went leaping past, lost in the green of a valley.

At La Venta, the halfway place when you make the journey in two days, where we lunched, the *mozo,* swinging in a hammock, his bare feet hardly escaping my nose, reversed our parts by bidding me hurry, and warned me that it was sure to rain. This time the storms did not dodge around us. A broad swath of dark gray marched straight for our heads and descended in force; and let me say that those thin rubber ponchos which fold in a large official envelope and are given water-basin tests by the salesman are not meant for Honduras rains. Each drop seems to have the proboscis of a Jersey mosquito. It required a helmsman trained in campaigns to hold the back sheet over the native hemp saddle-bags, in which rested precious dry socks and more precious films. It was like riding through a shower bath, with the stream of water running off your hat and off the mule's nose, while in the rear the *mozo,* his cotton shirt glued to his skin, was a huddled figure with the graven face of a gargoyle under a water-spout.

Over the hill through the mist appeared a picture out of Aragon, in its conventional tiles. The *mozo* called out "Sabana Grande!" and took the lead through the flooded streets, and I dismount-

Among the mountains of Honduras along the Sierra Road

ed at an open door, with a leap through the sheet of water from the eaves, into the presence of an elderly man leaning on a cane, with the light of such a genuine welcome on his face as you would not get from any other innkeeper in the world.

"Quite a shower!" he said with an American accent, introducing himself. "My name's Smith."

"Is it Don Alberto Smith?" I inquired.

"Yes, sireè!"

There is no better-known name in all Honduras.

CHAPTER TWELVE

MINE HOST, DON ALBERTO

IT was thirty-two years since Don Alberto had been in the States. Having joined the gold rush in '52, he was practically a Forty-niner. From California the call of travel had brought him to Honduras.

"I'd like to see New York and the high buildings," he said; "but I'd like to see San Francisco most of all. How it must have changed! It has been shaken down and built again—think of that! They say times are getting good in the States. They're pretty bad here. They will be till we stop revolutions, and there is not much chance of that. Revolutions are a kind of habit in Honduras. You don't happen to have brought an illustrated paper? I like the pictures best. That's the way I see how things look at home."

Don Alberto's first try for fortune in Central America was at coffee planting. He brought in plows, to the wonder of the natives, whose process of cultivation consists of making a hole in the ground with a stick, dropping in a seed, and leaving the rains and rich soil to finish the work. But

Honduras is not a coffee country; at least, not in the part where he made his experiment. By the time he was convinced of his failure he had fallen under the spell of the highland air, taken a Spanish wife and settled down.

Then he turned prospector and located a promising claim; but sold his interest in that because he thought that he had found a better one, which, unfortunately, failed to "pan out." The first is now the great Rosario Mine, with its treasure of millions, and the honor of its discovery is still a thing to set him apart as a romantic character.

At seventy-five his hair is far from white, and if it were not for the rheumatism, which afflicts him in the rainy season, he said that he would have no cause to complain.

"It is a splendid climate—a splendid climate!" he insisted. "Well, you must be hungry. How will you have your eggs? I don't suppose you have heard that question before in Central America!"

Eggs three times a day, always fried or shirred! (Boiled is out of the question in any inn unused to foreign ways.) But at Don Alberto's board they were only the incident to a generous and varied meal, with many apologies on his part about the expense and difficulty of bringing in imported supplies in the rainy season.

After dinner there appeared in the doorway a man with a blond mustache, a square chin, a

frank, merry eye, holding the bowl of a briar pipe in his hand as he paused, with a leisurely effect, nodded and exclaimed: "Howdy do?" with a drawl.

"Howdy do? Are you an American?" I asked.

"Yes, I travel in that class," was the dry answer.

"You're not Mr. Jeffs?"

Some one had told me that any American who spent the night at Don Alberto's might expect Jeffs to drop in casually, very casually, in the course of the evening.

"Yes, you've got my name, all right," he said.

"And are you the Mr. Jeffs, of Davis' 'Three Gringos?' "

"Yes. How did you find that out?"

He was immensely pleased. The trip of Davis, Griscom and Somerset remains a brilliant memory in Honduras, which goes a long time between visits from literary travelers. Jeffs, their companion over the trails, is a type of frontiersman and prospector whose character no surroundings can change. I asked him if conditions in Honduras were better than in the days of the three. He said: "Worse." I asked Don Alberto if they were better than thirty-two years ago. He said: "Worse."

We chatted together before I turned in next door in a damp room, on a damp bed, with damp clothes. Of course, the floor was flush with the

pavement. Second stories are not the custom in Central America, and in the rainy season interiors everywhere have something of the atmosphere of a cellar, in contrast to the Philippines. There you sleep on the second floor in towns, and even the poorest natives have their houses built on stilts.

The mules were at the door at dawn, little the worse for wear after thirty-eight miles of rough traveling the previous day. They had not known the touch of curry-comb or brush. The Honduran mule never does know such luxury. He is the pride of the land in efficiency, and puts to shame all the records of European cavalry tests for endurance. A trotter, or "fancy mule," will do the hundred miles from San Lorenzo to Tegucigalpa between four A.M. and ten P.M.

Mine, the ordinary "plug" for hire, was good for only about fifty miles a day. Plod, plod, he kept up his pace, four or five miles an hour, like some oppressed spirit on a treadmill. No Central American ever thinks of dismounting for a declivity or a path of jagged rocks. When I set the example it was with difficulty that I could lead my *mozo* to follow it. Afterward I heard him saying to another *mozo:*

"The Gringo was so sore that he got off when he came to a bad place."

"They are mad, the Gringos. Did he swear when he did it?"

"No."

"Then he was not sore. He was afraid he would fall."

"But they are very proud, these Gringos. He made me get off, too."

Sometimes you were in doubt whether the mule minded if there were a man on his back or not. He was a machine, a nerveless freight engine of gristle and bones, unconscious of extra weight.

We rounded hill after hill that morning and rode on without waiting for luncheon, determined to reach Tegucigalpa early. The kilometer posts which Sierra set along his road must have been started from either terminus, with a miscalculation that led to a hiatus when they met. Either that ten kilometer post kept repeating itself with discouraging monotony or the *mozo,* in making a cross cut, had led me back to a point behind the spot from which he had started.

At last the ascent of a rise flung out the picture of a valley plotted with an area of tiled roofs. It was after midday and we were hungry and thirsty, having ridden since dawn on a pot of coffee and some bread. At a hut on the outskirts of the town we halted by a tree sprinkled with yellow globes. What sweet, succulent oranges they were!

Then we rode on into that capital, so quiet and old in aspect, across the bridge into the plaza and to the hotel, which was one to make the stoutest

Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras, seen from the hills

heart tremble. Was there any food? I inquired. Some bread and cheese were forthcoming after much intrigue. Considering the accommodation, it was not surprising to hear that not a single American commercial traveler, except a drummer for a whisky firm, had been in Tegucigalpa for two years.

Relief appeared instantly, after a call on Consul Alger, who has been in the country as long as Don Alberto and knows every trail and every in and out of the revolutionist plotting. Gibson, the *chargé d'affaires,* had ridden out to meet me, and by some mischance we had missed each other. Into the largest house in town, with its spacious, high-ceilinged rooms, forthwith, went visitor and baggage.

It was hospitality, indeed, to a disreputable being in soiled khaki, with all his belongings in the diminutive native saddle-bags, and hospitality not ending with shelter and a shower bath. A Dr. Brown, who was away among the hills, had left behind a wardrobe, with word that any or all of it was at the command of anybody who arrived in the straits in which he had once found himself. In one of his suits, which fitted perfectly, restored to the habit of civilization, it was quite in order to call on the President of the republic.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE MOST BACKWARD COUNTRY

IN the hall of Congress at Tegucigalpa are the portraits of all the Presidents of Honduras. On an average they served two and a half years out of a term of four years. Only two, Sierra and Policarpo Bonilla, vacated office without a resort to force as a means to hold their places.

The brief space of power of the others is significant of the turbulent history of a disheartened land which in the last fifteen years has had six revolutions, not to mention numerous abortive rebellions carrying devastation in their paths. The last revolution was in 1907. Manuel Bonilla, then President, had held office for four years. He forcibly passed a law increasing his own term to six years. Duty then called Zelaya, President of Nicaragua, to the rescue of constitutional rights.

Bonilla had been neither a satellite of Zelaya nor of Cabrera, of Guatemala; he was "all for himself," as they say in Tegucigalpa. It suited Zelaya's international ambitions to have a creature of his own for President of Honduras. So,

with no other reason for interfering in her affairs, he made war on his neighbor. Bonilla called Salvador, Cabrera's vassal, to his assistance, and a Salvadorian army came, without taking the pains to make a declaration of war.

At the decisive battle of Namazique many of the Honduran troops, who were anti-Manuelistas, deserted to the enemy's side, and the clannish Salvadorians, who never take any interest except when fighting in defense of their own country, lent no effective support to their allies. One would have a parallel if in a war between France and Germany the leader of a French corps began firing on their own blood, and the Belgians, who had been sent out in secret to assist the French, concluded to play the spectator instead of the combatant.

Having taken Tegucigalpa and looted the country generally, with the help of Hondurans—such is Central American patriotism—Zelaya proposed to make Sierra President. Cabrera insisted on Arias, who, by the way, is no longer a Cabrera man because Cabrera recently had him in jail. A compromise was effected on Dávila, who, nevertheless, is supposed to be under the thumb of Zelaya. This affair led to Mr. Root's intervention and to the Central American conference in Washington and the establishment of the International Court at Cartago, to which the Central American republics by their pledged

word were to submit all their differences. Inside of six months Cabrera's system of spies was quite unable to see a revolution being organized for the invasion of Honduras and the overthrow of Dávila. Diplomatic interference from Washington again had its effect.

Honduras is bankrupt, stagnant, devastated. There seems no flesh left on her bones to call her ambitious neighbors to battle. Her territory is one of the most backward portions of the earth, loaded with a debt of $100,000,000 with accrued interest, which was borrowed largely to build that fifty-seven miles of railroad. Politicians and London money-lenders began the spoliation, to which there has been no end. All incitement to individual enterprise is pretty well dead. A resident estimated that the average amount spent by the peasantry for clothes and imported luxuries was $1.50 apiece annually.

"Señor," said an old Honduran, "why should our people accumulate more than one shirt apiece, when a revolution may come along at any hour and rob them of everything not on their backs?"

Why, indeed?

The official world made no concealment of the situation. Señor Fiallos, secretary of foreign affairs, a graduate of Columbia University, spoke hopelessly of his country and its future with a genuineness of feeling that was touching. As an

instance of her unprogressiveness he recalled how eighty-eight years ago the messenger bearing the news of the declaration of independence from Spain had come from Guatemala City in fourteen days, while an important official letter sent eighteen days before, according to telegraphic notification, had not yet arrived. The trails between the different republics maintained by the Spanish captains-general were in far better condition than those of to-day.

Miguel R. Dávila, a man well on toward seventy, is said to be the one clean-handed President in money matters in Central America. He is also the unhappiest; a living example of the fault of being out of style in a region where dishonesty is a custom rather than a policy. Even were he venal he could make little profit. All the spoil was exhausted before his time.

"I go to bed every night without knowing what may happen in the morning," he said. "I have no one whom I can trust. I have to do all for myself. All I ask is to escape assassination and finish my term of office honorably. What hope of peace or development has Honduras, lying between Guatemala and Nicaragua? None, except by interference from the United States. It is for you to see that the Central American Court at Cartago is not the plaything of Nicaraguan and Guatemalan politicians.

"Will you not drive out their spies? Will you

not use your strong arm to give us peace—peace long enough to learn that continual revolution is not the natural order of a nation's existence? There is no act of yours guaranteeing good government which I would not welcome. How can we care for ourselves, how can we rule ourselves under such conditions? And you took away our principal source of income when you made Cuba so prosperous that she raises her own cattle and imports no more of ours."

With his army likely to be seduced at any moment by the agents of one neighboring dictator or another, he planned to have at least a hundred men who would be loyal and know how to fight according to foreign ideas. To this end, he called in a German-trained Chilean colonel to organize a corps of cadets. After looking at the miserable, shoeless, slouchy, dirty soldiers which afflict the sight at every port and in front of every government office from the Mexican to the Costa Rican border, one came to Honduras to learn what opportunity and attention will do for the slumbrous blood of the Maya civilization.

In the courtyard of the barracks I saw an exhibition almost as exotic in Central America as men-of-war's men in Bolivia. Colonel Orizun, a fashion plate of the Prussian militarism which spreads its rigid character around the world, had been holding a veritable target practice and had called on the community, from consuls to Presi-

dent, to offer trophies. Set among the prizes and under the portrait of Morazán, the Washington of Honduras, was the bull's-eye sheet, cut with the bullets of the best shots—proof that good shooting is the prerogative of no particular race.

Near by, a sentry, in frayed blue jeans of the Central American type, looked on as the cadets, "bracing" after each feat, went through all the exercises which, with good food, had transformed them in a few months from languid, slouching Hondurans to athletic, well-set-up youths. The spirit of corps was in their faces and their bearing.

Before the distribution of the prizes the colonel read them a speech, a true soldier's speech. It taught them that their duty was to the nation and the flag and its head and not to any political leader or individual. Strange sentiment that in Central America! Then they took the oath to the colors, a ceremony of impressive dignity under the circumstances. All honor to Colonel Orizun, of Chile, who is at work in Central America, if our officers, missionaries and teachers are not! He is a pioneer who has demonstrated that the lot of half-breeds in those "rotten, fever-plagued countries" have possibilities. Over the trails from all parts of Honduras boys were coming on foot, their baggage in a handkerchief, hoping that they, too, might be admitted to that

exclusive corps, where you are regularly fed and —wonder of wonders!—regularly paid.

The regular pay, so contrary to all Central American precedent, was a trial to the old President, in face of the protests of hungry politicians, an empty treasury, and all government bills overdue and government wages many months in arrears. But somehow he was managing to find the money for this little phalanx, which was the apple of his eye; and he is short-tempered and Central American by training, after all, which requires a mental allowance for his treatment of a woman who had repeatedly tried, in the early days of their organization, to make the cadets desert.

He had her driven through the streets with a bar of iron tied to her legs. An American protested that this was no way for a reform administration to start its career. In fact, it was barbarism of the worst order.

"I know it," the old man returned, "and I did it. Don't blame anybody else. I know it is wrong, but this is Honduras. It was the only way to make her understand."

In Honduras, as elsewhere in Central America, the law of force is the moral law. When a group of leading citizens meet they reckon up how many times each has been in jail and what it cost each one to get free. Probably there are not half a dozen men of any importance who have not been

Honduran soldiers (at left) guarding convicts

Honduran cadets, after training by a Chilian officer

imprisoned or had to fly the country at one time or another.

An English banker was informed by a former President that a voluntary loan of $100,000 in native currency was wanted immediately. He refused. Then came the word that although he was immune as a foreign subject, they could reach him by having three of his clerks shot before daybreak the next morning. So he capitulated for humanity's sake. The only way that he could reimburse himself was to assist in a revolution—for which he did not have long to wait—that would put in a President under promise to meet the debt.

President Dávila's last thought at night and first thought in the morning is to learn if there is any telegraphic news of an insurrectionist on the move or a rebellion under way. Manuel Bonilla, the former President, was in British Honduras nominally in the cattle business, but, as everybody said, waiting his chance. Dávila can have no dances or entertainments in Tegucigalpa, because society, composed largely of Manuelistas, will not attend. Policarpo Bonilla was in town plotting under Dávila's nose, with the President threatening now and then to put him in jail, while Policarpo dodges and keeps up his agitation. Need there be any further comment on the misery of the country? Can any one expect industry to thrive under such conditions?

One pleasant note, aside from the cadets, was the *fiesta* in honor of national independence from Spain. There were speeches in the plaza; schoolgirls brought flowers to place on the statue of Morazán, and everybody appeared in their best raiment, with a few of the comparatively well-to-do in hats which had come from France, thanks to the indefatigable M. Nordman, the French drummer.

All American interests center in the town of San Jacinto, which had 600 inhabitants in 1889, and now has 13,000 to 14,000. Around the Rosario Mine has risen a town, with schools and clean streets, practically under company control. The managers do not mind revolutions, because labor is cheapened by the way the natives flock in for protection from the recruiting bullies, who march them away from their homes to misery and death by disease.

The Americans on the west side of the divide who are not prospectors may be counted on the fingers of both hands. There are many on the east coast, where they own 80 per cent. of the banana plantations. In Tegucigalpa, the most enterprising and active resident at the time of my visit was an American, an eye and ear specialist, who had fled from Chicago because of charges for which he did not stand trial.

When he was put in charge of the city hospital he threw out all the patients, consisting of poli-

ticians, who had their wines charged as medicines, and admitted sick people instead. Already enjoying the largest practice in Honduras, he was building a sanitarium in the form of a fortress on the hills above the town, which would be of service to any revolutionary army. He had had many differences with Salamanca, the chief of police, who was long in jail on eighty charges of arson, murder and rape, which may or may not have had any foundation in fact, his enemies being in office at the time.

Extradition has stopped the coming of defaulters with ready money to spend, closing the last resort to the fleeing criminal. The revenue of $100,000 a year from the New Orleans lottery, which migrated to Honduras, no longer patches the holes in the national budget. But let the country have peace, let capital come in to develop its resources, and Honduras would soon be a thriving State.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

INTO NICARAGUA

THE *chargé d'affaires* and Consul Alger bade their guest good-by at the legation door at daybreak. They agreed with me that it was a pity I had to return by the route I had come rather than by the trail to the Atlantic coast, for then I would have crossed Honduras from sea to sea. One with a limited amount of time at his disposal had to bear in mind the infrequent steamer connections.

It was quite likely that I should see the *chargé* and the consul in the home country one day; but when Don Alberto Smith, of Sabana Grande, said: "I don't suppose you will be passing this way again soon," the parting had a touch of pathos. My last glimpse as we turned the street corner showed him leaning on his cane in the doorway of his inn and smiling.

That long ride back over the Sierra road has another indelible recollection. When we were on the western side and near the top of the divide, at a point which we had passed in the dark on the inward journey, we left the highway and, brush-

ing aside a limb, saw the island-studded Gulf of Fonseca molten under the sun; and far away in a dreamy haze lay the Pacific.

Blazing daybreak and the heat on awakening at Pespire on the second morning told their own story. We were in the lowlands. After ten days in the highlands the change was stifling. At San Lorenzo, where a pulling boat was to meet me promptly in order that I might be sure to catch the steamer, the only sign that it would be forthcoming was Señor Cerrato's assurance that it was probably on the way.

Then I set about the complicated business of sending a telegram of inquiry, which had the misfortune of lacking the legation's or the consulate's frank to prove that I was not a prospective revolutionist. The telegrapher said that I must first buy a form. This I succeeded in doing from a woman who seemed to have the monopoly of this privilege. She was African, and was engaged at the time in rending beef entrails. Next I had to take the blank to be stamped by the post-office, and when I finally turned it over to the telegrapher he sent it out for inspection by the *comandante*.

By the time that it was actually on the wire the boatmen had arrived. They would be ready to start as soon as they had something to eat. But after their meal they disappeared, and a search revealed them under a shed asleep. They said

that they were waiting for the wind to rise. We found that it had risen, but in the wrong quarter. The Bay of San Lorenzo lost its picturesqueness. It became as offensive a sheet of water to me as to the four *hombres* who had to pull ceaselessly in the choppy waves. The pelicans had long been abed, and it began to rain before we were across. Wet and tired, we reached Amapala at last. After some argument the sergeant on the pier let me pass without arrest, but two or three sentries leveled their rifles at me on the way to the Hotel Morazán, which was in darkness.

If you would demoralize a small Central American port, arouse a landlord at a late hour with the request for something to eat, for your trunk and to be awakened at four A.M., with porters to be on hand to take the trunk to a boat, which is to be ready for a twenty-mile cruise. Impossible! To begin with, had I permission to leave the country? inquired the thunderstruck host. But not too many things at once, I rejoined. Would he fetch the trunk and find some bread and coffee—just cold coffee? Running the gauntlet of other sentries and swearing to them that I was a friend of Honduras, I found Mr. Mott. He would arrange about the boat and speak to the *comandante,* in order that I might catch the steamer at La Union, across the gulf in Salvador.

The landlord could find no cheese and only one

A *fiesta* day in the Honduran capital

Old bridge at the entrance to Tegucigalpa

cold *tortilla,* but there was fire enough left to make the coffee tepid. Where he had stored the trunk during my absence remains an unsolved mystery. It was so rank with mildew that the sopping things on my back were preferable to any inside.

Permission to leave the country did not seem to have been arranged to the satisfaction of the sergeant on the pier until he discovered that there were some charges for me to pay. When these were liquidated he let me go. Daybreak came in a blaze after we were well out in the gulf, and it set the pelicans on the limbs of the trees to blinking like so many funny old men who had taken one toddy too many the night before. They stretched their wings and sighed, one imagined, over the necessities of a practical world, before they began to circle about looking for the foolish early fish for breakfast.

The boatmen did not intend to work if they could avoid it. They tacked this way and that, without making any progress toward the Pacific Mail steamer, which we could see at anchor off La Union, and which was not to stop at Amapala. (Only every other steamer in the schedule finds it worth while to call at the chief Pacific port of Honduras.) Encouraging the boatmen with an offer of a reward to give up trying to sail without a breeze, I took the rudder and they took the oars.

When the stroke saw that I was heading directly for the steamer he became vociferous. We must land at La Union, he said, before I went aboard, not only to get official permission to leave Salvador, which I had not yet entered, but because the Honduran *comandante* had wired to the Salvadorian *comandante* that one passenger was in process of delivery from one nation to another, and the bargain could not be completed until an official receipt for my person had been signed. Just then the whistle of the steamer blew. Not another would pass for ten days. The thought of ten days at the Hotel Morazán overshadowed the danger of disturbing international relations, so I bade the oarsmen hasten and leave the rest to the passenger. They dropped their oars.

"Señor," said the stroke, "the *comandante* would say that we had murdered you on the way. He would put us in jail, and you would be gone, and how could we prove that we hadn't murdered you? We are poor boatmen. We haven't any money to pay the Salvadorian *comandante,* and we can't go back to our own *comandante* without a receipt or we will get in jail just the same."

The logic was irresistible from a Central American point of view. It would have been more appealing to one's sympathy if one had not expected to hear the rumble of anchor chains any minute. I wrote a note to the Salvadorian *com-*

andante, saying that the boat had been sent to the steamer's gangway under orders, and gave the note to the stroke. As neither he nor any of his fellows could read, he was not exactly convinced.

However, he obeyed instructions, and once I was aboard—the whistle I had heard was not the parting whistle—that fearful crew started for shore with the spirit of the rowers in a 'varsity contest to tell that Salvadorian *comandante* how the Gringo had treated them. He came off at once, a loser of landing and embarking fees, and after looking me over said he could receipt for me as having been delivered alive. Thus the international incident was closed in a perfectly friendly understanding.

But meanwhile I had formed an understanding of another sort with the Chinese steward of the dining saloon, who, with the genius of his race for preparing a meal quickly, soon had me in the presence of a substantial breakfast, not out of season at eleven A.M. for one who had had nothing but one cold *tortilla* and a tepid cup of coffee since noon of the previous day. These short steamer trips between ports meant dips into civilization and, incidentally, into real bathtubs.

Our captain was another of the old type of American merchant sailors. He had been in service longer than my preceding Pacific Mail skipper, and, in keeping with his rank, his craft

was newer, being only twenty-five years old. It was paradise to me, as I explained, and he remarked that though he had dropped anchor at La Union some thirty times he had never been ashore. He could see quite enough from deck.

The passengers were not inferior in their cosmopolitanism to the other west coast lists that I had met: Spanish, French, Italian, Chilean, Chinese and American, not to mention the many Central Americans. Some French mechanics traveling second class were serenely happy. They had served long as foremen in Mexican mines. Two of them had once worked under de Lesseps on the Isthmian Canal. All had saved a competency, and they were homeward bound for the last time to spend their days in the ease of *rentiers* in France. How they talked! How infinitely French they were, despite their long exile!

At table on my right was an American traveler for an arms firm, born to his fluent Castilian in Cuba. He had heard that a rival had placed an order for a dozen rapid-fire guns with Zelaya, and he hoped to place another dozen.

The couple across from me was a strange combination even for Central America. A Nicaraguan had drifted to the Philippines, where he had held a place for some years under the civil government as interpreter. Meanwhile, he had married; and now he was bringing a frail, oval-

faced little Filipino wife back to settle in his native land, where he hoped to find a position. She was wondering if she should like Nicaragua, and the commercial traveler assured her, with a sympathetic glance, that she would find it different, but that Lake Managua was beautiful.

"Beautiful as Laguna de Bay?" she asked.

"No doubt," said her husband, "much more picturesque." But he was plainly apprehensive.

An overnight run always meant a new republic. One realizes the distance between capitals only when he has to go overland in the rainy season. The next morning we were in the Bay of Corinto, which, except at its entrance, has none of the picturesqueness of the Gulf of Fonseca. It is a basin of hot water, with marshes for the rim and the hills too distant to break the skyline of a typical, tropical, low country landscape. In the foreground a few corrugated iron roofs blazed under the sunshine in burning contrast to the tiles and the group of houses melting away among the palms and bushes. The pier was the subject of my first information on the spot about Nicaraguan conditions.

"No matter if you find it cheaper and quicker to lighter your cargo," said the captain, "you must pay landing charges to the pier monopoly. Everything is run by monopolies and concessions here, and everybody's pretty well scared to death. Comparisons in these countries are odious

if they ever were anywhere in the world; but I guess you'll find Nicaragua the worst of the lot."

We ran alongside without a solitary breath stirring the stifling heat. Every passenger paid fifty cents for himself and twenty-five cents for each piece of baggage dropped on the pier. After the sergeant of police, smoking a long cigar and continually expectorating, had accompanied me to the *comandante* for the usual name, occupation, destination and object of travel, came the customs examination. The police who stood around overlooking the inspectors (of whom there were six, all busy at one time) seemed more gleefully truculent than any I had yet met. But an American who has ever arrived in a home port is a poor philosopher if he complains in a foreign land.

Every article from my steamer trunk was strewn on the filthy floor of the *comandancia,* or on the fragments of sidewalk outside the door, every inspector joining in the examination. A bag for soiled linen and shoes seemed particularly suspicious. They turned it inside out and even felt of the seams, and then ran their hands in all the shoe-tips. I explained what each article was for, and patience had its reward in saving all but one camera film from being unrolled. A pair of patent leather slippers, however, was laid to one side, and I saw the chief inspector's eyes regard-

ing them covetously. We compromised on my retaining the slippers by the payment of one dollar in duty, which he put in his pocket. Then, while they expectorated without any care for my wardrobe, they watched me repack my belongings.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

FROM CORINTO TO MANAGUA

A RESIDENT American said that it would be worth while to call on the local *comandante* General Rafael Cesar Medina, a man of distinction, who had won a victory against the rebels in one of the many armed outbreaks against President José Santos Zelaya, who for sixteen years had been master of the republic.

"The general is a type of Zelaya's military commanders," I was told. "You will see for yourself."

After I had waited a few moments a woman came out of his office with her head bent and a rapid step, and all the attendant soldiers and officials looked at one another and grinned. She had paid the price, some one told me, which it is his privilege to demand of any woman in the district. "Medina is a devil!" as the people of Corinto say.

Rarely have I seen a face more brutal or sensual than that of this thickset *ladino,* who received me with the overwhelming politeness which becomes such a mockery in Central America. He

sent for beer; he talked of what a healthy port he was going to make Corinto, and showed me a captive jaguar which he was about to send as a present to Zelaya; and then one was glad to flee, thinking of that woman with the bowed head and look of shame as she went past the grinning soldiers.

There was time enough before the train started to have a look at the general's work in behalf of sanitation. The resident doctor sent by the Isthmian Canal Commission, under arrangement with the Nicaraguan government, to see that certain health regulations were carried out for the sake of protection of the port of Panama, had written many letters and made many protests.

The general said that *mañana* he was going to inaugurate great changes. He would dispose of the night soil, dig ditches, and spread oil over the waterholes where the mosquito larvæ thrived; but privately, as he had to foot the bills himself out of his perquisites, he saw only a waste of money which might go to other luxuries. An unusually vigorous protest coming through Managua had resulted in a display of energy. A number of prisoners were set to cutting some of the jungle grass in the streets, a perfectly inexpensive reform, with the general superintending the work and proudly calling attention to his progressive policy.

At night one had only to leave the water-front

to walk into a cloud of mosquitoes. Dogs and pigs and babies rolled in the mud together at the doors. Humanity had fallen below the sanitary instincts of that captive jaguar. One who walked through the outskirts of the town did not wonder that the population of Nicaragua is only one-half that of a hundred years ago, but rather how any one had survived—and this in the second main port of call northward from Panama, where sharp-eyed inspection has given the world the first of the many lessons to come of how healthy the tropics may be made.

The cleanest spot outside of the homes of the foreigners is that of which Enrique Papi is lord and master. Enrique is richly deserving of his fame on the west coast. Through all the vicissitudes of politics with the finesse of a diplomat he has held his own. He lodges and feeds the occasional visitor; he changes your money at no feeble rate of profit; and he sells you a bottle of mineral water at a price in keeping with his position as a monopolist.

At the noon meal I met a foreigner—his name may not be given for obvious reasons—who had a small coffee *finca* up in the Matagalpa district. Forgetful of our surroundings, I began to ask him pointed questions about conditions. He pinched my leg and whispered: "Look out!"

"More than likely some one at that table could understand English," he explained afterward,

when we had a moment alone together on the way to the train. "There are spies all about. Every word I said and worse would go to Managua. I'm suspected enough as it is. My coffee trees would be cut down overnight, or a building burned, or they would raise the price of labor or let me have none in the picking season."

He was an apologetic, cowed kind of man after twenty years in Nicaragua. It was out of the question for him to return to his native land and begin life anew. He must remain and make the best of the situation.

"That *finca* is all I have in the world," he concluded. "If it weren't for the export tax, and all the official exactions, it would pay handsomely. What a splendid coffee country it is—and going to waste!"

"Perhaps a revolution will succeed by and by and there will be a new President," I suggested.

"That's the everlasting error of outsiders," he said. "A change in the man will not make any difference. He, too, will have his pockets to fill. It is the despotic system that's at fault, and there's no getting away from it in this country. I ought to have known better than to come to Nicaragua; but here I am, and I must make the best of it."

Soldiers mounted guard at the steps of the two passenger cars of the train; there were guards of soldiers at every station of importance. Name, occupation, object of travel were taken by the

police before starting, of course, and a sharp watch was kept of all passengers who boarded the train along the route. At Chinandega, the first important town, we were relieved of an official whose followers, a hard-looking lot, came to greet him. They supplied the only signs of personal prosperity that we saw. The people in the streets moved at the pace of the slow ox-carts. Every building which had once been pretentious seemed in decay.

Meanwhile, the Nicaraguan husband was hearing anything but a reassuring note from his expatriated wife. "How filthy! How awful! Not at all like my country!" the little Filipino woman kept saying. She was not more than twenty-one, and her idea of Manila had been formed in American times. At a later station the Nicaraguan's mother appeared, and with a look that spoke from a full heart the wife, in her American shirtwaist, submitted to the embrace of a mother-in-law in Mother Hubbard wrapper, who had at least Spanish, Indian and negro blood in her veins.

Such mixtures are by no means an exception. The belt of low country holding the fresh water lakes of Nicaragua and Managua, which, with the river systems, all but form a natural canal, brought the raider of the sixteenth century and the blacks from the West Indies in his train.

We continued past the villages of flooded,

Corinto, the leading Pacific coast port of Nicaragua

floorless huts, the entrance to a foreign sugar estate and piles of dyewood being the principal signs of industry. In the gathering darkness the dull sheen of Lake Managua appeared through breaks in the foliage, from which we emerged as we ran beside the water and on into the Estación Central, as it was called, which is really the plaza of Managua, the capital.

Both the plaza and the streets were unlighted. In pitch blackness and pouring rain we descended from the train, and I was one of four who had the good luck to get passage to the hotel in the only "ocean-going hack" that was on duty. The Hotel Lapone is kept by an Italian, who was once a waiter in one of the famous London hotels, where his wife was a chambermaid. He has prospered exceedingly in this and other ventures under Presidential patronage by adhering to the highest scale of London prices. The room was five dollars a day, on the European plan, with bath under a spout in the yard.

Later, when I came to pay my bill, it was literally two bills, one in American gold and one in Nicaraguan currency, with a scheme of interchange between the two puzzling in method if not in results. Still, I could feel that I had escaped lightly, compared to the experience of a British minister accredited to Nicaragua, who came to Managua from his residential post at

Guatemala City, and was charged $4,000 for his two weeks' stay.

The wine account, with champagne at $40 a bottle, he would not dispute, because he said it was his duty to have looked at the price list. He finally compromised on a total of $2,000. How much of this the President of the republic received as his portion history does not say. Presumably, enough to pay for the official banquet to the visitor.

On the morning after arrival, when I inquired about seeing the editor of the local paper I was told that he was in jail for having printed a rumor of a rising in Salvador. When I asked where I could find a bank that would honor my letter of credit I was told that there were no banks in Nicaragua, but certain firms were granted the privilege by the President of doing a banking business. However, I would have to wait, as this was a *fiesta* day. It was well to be told, for you would hardly have guessed the fact except from the closed windows of the few shops.

In half an hour's stroll you had the compass of a city which is officially given 30,000 souls, but at the outside cannot have more than 20,000. It lies on the shores of the lake, which stretches away to a horizon of hot, filmy moisture. Gradually the waters are receding, as any one can see by the shore line. The natives say that this is due to the poor rains of late years, but foreign residents,

in want of any scientific record, think that the earth's crust is rising.

Such was the heat that a few minutes' leisurely walking started the perspiration. Few people came and went in the streets. Most of them sat listlessly in the windows, when they had any, otherwise in the doors of the humbler dwellings, looking out on the mire.

The ill-clad soldiers were omnipresent. Their principal barracks adjoined Zelaya's personal palace, and on the façade of this ornate building, brilliant in blue and red letters, was the monogram of José Santos Zelaya, founder of the Zelayan system of politics, finance and morals. Of all dictators he can justifiably lay claim to having made relatively the largest fortune, considering his impoverished sources of extortion; and in other respects his career is peculiarly in keeping with the history of Nicaragua.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

NICARAGUAN HISTORY

HISTORICALLY, Nicaragua is the Central American classic. In its later story it lacks no situation of the Dark Ages, of the feuds of Italian cities, of the religious wars in the Netherlands, or of the French Revolution, while the early story is unique in its peaceful simplicity. Gil Gonzalez Dávila effected the conquest in 1522 with one hundred horses, four men and his grand conceit and winning manners.

He found a large, indolent native population, existing easily off the plentiful fish in the rivers and the products of the bountiful soil, divided into many tribes and, in the highlands, sharing the Mayan civilization. The first chief he met was Nicoya, whom he told of the all-powerful Christian God, who could send unbelievers to hell-fire and believers to heaven. According to the persuasive Gil's report to Spain, Nicoya concluded immediately in favor of bliss rather than burning, and he and all his followers were baptized. In return for salvation, Nicoya made Gil

a present of all his gold idols and gold-dust to the value of 16,000 *castellanos.*

Back in the hills was a mightier chief, Nicaragua, from whom the country takes its name. Nicoya warned Gil that Nicaragua might fight valiantly if angered; or if approached properly he might accept Christianity. So Gil sent an embassy with this message: "Tell him that a captain cometh, commissioned to these parts by the great King of the Christians, to tell all the lords of these lands that there is in the heavens, higher than the sun, one Lord, maker of all things, and that those believing and obeying Him shall at death ascend to that loftiness, while disbelievers shall be driven into the fire beneath the earth. Tell him to be ready to hear and accept these truths, or else to prepare for battle."

Nicaragua's answer was that of a proud and hospitable gentleman. "Tell those who sent you," he said, "that I know not their king, and therefore cannot do him homage; that I fear not their sharp swords, but love peace rather than war; gold has little value, they are welcome to what I have. In regard to the religion they teach I will talk with them, and if I like it I will adopt it."

Gil now proposed an exchange of gifts before discussing spiritual affairs. In return for gold valued at 15,000 *castellanos* he gave a shirt, a red cap and a silk dress. After this successful

bargain, he harangued Nicaragua on the value of Christianity through the grace of the King of Spain. But Nicaragua begged to ask the missionary a few questions.

"You who know so much of the maker and of the making of this world, tell me," he said, "of the great flood, and will there be another? In the universal end, will the earth be overturned, or will the sky fall and destroy us? Whence do the sun and moon obtain their light, and how will they lose it? How large are the stars? How are they held in the sky and moved about? Why are the nights made dark and the winters cold? Why did not the Christian's God make a better world? What honor is due Him? And what rights and duties has man, under whose dominion are the beasts? Whither goes the soul which you hold to be immortal when it leaves the body? Does the Pope never die, and is the great King of Spain a mortal, and why do the Christians so love gold?"

Gil answered all most satisfactorily, according to his accounts, though he does not say how. "Came these men from heaven?" Nicaragua asked of the interpreter. "Yes," was the answer. "But in what way?" asked Nicaragua; "directly down, like the flight of an arrow, or riding a cloud, or in a circuit like a bent bow?" The interpreter's reply is not recorded. Possibly

he said that this detail was known only to the King of Spain.

After he had exercised his wits long enough, Nicaragua concluded: "I see no harm in it. We cannot, however, give up our war-paint and weapons, our gay decorations and dances, and become women." Then, according to Bancroft, "upon a high mound, whose summit was reached by steps, Gil Gonzalez had planted the cross upon first entering the town. A procession headed by the Spanish and the native leaders now marched solemnly about the town, and ascended the steps of the mound on their knees, chanting their hymns of praise the while. Proceeding to the temple, they erected there an altar, and jointly placed upon it the sacred emblem, in token the one of giving and the other of receiving the true faith." Gil says that in one day he personally catechized every one of the 9,017 natives. His exactitude about the number ought to be convincing to any skeptic.

But peace in Nicaragua was transient. Gil's men were soon trying by treacherous attack to force such gold from the natives as they would not give. Other conquerors set claim to this land of treasure, with its amiable people. Among them was Córtez. These quarrels were carried to the court of Spain when not fought out on the spot; and while Guatemala was under single headed authority, Nicaragua became the scene

of the broils of fortune-hunters, who set the example for the feuds of leaders and communities which followed independence.

At the end of Spanish dominion in 1822 Nicaragua must have had nearly 2,000,000 population. The prosperous cities of Granada and Leon each had a hundred thousand. Then for more than thirty years the civil tumult of municipality against municipality, house against house, family against family and neighbor against neighbor continued. Men of wealth were forced to beggary on the highways. The fertile plateau of the northern midland was devastated and depopulated, until, by 1850, probably less than 500,000 people remained.

The extreme bitterness of feeling may be better understood when one knows the type of men who ruled. Gómez says of Manuel Antonio de la Cerda, the first Chief of State of Nicaragua, that he "was very similar to many of the feudal barons of the Middle Ages. He would smile pleasantly when the ears of his enemies were presented to him strung upon the blade of a sword." He was, however, said to be "incapable of stealing a cent," and he was always faithful to the wife given him by the Church.

Although internecine struggle was largely ended by Morazán during his eight years' Presidency of the Central American union, at the expiration of his term of office, in 1839, war between

the States themselves waged as fiercely as ever. A curious body of troops called "The Protecting Army of Peace," composed of the allied armies of Salvador and Honduras, under Malespin, invaded Nicaragua, and one of the bloodiest of Central American wars ensued. The Protecting Army of Peace laid siege to the capital city Leon for fifty-nine days, when its inhabitants were put to the sword, and the houses pillaged and burned. Many of the principal citizens were shot, and the ferocity of the army was unequaled. A priest from the hospital, who went to Malespin to beg for mercy for the sick who were being murdered by the soldiers, was himself shot for interfering.

Among the troubles of Nicaragua at this time is the action of British on the Mosquito Coast, which threatened the independence of the whole country. Recognizing the claim of the pseudo King of Mosquitia to a territory 340 miles long and over 200 miles wide, they established a protectorate and ordered the Nicaraguans to leave, proclaiming a man of mixed negro and Indian blood king. In 1848 the British took possession of San Juan del Norte in his name and appointed a negro governor, calling the town Greytown. Directly the gunboats had gone, the Nicaraguans returned and put the governor in jail. When this reached the ears of the British, they returned and landing marines advanced up the San Juan River, forcing the President of Nicaragua to sign

a treaty recognizing the Kingdom of the Mosquitos. He appealed to both England and America without results, until the signing of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty by these two countries, by which both were prohibited from colonizing or giving protectoral influence to any Central American republic. In 1860 Nicaragua took formal control of the Mosquito coast.

The first American minister to Nicaragua arrived at Leon in 1849, and the Monroe Doctrine was announced and accepted by the Legislative Assembly at Managua in the autumn. Already American immigration was noticeable in Central America, and José Alfaro, now chief executive of Nicaragua, lacking confidence in his own military strength against his neighbors, asked permission of the Assembly to bring in United States troops as auxiliaries, giving them, in return for their assistance when needed, government lands and the rights of citizenship. The request was refused. Shortly after, an insurrection broke out at San Juan del Norte, led by Americans, which was defeated by Alfaro's troops, and a number of Americans were taken prisoners.

Two years later, 1851, the American Transit Company, under the control of Commodore Vanderbilt, closed a contract with the government for the transportation of passengers across Nicaragua. The California gold fever was at its height, and travelers were numerous. The com-

pany agreed to pay the government 10 per cent. of the net profits and transport free in its steamers all government troops and provisions. But the friendliness of Nicaragua to the United States was disturbed a year after by a treaty on the part of Washington and the British minister fixing the boundary between Nicaragua and Costa Rica and stipulating the segregation of the Mosquito coast. The Nicaragua Assembly indignantly protested against further foreign interference in her affairs of State.

About this time a new Constitution was adopted by the Assembly, extending the term of office of the Director of State to four years and changing his title to President and the title of State to Republic. Nicaragua was also declared to be out of the Central American union.

It was now time for another revolution, this time Honduras aiding the Nicaraguan malcontents in revenge for Nicaragua's withdrawal from the union. The revolutionists landed at Realejo and marched on, gathering reinforcements, until they met President Chamorro in command of his troops near Leon. Defeating him, war without quarter was begun with the attack upon Granada —the government troops having joined the revolutionists—which was sacked and partly burned, after a siege of eight months; and, says Gómez, "sad it is to say that after thirty years of war there existed in Nicaragua the same thirst for

blood and the same inhuman cruelty of the first contestants."

As if this were not trouble enough, an American gunboat, which had been sent by the United States to examine into alleged insults to the American minister, Mr. Borland, bombarded the port of San Juan del Norte and landed marines, who burned it to the ground.

With the raising of the siege of Granada in 1855, the *legitimistas,* as they called themselves in distinction from the revolutionists, furiously attacked every one suspected of being friendly to the other side. The prisons were filled with innocent men and women, who were most cruelly treated. Such acts only strengthened the revolutionists. Shortly before the raising of the siege, Byron Cole, an American, had arranged with Castellon, provisional Director of State, on behalf of the revolutionists, for the services of three hundred Americans for military duty under the guise of a colonization grant for them with the privilege of bearing arms, thus evading the neutrality law of the United States.

On the strength of this, William Walker, with 56 Americans, arrived in June, 1855, for the campaign against the *legitimistas,* and was commissioned colonel by Castellon, and his force called the American Phalanx. With the addition of a hundred natives he marched against the town of Rivas, but was repulsed, the enemy having been

advised of Walker's movements. He then set sail for San Juan del Sur, where, at Vírgen Bay, he was attacked by the *legitimistas* and six hundred picked men under Guardiola, known as the "butcher of Central America"; but the sharp rifle fire of the Americans won.

Six weeks later he captured Granada and made a treaty of peace with the *legitimista* commander. Patricio Rivas was made provisional President and Walker commander-in-chief of the army, and the new government endeavored to reconcile all parties. Everything was done to encourage the immigration of Americans from California, each adult receiving 250 acres of land after six months' residence, and being permitted to bring in duty free furniture, implements, animals, seeds and personal effects, until, early in 1856, there were some twelve hundred Americans capable of bearing arms in the country.

From the first Costa Rica was hostile to the influx of Americans, and in March, 1856, declared war against Nicaragua and the "filibusters." Walker at once dispatched four companies of American, French and German soldiers to Costa Rica, where they were defeated, and the Costa Rican troops entering Vírgen Bay, massacred nine Americans and destroyed the property of the Transit Company. Proceeding to Rivas, they were surprised by Walker, but forced him to withdraw, with a loss of 120 out of 550. How-

ever, they soon returned to Costa Rica on account of the cholera which was raging in Nicaragua, and which they carried back with them to San José, where it is said that 10,000 died before it was stamped out.

Meanwhile, a provisional government was declared by Walker, and at the election held soon after he was chosen President and inaugurated at Granada on July 12, 1856. The American minister promptly recognized Walker in spite of the protests of President Rivas, and the Nicaraguan government refused to have further relations with the minister; while, on his side, Walker issued a decree confiscating the property of those who might fight against him.

Three months later Guatemalan and Salvadorian troops occupied northern Nicaragua and attacked Granada and were joined later by Costa Rica and Honduras. Walker's men were hard pressed and his losses so heavy that in December, unable to hold Granada, which he had retaken, he destroyed it. Costa Rica having gained possession of the San Juan River as far as San Juan del Norte, by a coup captured the steamers, thus gaining control of navigation and cutting off a valuable arm of support for Walker. It was at this juncture that an attempt was made to help him by the three Americans, Lockridge, Wheat and Anderson, which, however, failed. When Walker learned of this, he saw the futility

of further resistance and, sending for General Mora, brother of the President of Costa Rica, who was in command of the allied forces, he agreed to surrender to Commander Davis, of the American sloop-of-war St. Mary's, which had been lying at San Juan del Sur since early in February.

Desirous of ending the war, which had already lasted over a year, Mora did not stand on the point of surrender to himself, but consented to allow Walker to yield to Davis; and on May 1, 1857, Walker and his officers marched out of the town of Rivas with their side arms and embarked on the St. Mary's, followed by 400 of their men. All were taken to the United States.

But though Walker had gone, the revolutionists and the *legitimistas* were still unreconciled. General Jerez, of the Rivas' or revolutionist government, and General Martinez, of the *legitimistas,* declared themselves joint dictators, and a new government was set up at Managua in June. Costa Rica still remained in possession of the San Juan River, despite Nicaragua's protests; and the United States, through its diplomatic agent at San José, informed that government that its occupancy of Nicaraguan territory by conquest of the filibusters would not be recognized. Moreover, ambitious President Mora was not upheld in this by the Costa Ricans, who repudiated his

policy at their first opportunity, but not until Nicaragua had declared war on Costa Rica.

At this moment Walker saw an opportunity for himself, and, evading the American government, landed at San Juan del Norte; but was seized and sent home by Commodore Paulding. Undaunted, a third time he invaded Central America with the intention of subjugating it, landing at Trujillo, Honduras, in August, 1860. He was taken by the British and turned over to General Alvarez, head of the Honduran forces, who, after a trial by court-martial, sentenced Walker to death. He was shot September 12, 1860.

With the election of General Martinez as President in 1857, Nicaragua entered upon what was for her a long period of internal peace. Five years later, with Guatemala, war is declared against Salvador and Honduras, and in 1863 some discontent manifested itself among the Nicaraguans, but was subdued by stringent measures. Other attempts at revolution, based on the pretext that Martinez intended to hold office for life, were put down; and in proof of his honesty of purpose he insisted on giving up the Presidency, and Fernando Guzman was elected in 1867. Two years later, General Jerez and ex-President Martinez start a revolution, charging Guzman with violating his pledges, usurpation of power, nepotism and illegal expenditures. After

four months' civil war, peace was arranged through the United States minister.

From this time till 1881 there were only a few uprisings which were easily quelled. Under the Presidency of General Zavala, in 1881, a serious Indian insurrection took place at Matagalpa, said to have been instigated by the Jesuits, and an even more alarming revolt at Leon, with the clergy arrayed against the troops. For this the Jesuits were expelled from the country. In 1885, word that Barrios, of Guatemala, intended to reconstruct Central America by force brought about an alliance, offensive and defensive, between Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Salvador, and five hundred soldiers were sent to Salvador's assistance. The death of Barrios ended the danger.

It was during the Presidency of Joaquin Zavala that José Santos Zelaya, who was later to play such an important part in Nicaraguan history, first came into public notice. His family had never entered politics, being content with coffee planting and farming. Young Zelaya was sent abroad to complete his education, and on his return found life on a *hacienda* too dull for his taste. He at once entered the field of politics, and spoke openly against the President as out of date. Being accused of instigating an outbreak, he was arrested and permitted to leave the country for his family's sake. He went directly to Guatemala, where, first in the army and later

on Barrios' staff, he proved himself an apt pupil of Barrios' methods. On the death of Barrios, Zelaya, who was a born mischief-maker, went to Salvador and was one of the most active participants in a revolt which deposed the President. He then ventured to return to his own country.

In 1893 a revolution broke out in Nicaragua, and the President, Roberto Sacasa, was forced to fly. The provisional government established was soon overturned, and Joaquin Zavala came into power for the second time. But the smoldering discontent of the city of Leon toward Granada would not permit Zavala, who was the choice of the Conservatives of Granada, to remain long in office. The people of Leon casting about for a leader found one all too willing in the person of Zelaya, and made him commander-in-chief of their army, sending him against Zavala. After two days' fighting at Managua, the capital, Zelaya entered the city and called for the National Congress to appoint a provisional President, himself.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

CONDITIONS IN NICARAGUA

THOSE natives whom he rewarded with places for having killed his enemies and obeyed his orders generally spoke of Zelaya, when I was in Nicaragua, as the "Lion of Central America." He was infinitely abler than Cabrera, they said; but such comparisons carry one into labyrinthian discriminations between tyrants scarcely worth following. Zelaya can boast of a sense of humor. He enjoyed the farces of his re-elections, and on one occasion put three candidates in the field, Señores José, Santos and Zelaya, and he solemnly announced José Santos Zelaya as having been elected. He was equally sardonic in his treatment of a Peruvian in business in Nicaragua, who one day received word that he must depart by the next steamer from Corinto.

"Your excellency," he protested, when he gained admission to the President, "what have I done? I have tried not to meddle in politics and to mind my own business."

"It does not matter what you have done," re-

turned Zelaya. "I want you to go, and you will go."

"But, your excellency, I have debts owing me. I have many affairs that cannot be settled on such short notice without great sacrifice. Will you not give me thirty days?"

"Not another day after the next steamer. I'll appoint an agent to look after your business"—and of course Zelaya would get most of the spoils from the agent.

"Then, your excellency, as a citizen of Peru, I must appeal to my government."

"Appeal!" said Zelaya. "Appeal by all means! When I ridicule the United States, laugh at Germany, and spit on England, what do you suppose I care for your beggarly little Peru?"

He set himself to the task of organizing the finances of Nicaragua immediately he was secure in his place. His methods of pacification were typical of other dictators, with the difference that, as a method of torture, he substituted for the customary lashings an enema of Chile peppers and alcohol. When his arsenal was destroyed by an explosion, no doubt due either to the carelessness of a watchman or to spontaneous combustion, he had the officers in command executed by slow degrees of torture, and their bodies publicly burned on the site of the ruins. He destroyed villages where any disloyalty showed itself, and frequently drove all the people away to jail or

to hard labor. "The Nicaraguans understand only harsh measures, and they shall not want for them," he said.

Coming into power as a representative of Liberalism, which was to free the people from the "oligarchy of property holders"—he was wont to compare himself to the patrician Cæsar taking up the cause of the plebeians—his career has been the more diabolical because he was not a *ladino,* but a man of pure white blood, who had had the benefit of a foreign education.

Of course he did not neglect the custom of forced loans from the well-to-do, which, however, was a poor field, because of the impoverishment of Nicaragua, compared to the one his rival, Cabrera, had in Guatemala. He created himself treasurer and banker for all the industries of the land by the simplest sort of a system. Every staple of life, from whisky to medicine, was made a monopoly, with himself a sharer in the profits. Too often his partner was an American or some other foreigner. It was one of that type which enjoys the privilege of naturalization who said to me: "The old man's a wonder at business. Take that whisky monopoly! The profits are 120 per cent. a year. Yes, that's what I get on every dollar's worth of stock. Pretty good, eh?" Decidedly unsurpassed of its kind. The investor ought not to mind if his capital were destroyed after ten years' profits by a revolution

which quashed the monopoly in favor of one of its own.

So skilfully did Zelaya develop the sale of the native intoxicant made from molasses that in place of one drinking-place when he became President, Corinto had twenty, and drunkenness was spreading in a climate where intoxicants are so poisonous both to mind and body that the moderate drinker in the temperate zone is quick to defend and practice total abstinence.

The tobacco monopoly paid only a paltry 8 per cent. a month. Dr. Luis H. Deboyle, Zelaya's physician, had a concession to import medicine free for his hospital. As he was the judge of how much medicine his hospital needed, he had a grip on the wholesale drug business of the entire country. His patients consumed so much petroleum that a hundred cases were brought in free in a single consignment.

Joaquin Passos, the President's son-in-law, who had the oil monopoly, might well have objected to this invasion of his preserves had he not been of generous nature and well treated himself. He was allowed to bring in 50,000 cases a year at the old rate of duty, while any other importer had to pay so exorbitant a rate that he could not compete, or, if he could, the smashing of a few of his cases on landing would put an end to the competition. The price to the consumer

Typical Nicaraguan soldiers

An ox-cart in San José, Costa Rica

rose from $24 to $34, which meant a profit of $500,000 to the concessionaire.

"See Joaquin" became the commonplace of Nicaraguan official life. "See Joaquin" if you had arms to sell, if you wanted the exclusive right to keep a hotel unmolested by the police in a town, or if you wanted a concession. Zelaya made Nicaragua the concession hunter's paradise. If you saw Joaquin in a proper spirit there seemed nothing that you might not have in the way of great expectations.

Of late years the problem was how to float a company at home to exploit the exclusive privileges so readily granted. Nicaraguan concessions became the joke of capital. They had been granted by thousands. Some are not worth the paper they are written on, much less the sums paid to Zelaya as his perquisite. Others are valuable. Many are shameful beyond words in the resources which they surrendered. The mining rights of about one-third of the country's whole area were given to one man; exclusive privilege of navigation on the San Juan River to a single steamship company, which, however, has the merit of developing the banana lands on the banks.

Nor did Zelaya overlook the tariff as a source of income. Rubber, mahogany, dyewoods, coffee, and all the staple products of the land suffer an export tax. Imports are valued by weight, and the perplexing schedule of surtaxes leaves

the application largely a matter of the individual volition of the captain of the port. All duties are payable in rubber bonds, an invention of Zelaya's peculiarly resourceful mind. If paid in gold, an additional premium of 50 per cent. is exacted. Naturally, rubber bonds at the time of my visit were above par, and, needless to say, were mostly in the hands of Zelaya and his friends.

It may be said that it is bad taste to criticize a ruler's morals; but Zelaya's have been a pattern for a generation of youth. He was a pagan by his own confession, who refused to allow the simple unsectarian propaganda of the Bible Society to enter the country. According to his own official figures, 58 per cent. of the population were of illegitimate birth. He boasted that he was the father of forty-five children. When he traveled through the country he ordered any girl who pleased his fancy brought to him. The father or brother who protested would be sent to jail; or if he wished to leave the country permission was refused. And there are still parents in Nicaragua who do mind such things, though not many after seventeen years of such rule; and the *droits de seigneur* which Zelaya exercised in Nicaragua as a whole, every *jéfe* and *comandante* might exercise in his own district.

After our choice of the Panama instead of the Nicaragua Canal route, which meant much to his

fortunes, Zelaya had a personal grudge against the United States. He searched a Pacific Mail liner at her pier on one occasion; he opened our legation mail regularly, and delayed official telegrams. Still we did not protest. Possibly he thought that there was no limit to which he could not go. Where other Presidents first take care not to offend the United States too far lest it bring one of our sudden explosions of wrath, he was inclined to truculence.

Otherwise, his character is in keeping with that of his type, which I try to explain under "Revolution as a Profession," in so far as an American can understand it. Greed may have kept him in office long after he had a large competency. But he loved intrigue no less than Cabrera; he loved to beat all his Central American rivals; to be the great man of Central America. Driving his miserable soldiers off to war seemed to appeal to him as a kind of national sport.

It was not with any regret, except at not having visited the haunts of Chief Nicaragua in the highlands, that one left Managua for Corinto. General Medina had mowed at least a quarter acre of jungle grass and was resting on his laurels, while the unhappy Canal Zone doctor, under his mosquito net, was meditating another petition (to the inward amusement of the general, no doubt).

Before going aboard the steamer I had a talk

with an Italian, a Lombard, and a fine type of his countrymen, such as are filling Argentina with energy and prosperity, who had shown how successfully sugar could be grown in Nicaragua. It was a talk to be remembered. His property had gone into the control of a company, and he was soon returning home for good.

"They complain of the labor," he said, "but I have found it not so bad when the men knew that I could protect their earnings. What have they to work for? How can there be industry with the continual extortion and conscription?"

"Perhaps Zelaya will go," I suggested.

"No doubt he will soon—when any crisis gives him the opportunity and he is sure of not being assassinated by his henchmen, who will lose their places when a new tyrant comes. But if he does go it will make no difference. There can be no hope from the inside. The thing has gone too far; the habit of tyranny is too settled. There must be a return to the first principles of inviolability of private property, of order and simple justice. Do any of these revolutionists understand the application of these principles, either as good economy, policy, or for their own sake?

"You Americans talk of the Monroe Doctrine and of giving the weak sister republics a chance. You are coming when it pays you, not before. How can I believe in your high ideals when I have seen their results? But you will come, and

to stay, and when you do it will not be wisely, but with a harsh hand, suddenly, when you are angry. You will take a violent interest, or none at all. It is a rich country going to waste, how rich only those who live here can know. The visitor flies from its poverty, but that poverty is the fault of the government and of the population."

And this recalled the observations of the Japanese major whom I had met in Guatemala.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

HOW WE WENT TO SAN JOSÉ

IT is more pleasant to describe the oasis than the desert, and more to the taste of any right-minded author to write of happiness and progress than of misery and retrogression. In every allusion to general conditions I have made an exception of Costa Rica, in which a grateful traveler, buffeted on Central American trails, found a charm that torrential rains could not efface.

Land on the Costa Rican side of the San Juan River is worth from four to five times as much as land of equal fertility on the Nicaraguan side. Costa Rica is the one country, from the Mexican to the Chilean borders, with a comparatively free press and free speech from the members of the opposition in Congress; the one country to which the Canal Zone doctors freely send convalescents for recuperation, and the one country (except Mexico) where you travel without a passport or official permission to enter and leave. This little republic, hidden in prejudicial surroundings, is an ethnological and climatic study unique in American colonial history.

It does not always rain in Costa Rica, the Costa Ricans insist. Why did not I come in the dry season? they kept asking. It was an error equal to visiting New York City in midsummer. We dropped anchor off Punta Arenas in a downpour which had all the aspects of being a settled habit, and waited for the officials, who appeared with surprising promptness. The captain of the port, Señor Ramagoza, had taken a post-graduate course in the States; the doctor one in Germany. Both spoke English; both were well dressed and neat, and had been shaved within the last twenty-four hours. Señor Ramagoza said that he would not drink anything, as he was not thirsty, and the doctor took only one bottle of Pilsener. Both had definite information to give in answer to questions, which was equally surprising. It was all disturbing. Were you in Central America? Had the skipper missed his reckoning?

"It has been raining for eleven days," said Señor Ramagoza. "There is a washout along the line, and the time tables are very unsettled. But if you are in a hurry your best plan is to go as far as you can and take your chances over the broken sections;" and not only his candor, but something about his personality inclined me to the belief that he was not talking to prove the fluency of his tongue and the resourcefulness of his imagination.

The office building which he occupied was neat and clean and freshly painted. He was as delighted as any Central American official to show a stranger the town, and our first visit was to a money changer's, where I got two Costa Rican dollars for one American dollar.

"How much does the rate vary?" I inquired.

"Not at all," he said. "It is on a gold basis. If any one tries to scale a cent on the dollar, refuse to allow it."

But already one had felt in the very atmosphere of the community a change from that of other parts. It was something in the manner of the people you passed in the streets, in the well-stocked stores, which spelled individual freedom and ambition.

We stopped in at the little club, which had a billiard room and library and a veranda looking out on the swollen river. Across the way was a church, not in decay, but recently built—a new church in Central America, which is covered with the ruins of the old! Could I see the school? Surely that question would find the weak spot in Señor Ramagoza's armor, which would prove that this place was Central American, after all.

Punta Arenas was a small town in the coast country, he explained, and I must not expect too much. But when we came to the building which housed the grammer grade and saw the pupils, with a larger percentage of aboriginal extraction,

A Costa Rican school (showing the predominance of white blood)

some quite black, than in the highlands, and talked with the teacher, who called to mind, in turn, that it was only a small coast town, one felt in the presence of more reality in the way of education than he had seen in Guatemala City.

After I decided on the afternoon train and the "chances," Señor Ramagoza told me that I would have company. One of the Peraltas, Don Carlos, was going up-country, too; and when I was introduced to a merry-eyed man with a pair of saddle-bags crowded under his feet, Don Carlos Peralta said:

"I've been in America at the University of Pennsylvania. I was in the football team." If I would look at the pictures in the papers back in the nineties I would see him without his mustache, and, yes, looking quite a little younger. "Adios!" to Señor Ramagoza, and the train pulled out.

Suddenly I had the feeling of one who has left the car without paying his fare. Yet I had given my ticket to the conductor. Yes, of course! Now I remembered what was missing.

"Isn't any policeman going to take my name, destination, occupation and object of travel?" I inquired.

"No," said Don Carlos. "We haven't any time for rubbish like that. This is a free country."

The rain continued. It formed a mist like a stage net between the eye and the dripping

foliage, and a number of times the locomotive slowed down as we gingerly passed over sections under water before we rose into the foothills, and the call of "All out!" brought the passengers to a high bank of seeping earth looking across the Barranca River, which had swept away the bridge and its abutments. A trolley on a wire spanned the abyss, in the fashion of the early days of railroading in the West.

It was dark and still raining when we alighted at Esparta from the train which started from the other side. Don Carlos played pathfinder past an orange garden to a hotel. Between Esparta and San Domingo the railroad had not yet been finished, and this break was ordinarily covered on muleback, in keeping with a schedule which enabled one leaving Punta Arenas in the afternoon to reach San José, the capital, in the afternoon of the second day. Word came that a further washout between San Domingo and Aténas seemed imminent. It was quite the worst storm that Costa Rica had known in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Landslides covered the highway in places, we were told, and in others the bridges were gone. All owners were chary of letting out their mules till the deluge stopped and it was certain that the worst was over.

Why hurry? Wasn't the hotel at Esparta good? inquired one traveler, who said that nothing should move him till there had been two or

three clear days. Yes, the hotel was excellent, better in fare and cleanliness than that extravagant place at Managua. If you wanted a limeade the maid picked up one of a hundred limes scattered in the yard with which to make it; and if you wanted an orange you took it from a tree, whose limb was crowding in at the dining-room door.

But Don Carlos was for action. He said that an American and a Costa Rican were going to the capital right away. He was the ambassador to the muleteers, who, when morning revealed the sky in the same shamelessly prodigal state of mind, went back on their promise of the previous evening. While he, in blazing indignation, set out to find men of a more daring nature, I waited in the hotel and listened to an Italian soapmaker of San José marooned with his family, talk of immediate advance, which his wife, inclined to stoutness, did not altogether favor. Once she put in a word, and it was: "My dear, a few hours more or less will not change the fortunes of a family."

When we started, under the shower-bath, there were in our party Don Carlos, a Colombian, a Nicaraguan—both of whom were in the cattle business—the author and the author's trunk aboard a superannuated mule, which the muleteer was willing to let go in that weather for the price of its carcass. What a ride, with the cobbles of

the road under water or a strata of mud! After a time we left the trunk to the *mozo* in charge. By the honor of Costa Rica, they would do their best; but a trunk was not meant to be packed on the back of a mule. My own mount, surveying the situation, as he saw it growing worse, lost hope.

"He's done. But it's all right," said Don Carlos, who had not had a dry stitch on him for twenty-four hours. "I have a friend right over the hill, where we can get another."

Don Carlos' word was enough to the employees of the *hacienda.* They rode out and lassoed from the rich pastures reeking with moisture a sturdy, resentful burden-bearer, who was most amiable once he was captured.

The Colombian—and he was a blade of pure Spanish blood—fell behind for some reason which I now forget, and when he came up with us he declared himself a gallant. That good wife of the oratorical soapmaker had gone fairly over the head of her mule into a stream.

"And it was I," quoth the Colombian—"I, gentlemen, who assisted her to remount, while her husband was eloquent in two languages."

He was in Costa Rica, I was told, because his family's fortune had been confiscated by the party in power in his country, and he was bound to win some of it back, one way or another, in the Spanish-speaking countries. He also had news

of the trunk, which, with mule and *mozo,* had fallen in a gorge. He had gone to the rescue, and it was now under cover in a farmer's cottage. What next?

"Back to the trunk!" said Don Carlos.

A cousin of his lived near. Another mule and a fresh *mozo* were forthcoming.

"Who is Don Carlos?" I inquired of the Colombian.

"He is one of the Peraltas," was the answer. Pressure for more detail brought the information that the first Peralta, a Spanish marquis, and his wife, had come over in the sixteenth century, and since then the Peraltas had increased in numbers amazingly.

We rode on till we came into San Domingo and dismounted at a hotel kept by a Frenchman, who told us that the washout between there and Aténas had passed from the domain of prophecy to that of fact. After supper the Colombian played the guitar and sang Spanish songs to cheer up the Italian's good wife, who came in very late and was the object of solicitous care in order that she might have dry clothes. "So sorry I could not lend her some of mine," said the helpful Colombian.

Finally the trunk came. The new *mozo* had covered it carefully with oilcloth, and in the morning moisture still clung to the inside, painting everything a streaky red, and along the rail

of the veranda, exposed to the sun for the first time in many days, the next morning, was an assortment of fundamentals and of the frock coat and other ornaments, which some sinner in Washington had said would be particularly necessary if you would show respect to a Central American President, with a saturated silk hat resting on a chair.

"Discretion now seems the better part of valor," said Don Carlos, after he had heard numerous reports. "We can't possibly reach San José before to-morrow night, anyway;" and this was agreeable enough, considering wet papers, notebooks, and what-not that ought to be dried.

The deluge, as I learned afterward, would cost the government $1,000,000 for repairs, a misfortune in that little country equivalent to two or three hundred millions to us. Nor was it good news to the American contractor who had agreed to fill in the break between Esparta and San Domingo inside of ten months. When this was done, the line from sea to sea would be complete, and you might go from Punta Arenas on the Pacific to Puerto Limon on the Atlantic side in a day.

The next morning opened doubtfully, with a mist which might turn to rain, but which the sun soon dissipated. The people were busy at their day's work as we rode by. Even the laborers were white or with the Indian admixture so slight as to be almost imperceptible. Some were fair-

haired, inheritors of the Gothic strain from northern Spain. For the first time in the tropics I saw a temperate zone race doing the work of peasantry.

Our problem was to get around the great landslides and the streams which had carried away the bridges. Don Carlos, the indefatigable pathfinder, *machete* in hand, recalled the spirit of the little bands of *conquistadores* of the sixteenth century, who traversed the virgin jungle in the face of hostile tribes. Our pioneer party gaining numbers as it proceeded, included a friar, to fill out the picture. He was a full-bearded, pink-cheeked, brown-haired Dominican, a pair of riding-boots showing their tips under his cassock.

When we came to a literal reservoir of mud and débris from the hillside, either he developed sudden temerity or was absent-minded, for he rode straight past the rest of us into the mess. His mule floundered up to the belly. His boot-tips rose fairly to a level with the mule's ears, and the Church turned beseechingly to the laymen. Don Carlos waded in with reassuring words and managed the rescue with rare skill.

"Señor, I will follow you after this," said the Dominican. "It was not my ardor so much as my lack of worldly experience which got me into the difficulty."

"Now, right over the top of the divide," de-

cided Don Carlos. "It is a rough climb, but we are sure of not having to swim any torrents."

So we wound our way over slippery rocks and tree roots, up the slopes of Mount Aguacate. From an open space three-quarters of the way to the summit we saw the Pacific, a streak of twinkling silver at the edge of a rolling carpet of foliage. That was worth all the pains, and the climbing itself was glorious in the inspiriting air, easier for man than beast, with Don Carlos insistent that everybody should remain mounted except himself.

Our Colombian hummed Spanish airs; our Nicaraguan, a *ladino,* who had made a sale of cattle to Don Carlos, and a pronounced Zelayista, was a talkative pessimist who never got off his mule. He had not played fair to Don Carlos, according to the Colombian. Be that as it may, he poured out his criticism of our choice of route and everything in general.

"They have lots of money in Costa Rica, but no great men, sir, like Zelaya," he said. "For sixteen years Zelaya has kept his power. Let an enemy raise a hand or speak a word, and Zelaya sees, Zelaya hears, and there's an end of the fellow. That President of Costa Rica is of no account. He has not the courage to put a banker in jail or shoot a rival. You will see, he cannot even re-elect himself. Fifty other men are just as smart as he. Any one of them might be Presi-

The cultivated country of the beautiful valley of San José, Costa Rica

dent. Costa Rica has never had a great man, but our Zelaya is a lion."

When I smiled, he asked me if I did not admire great men. He was quite unconscious of drawing any satirical picture of republican government. When, later, an opportunity came to tax Don Carlos with Costa Rica's inferiority, he answered:

"No, sir. We aren't going to have any dictators in our country. Why, we have plenty of men who are smart enough to be President. Some of them are too smart. Now, if any Costa Rican President got what you call 'fresh,' all the planters would come riding into San José when they had the coffee crop in, and say: 'That's enough of this dictator business!' We have done just that thing in Costa Rica before, and we would do it again, and the Presidents know it and it keeps them in order. But we have not had a revolution for over forty years. Revolutions are bad for business."

Emerging from the thick forest on the eastern side of Aguacate, the meaning of "no revolutions" and liberal laws was illustrated in a glimpse of that plain of San José, which must have thrilled the Spanish settlers as the first sight of Salt Lake thrilled the Mormon host. The buildings of the capital were just visible in a panorama of cultivated land, with its patchwork of fields set among groves. It might have been

the valley of the Po, in Italy, or the orchards of California. The colors of the tropics and the temperate zone were blended.

Now we came to a cobbled highway, passing groups of well-kept houses, with occasional stores in a small town; and at the first hotel Don Carlos said that we should dine and celebrate. There must be wine. Claret was forthcoming from the nearest *bodega,* and the bounty of that meal was beyond consumption. The hostess kept bringing more dishes, while she apologized for her poor, mean board. We toasted the United States, Central America, the coffee crop, the weather—and finally that trunk, which arrived in time to go with its owner on the evening train to San José.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

HAPPY LITTLE COSTA RICA

SIXTY per cent. of the population of Costa Rica, probably 80 in the highlands, is pure Caucasian, or of preponderantly Caucasian strain. The negroes on the banana plantations in the lowlands are mostly foreign subjects from the West Indian Islands, who have no voice in a government centering in an oligarchy of planters. After three centuries of intermarrying among the descendants of the leading colonists, it is said that any member of forty old families, which is not a particularly exclusive official circle in a land with only 350,000 people, can count on the President being at least a distant blood relative.

Costa Rica lacks the distinction of making history, which in Central America has consisted of wars and revolutions. She has been an eddy out of the main current of raids and intrigue. The first imprint of character from the early Spanish rulers still remains indelible in every one of the five provinces of the old kingdom of Guatemala,

and Costa Rica was the exception where destiny was kind.

The first explorers found few natives on the isolated plateau surrounded by natural defenses. Small bodies of settlers with their wives came instead of the *conquistadores* and the *haciendados* who sought vast grants of land and large groups of Indians as servile laborers. Thus a social order different from any in Central America was established, in a large measure self-governing, under the Spanish captains-general, even in a region which was not a highway for the *cargadores* bringing treasure from Peru or the Philippines, the object of raids like Nicaragua, or influenced by the corruption and greed growing out of the peonage system.

When Costa Rica withdrew from the Central American Federation it was in order to escape the effects of the war between Morazán and Carrera. In 1842 Morazán, the deposed Chief of State of the Central American Federation, landing on Costa Rican soil with an army which he had recruited after his expulsion from Guatemala, for a time wielded the authority which he still claimed over all the States of the union. But the planters soon rose against him. They captured him and Villaseñor, a Costa Rican general, who had been his supporter. The Spartan sentiment of the extremists prevailed, as it has on more than one occasion, and the prisoners were

publicly executed. From that day to this, Costa Rica's independence of her neighbors has been secure.

"On account of her small population and distance from the central government," says Antonio Marure, the Guatemalan historian of the federation, "Costa Rica had but little influence in the government of the other countries, but she distinguished herself for her moderation and prudence throughout all their troublous times." And Bancroft says: "The other States were impoverished and brought to the verge of ruin, whereas Costa Rica, with comparative tranquillity, was constantly marching forward."

Freedom of the press and religion was maintained throughout the period of union. When the ecclesiastical authorities desired a decree burning certain forbidden books in 1830, Juan Mora, then Chief of State, not only refused, but allowed more of the forbidden books to be imported. Costa Rica has never suffered from the fanaticism of the orders and the ecclesiastical domination which prevailed elsewhere; but, on the contrary, she has never confiscated Church property or made war on the Church as such. Her cities were then as they are to-day, the refuge of political exiles from the other States. A Frenchman, Laferriere, writing of this little-known region thirty years ago in "De Paris à Guatemala," says: "The Costa Ricans dislike wasting their

resources in wars or war material, preferring the arts of peace and to welcome those bringing wealth from other countries."

The policy and character of the old social order remain unchanged. Still talking of union, Costa Rica's instinct is as naturally for isolation as that of Switzerland. She has never been an aggressor against her neighbors. But if Central America is assailed her response is immediate as a measure of self-protection. Without her assistance William Walker, the filibuster, would not have been beaten in Nicaragua. Her little army administered the decisive defeat to his forces and then marched back from those unpleasant lowlands to its own pleasant highlands.

Neighboring dictators have learned a wholesome respect for the men who have the qualities of the farmer and the planter, which the Boers exemplified. At a signal of danger they will, as Don Carlos Peralta said, come riding in from all directions, rifle in hand, confident of their ability to defeat any tatterdemalion lot of conscripts from the other republics. They have suffered Presidents who grew autocratic and who won office by chicanery and ballot-box stuffing. But every President has a check. He knows that he may look out of the window one morning to see men on horseback streaming into town. So public opinion exists and has an effect.

Clannishness makes the Costa Ricans love com-

pany. Their fraternal feeling, which is the growth of time, leads to the greeting of "brother" as men pass, and other Central Americans have nicknamed them the brotherly people. While outlying regions wait on development, the population centers around San José, the new, and Cartago, the old, capital. San José is one-third the size of Guatemala City, and its first distinction to the approaching visitor is an electric car line, when he has seen none since leaving the City of Mexico.

The streets are scrupulously clean and well paved. Sanitation is the hobby of the President, González Vigez, whom the weekly *Life*—for San José includes in its free press a humorous weekly—always pictures with a mosquito on the top of his bald head; and one of the local newspapers is of the opinion that he is otherwise the head of a perfectly incapable administration, and tells him so daily.

No city of its size at home—and none is, of course, a capital—has so many attractive shops. That rich coffee land is prodigal, creating an extravagant people. If this year's crop is bad, why not live while you live? and no doubt next year's crop will be good. Señora and señorita must have Parisian hats for the church parade, and beautiful gowns for the opera. Imported dainties for the palate reappear in the store windows after being absent since leaving the City of Mexico. Costa

Rica spends so freely that her foreign trade amounts to five times the average *per capita* of the other Central American countries. Ten million people of the Costa Rican type in Central America would soon change our attitude of disinterestedness. Then there would be a commercial prize on our borders worth having.

The lighthearted Costa Rican is proudest of the beauty of his women and his opera house. What would be the use of the opera house if it were not for the beautiful women? as Don Carlos well said. Some of them are fair-haired and have blue eyes, a distinction worth a dowry to any San José girl. They are devoted to religion, and their influence sways fathers, husbands and sons. Though freedom of worship is guaranteed, Costa Rica recognizes the Church by an annual grant, and every Sunday morning the well-uniformed, European-appearing garrison marches to the cathedral, which is the only one I saw in Central America that was in repair.

That crowning piece of Costa Rican extravagance, the National Opera House, which cost a million dollars in this town of 20,000 people, is a tribute to their cultivated taste. We had not its equal in New York in architectural pretension until the New Theater was built, and on the American continent it is surpassed only by the national theaters in Mexico, Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires. The marble for its staircase came

A wedding party in San José, Costa Rica

from Italy; artists were brought from abroad to paint the scenes of coffee and banana culture which should express the source of Costa Rican wealth. And the love of music is no affectation. It is a serious matter, with predilection for the Italian and French classics and for rigid observance of stage conventions, and a discriminating exhibition of pleasure or displeasure over the performers' work.

The Gringo's provincial preconceptions are overwhelmed by the scene and the setting in a nook of the Cordilleras. Looking down on the promenade of the dark-eyed women, who are in the majority, and the lucky blue-eyed ones, or meeting the men in the buffet, it was easy to imagine that you were in Europe. At the buffet I met a young Costa Rican who had just been graduated from Yale. He said that he really wanted to marry an American girl and settle down in the States, but these Costa Rican girls were so charming that he was in danger, and once he fell in love he would have to remain forever, as Costa Rican women never liked to leave their native country.

But many Americans whom business brought to San José have married there, and, despite the young man's view, the husbands have returned to Gringoland, and with their wives. He thought the American girls were more independent—it is remarkable how expert a Yale curriculum had

made him—and the Costa Rican girls fonder of home. But the author judged Costa Rican girls to be fairly independent from the freedom with which they came and went in the evening, an invasion of Spanish custom which may be due to American example. Nor is the men's fondness for exercise characteristically Spanish. It is an illuminating fact that the whites of Costa Rica and the pure-blooded Indians of the highlands of Guatemala, both wholly disinclined to war, with its inferential development of virility, are physically the finest inhabitants of Central America and, from all I could learn, the most moral.

San José boasts its polo teams, its football eleven and baseball nines. Nothing which belongs to a great world capital seems wanting, at least in miniature. There is a national fondness for beautiful parks and impressive public buildings. Though the Costa Ricans took relatively little interest in the Treaty of Washington, it was considered a national honor to have the court of peace sit in the one country which had been peaceful, and when Mr. Carnegie gave the money to build a palace for housing the judges at Cartago the attitude changed to positive enthusiasm. A national library is building; an enormous penitentiary stands outside the town as an example of architectural pride. Future generations may grow up to it. At present the guests are as lonely

as the scattered few in a summer hotel just before the autumn closing time.

The insane asylum, set in a garden of palms and flowers, might be mistaken for the suburban residence of some multimillionaire. But I should not call it an insane asylum. This is against the rules of modern science, as I was reminded by the director, educated in Germany, who showed me through a hospital modern in every respect. Whatever public institution I visited the impression was the same. The national museum was not a travesty, the art school had a score of busy pupils, boys and girls, and the high school and the girls' seminary lose little by any foreign comparison.

While on the severely practical side, the public abattoir, well ordered in keeping with what doctors trained abroad had concluded was the best precedent, would not have been complete without an ornamental front to soften the thought of the butchery within to passersby. And that new department store kept by a German! It opens up a world of gossip about bargains and is a drain on many a coffee estate. But no Costa Rican woman, you may be sure, will ever allow any bargain to permit the sale of a rood of the family coffee land. Issue debentures, yes; but sell, never! From generation to generation the land is held, and its value, close to San José, would astound a Western farmer who owns a

valuable wheat farm. That coffee plant is capricious. It grows better nowhere in the world than here.

After all my ineffectual efforts to find out about exports and imports in the other countries, what a pleasure it was to be referred to a bureau which filled your pockets and arms with statistical information and your mind with confidence that the information was at least approximately correct. The Spanish-American custom of no land tax still prevails. Costa Rica is a country of landowners, large and small, and if one wants to borrow money, instead of laying a mortgage he can issue debentures on his property. Titles are clear and the books open to all to see whatever loan stands against any holding. Taxes are chiefly on imports and by weight, but under a more reasonable scale than elsewhere.

But there is a fly in the amber. Proud little Costa Rica, so scrupulous about her national honor, has been defaulting the interest on her national debt for many years. She loved those handsome buildings, and paying for dead horses was most trying. However, be it said to her credit, her citizens were always apologizing for the fact, which represented at least a palliating stage of self-consciousness; and, at last accounts, arrangements were under way to settle with her creditors and begin a new career.

Possibly, the United Fruit Company being

foreign and the debt being also in foreign hands led to a public view that any money owed to the foreigner was offset by the wealth that the company had taken out of Costa Rica. It owns a major portion of the good banana lands, which are said to be the best in the world.

At all events, Minor C. Keith came to Costa Rica a poor boy, but with the capital of American energy and commercial foresight. "How that man worked!" as Don Carlos said. "He is a real modern *conquistador*. Worked with his own hands, too, showing how to make clearings!" Minor married one of the beautiful Costa Rican girls, and so did his relative, John C., who loves his Costa Rica too well to go. With a gift of winning the Costa Rican Congress to his projects, Minor became a millionaire through the Fruit Company's concessions and developing trade. Now he leaves the property to other managers, alert, quick corporation men in the Fruit Company's office, which has the atmosphere of a New York skyscraper in this halcyon *dolce far niente* city of the valley of San José, and departs to build a railway across Guatemala, where the conditions of prosperity so helpful in Costa Rica are, as yet, wanting.

Among the Fruit Company's possessions is the railway from San José to Puerto Limon. Its cleverly devised charter allowed the government to name the passenger tariff and left the freight

tariff to the will of the concessionaire. The planters realized their error too late.

It is hardly surprising that the government built the line to the Pacific itself, while the national debt had to wait, and that the feeling is strong in some quarters against the Gringos; while the truth is that the company has been of great service in developing a market at the same time that it has exploited the country in its own interests. It supplies the young *abogados* in Congress with opportunities for oratory. Listen to one in criticism of an administration measure said to favor the trust:

"Our moral depression is such that we cannot overcome the invasion of the American multimillionaires who trade their fortunes for European coronets. Their daughters escape from their unhappy consorts by divorce, but we Costa Ricans cannot make laws to free us, in turn, from the abominable concubinage of the Yankee element, which treats us as if we were a degenerate race."

"Just fool talk to get in the newspapers," explained the Costa Rican who was at my side in the gallery. The other extreme of opinion may be found in some quarters, which would really welcome such relations with the United States as would give their products the same chance as those of Porto Rico in our great market.

This Congress was varied and human, a re-

A football team in happy little Costa Rica

minder of home, giving the visitor the pleasure of listening to much eloquent Spanish. It had its firebrands of the order of the young author of the divorce simile; its trust subordinates; its old-fashioned Conservatives, who think that the country is going to the dogs under a Liberal régime; its scholarly fellows, proud of their Castilian; and the simple planter members, who are confused and inert unless something affecting the coffee and land interests is at stake, when they proceed to vote and act.

Each bypath of observation brought one back to the men of the *fincas*. The soil is in the hands of many owners. Your humblest peasant holds fast to his acres. Extreme poverty is unknown in a rich agricultural country, and there is not the excuse for idleness which has become a habit in other States that are devastated by rebellion and oppression. If you would know how well the people live go to the prodigal, tropical market-place on Saturday morning, which is as much a function with señora as the opera. There may be revolutions in time to come, but the self-interest of the planters forms a basis of stability which makes constitutional government inherent; while in the benevolent autocracy of Mexico it is, as yet, only a form.

The writer confesses, indeed, that he fell under the charm of Costa Rica. It is Spain in the New World, Spain prosperous as well as generous,

where to say my house is yours is not altogether a figure of speech. But beware of admiring things unless you expect them to be given to you. I spoke of buying some of the tiny Costa Rican gold dollars as a present, and Don Carlos hurried away and returned with a half dozen, which he insisted on giving me.

In the streets—and they are lighted and not deserted at night, as they are largely elsewhere in Central America—you will meet many foreigners, varying in character from the refugee who was in an assassination or a revolutionary plot against some Central American ruler to Canal employees up from the zone for a vacation or a trip of convalescence; and keeping up the world-wide reputation of ruining the curio market, the Americans are responsible for the increasing values set on the figures of solid gold which the remaining Indians dig up from the graves of their ancestors. "The price of gods has riz," was the sad message which a steam-shovel man bore back to others at the Isthmus who had not yet been supplied.

CHAPTER TWENTY

ABOUT COFFEE AND BANANAS

THE Costa Rican train, which has the luxury of parlor cars, climbs from San José to Cartago, the classic old town of pure Spanish descent, and passes between the regular rows of clean, aristocratic, trimmed coffee trees, with their leaves as glossy as if just polished, and the ground underneath as clean as if it had just been swept. Coffee is the patrician and the banana the plebeian of Central America. Their export is the chief source of income.

It was a Spanish priest who first brought the coffee berry from Arabia to Guatemala, and thence it has spread southward to the Panaman border and northward into the province of Chiapas in Mexico, a monarch of the highland region, growing anywhere from an altitude of one to six thousand feet, but yielding most abundantly at from fifteen hundred to three thousand, and in the highest quality at four to five thousand. Americans, who are a race of coffee drinkers, will be surprised to hear that the product of our neighbors, which is the finest in the

world outside of Mocha and Java, goes chiefly to England and Germany, where the people seem inclined to mix too much chicory with it for our taste.

While rubber dislikes cultivation and grows best wild, to the disappointment of many a stockholder in rubber plantations, coffee requires almost as much attention as an American Beauty rose from the time the seed is planted in the nursery under cover of plantain leaves, through transplanting, and to full bearing five and six years later. In lower altitudes it must be shaded, and in higher it must be protected from the north winds. Flowering is the critical period. Should the dry season break faith by heavy showers, fructification will be impaired. Trees will grow to twenty feet in height if allowed, but are kept trimmed down to nine or ten. The berry ripens in October. After picking it must be "pulped." Then it is *pergamino* and is spread out to dry on the cement pavements, and later the wafer-like covering is removed, and it is *oro* and ready for market. Profits are frequently immense, but rarely so for the novice. The choice of ground is as puzzling as that of good orange land in southern California. A distance of a half mile, though the soil seems the same, will make a difference in the crop which only experience can test.

Wherever coffee grows the nights are cool and the air bracing. But the banana seems to thrive

best as the consort of miasma and malarial mosquitoes. When the train from San José to Puerto Limon leaves the last scattered coffee fields behind, it descends into the heart of the lowlands and runs among the banana plantations, where the white man is inclined to hammocks and to supervising an acclimatized race. The banana asks for hot rains and muck in which to set its roots. No skilled labor is required. Set out a sprout and let it grow and wait for the bunch, gathered with a sweep of the *machete,* and taken in pairs on strong black shoulders to the car or boat.

"Yes, young man," Mr. Merry, the veteran American minister to Costa Rica, tells his inquirers, "yes, it is quite true that you can make from 25 to 30 per cent. on your capital if you start a banana plantation. There is no trick behind the company's offer. It can well afford to take your product at a price which assures such a profit. However, young man, I shouldn't be fair if I did not tell you something else. You must consider that if you are not dead at the end of five years, you may be such a physical wreck from malaria that your fortune will do you no good."

The yellowing bunch in front of the country store and the blackening "four for five" in the pushcart of the city form the most potent American trade influence in Central American affairs.

The romance of wheat is commonplace beside this far traveler from the swelter of Caribbean coasts, ripening as it goes, which passes through northern blizzards to our tables.

As an industry in its larger sense, this one is more recent than steel and its growth as rapid. Twenty years ago the United States ate 5,000,000 bunches a year; ten years ago, 15,000,000, and in 1909, 60,000,000. In every Central American country, after the doleful tales of misgovernment and decay on the west coast, you hear of prosperity on the east coast, which the ever-increasing banana export created.

The Caribbean Islands share the bounty. Jamaica, her sugar plantations in ruins, was saved from economic despair by the banana trade. England has trebled her consumption in the last five years. Germany and France are beginning to receive importations in quantity.

The growth in consumption, primarily due to the recognition of the banana as a food, would have been impossible without improved means of transportation. The problem from the first has been to deliver the banana in edible condition at the purchaser's door. Fast steamers, with their holds kept at the right temperature, which is only 48 degrees Fahrenheit, now run direct to Liverpool and Hamburg. Too much heat means that the banana will ripen too fast.

There are warming houses in big railroad cen-

ters of our Northern States, where, in winter, the chill is taken off the fruit before the journey is continued. When picked it is green and unedible and not filled out. Sucking the strength of the stem, the fingers swell as they ripen. But no one who has never been in the tropics knows what a really good banana is—a banana which is not cut until its skin sets tight on the plump flesh. And the best are not the big ones which are exported, but the pineapple type, scarcely larger than a man's thumb, found in the height of its excellence, to my mind, in the Philippines. The big banana, like the big strawberry, is the product of cultivation and hardening for market purposes.

A banana belt runs all along both coasts of Central America. But the land on the west coast lies fallow, awaiting a market. That of the east coast extends all the way from the Guatemalan border, a strip from 20 to 200 miles in breadth, with some breaks, to Brazil, while most of the islands of the Caribbean may be included in a field which might produce ten times our present consumption.

The history of the wheat lands is, in one sense, the history of the banana lands. Those which were richest and most accessible were the first to be developed. Political conditions, besides, played a part. No one would think of starting a plantation in the black republics of Haiti or

Santo Domingo or in overtaxed, revolutionary, corrupt Guatemala and Nicaragua, when equally good and cheap ground could be had under British rule in Jamaica or in the orderly republic of Costa Rica—which was the loss of the backward and the gain of the forward countries. The best quality of bananas is grown in the republic of Panama; the most prolific soil is in Costa Rica.

Of the whole business of import into the United States the United Fruit Company controls from three-fourths to four-fifths. The company escapes prosecution for its trust methods, the courts having held that, as it controls a product grown outside the United States, it falls outside the pale of the law. By adroit and masterful management, by all the economies and methods of competition known to other corporations, this great example has built up its business in the last twenty years.

It combines freight with passenger traffic. Although American shipping is at its lowest ebb the company is able to build new ships. With no interest in government except to develop business one way and another it manages, always with dividends in view, pretty well to gain its political ends. By force of necessity, prosperity and order must prevail more or less in every port which it dominates.

The "banana railroad," a narrow gauge which taps the plantations, bringing on to the wharf

trains of cars piled high with bunches of fruit, is the land tentacle of the corporation.

The company does not stop with the ownership of railroads, steamers and piers. It owns vast tracts of banana land, developed and undeveloped. Forty per cent. of the plantations of Costa Rica are in its possession, and in other regions an equally large or even larger percentage.

Beside the steel trust, which faces the exhaustion of ore, and the Standard Oil trust, which must some day be without oil, the banana trust is in the situation of a flour trust owning 40 per cent. of the Western wheat country. It has control of the soil, that permanent, unfailing source of wealth which, by comparison, in the long run makes the mining business fitful and beggarly.

Between the stools of home consumption and exclusive foreign production, the banana trust has fallen into a comfortable seat. Criticism of its methods in Costa Rica and Jamaica has as yet carried little weight because of the market which the company has created by its facilities for transportation. It has fed impoverished treasuries and brought silk in place of cotton bandannas to kinky heads and lace curtains to the windows of tumbledown negro huts. For the banana man is the Jamaican black.

The picture of him with a bunch of bananas on his shoulder running up a steamer's gangway

is the one most inseparably characteristic of the Caribbean. Malaria and heat and mire do not disturb him. The company has also brought fortune to many planters, native and American, who have managed to escape without an incurable case of malaria. Our knowledge of the mosquito and of sanitation gained on the Isthmus insure a healthier future.

Most of the planters in Costa Rica are Americans. The Costa Ricans themselves are too happy growing coffee in the cool highlands to undergo the punishing climate of the lowlands, where endurance and killing time are really the chief requisites. A little supervision and the rivers and the Jamaicans do the rest. The sediment washed from the hills by the freshets provides annual fertilization.

Every bunch has from seven to twelve hands; the company refuses the sevens. Though they have more than a hundred bananas, they are not worth while in the careful calculation of labor, time and interest charges. It pays 31 cents for all bunches of nine hands or over and 25 cents for eights. At that rate the young man who fights the malaria will make 25 per cent. on his money, if he knows anything about banana raising and banana soil.

The company gets an average of $1.70 a bunch, averaging 150 to 175 bananas, in the States, which represents the cost of handling and trans-

portation, while we know what the retailer receives. The business pays because of its magnitude, and pays well. Day after day, under the frying sun, year in and year out, the little engines of the "banana railroads," running in and out among the plantations, sing their chuk-chuk in the still, hot air among the motionless leaves, onward to the pier, where the Jamaican yells and sings and giggles as he starts the bunches on their journey to the pushcarts and the country grocery.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

REVOLUTION AS A PROFESSION

THEY tell the story of a mother who remarked that her son Rodriguez was a bright boy and ought to grow up to be a clever revolutionist.

It was like saying that Rodriguez would be a good lawyer, soldier, or merchant; or, rather, the three combined. Revolution has been the golden road to honor, success and profit.

Its heroic ideal, so far as I could learn, is Bolivar, Rufino Barrios and Napoleon. I fancy that I met as many men who thought themselves little Napoleons as there are Websters in our debating societies. The profession looks down on anything but war and intrigue with all the hauteur of the Austrian nobility on trade.

There are many kinds of revolutionists, moody and cheerful by nature, specialists at soldiering or intrigue. One is celebrated for his effective disguises.

"I have seen ex-President Alfaro," said an admirer, "a barefooted laborer, making faces in the plaza of San Salvador at the palace, when, if

he had been recognized, he would have been shot as sure as fate."

The cheerful revolutionist is a real philosopher. One whom I met was most entertaining in his disquisition on the jails of Central America, with cynical references to the lashes he had suffered.

"Some day I'll get even; I'll have my turn," he concluded, "and I'll have a few of my enemies beaten. I was a general at twenty-one, and I got nearly a yard of gold lace for my uniform off a German ship."

"How did you become a general? How many troops did you have?" I asked.

"You Americans are so practical," he returned. "I had fourteen rifles. I gathered an army of no less than a hundred men. Of course I chose myself the general. In Central America our generals are self-made," he continued. "We don't wait our turn in peace, as you do in Europe and the States. Romance and opportunity are not dead with us. Honor is to those who win it by making their own battalions."

The saddest picture is that of the old man who has been plotting and fighting all his life and in his old age is penniless and out of employment. Such a veteran I met aboard one of the steamers. He was of pure, or almost pure, Spanish blood. As he saw life the world was going to the dogs. The profession was degenerating. Barbarians were taking the place of gentlemen. He paced

the deck with eloquent gestures, crushing his enemies in imagination. "There is fight in the old man still," he muttered. He would yet live to see the younger men who had beaten him lined up and shot after a hundred lashes.

"H——," said a man who knew him, "is one of the most eloquent propagandists in Central America. If I were starting a revolution I'd employ him just for his literary skill. It's magnificent. When he is in the throes of composition he actually believes every word he writes, too."

The art of propaganda becomes increasingly difficult. After listening to proclamations utterly devoid of truth from Spanish captains-general and the revolutionists of later times, who never practiced what they preached, the people have become hardened to political rhetoric. However, you are bound to catch a few of the younger generation, despite all the skepticism of their elders. I was unable to get any of H——'s proclamations, but here is one, only a fair sample, I am told, written by General Timoteo Miralda, or his scribe, who invaded Honduras from Guatemala unsuccessfully in the summer of 1908:

"Hondurans: I wish to say a few words to my Honduran brothers—to those sons of the fertile soil and the land of heroic history!

"It is not a proclamation full of promises and vulgar ambition. [This, I am told, is a set phrase, and its use indicated, so his enemies said,

Miralda's lack of originality.] It is the cry of a nation written with ignominy when she was submerged by a group of traitors!

"O mother country of mine! You have presented your bosom to your children and they have plunged a dagger into that sacred wound. They have sold you like a street harlot to José Santos Zelaya, that lascivious monster formed by the fire of lust and with the flesh of crime," and so on. Critics said that his last sentence was the only one with any real vitality.

Besides the proclamation (which is secretly distributed throughout the land, where the few who can read translate its contents to the others) there is an eloquent address, read in a solemn manner to the first band of soldiers that is gathered. Very likely it will begin, on the pattern of Napoleon's address to his Egyptian army, with: "Soldiers, the glorious hills bathed in the blood of your ancestors." The soldiers have no uniforms. Their rifles are usually single-loading Remingtons. When the intelligence of the dictator's own army is insufficient for the use of magazine arms how can raw recruits be expected to master the mechanism?

Let us suppose that the revolution succeeds—all uprisings being called revolutions in these countries. What is the process? A commissariat is as slight a desideratum as drill. The original band captures and loots the first town on the road

to the capital and perhaps captures some of the rifles of the government troops. Gradually the band, taking food wherever it is found, without any thought of paying for it, increases its numbers by conscription. The privates are invariably Indians and half castes, the officers white or half caste. Any healthy-looking youngster who does not escape into the brush is made a recruit without any formality of swearing him in. Lacking a rifle, he has his *machete,* which is his axe, hatchet and knife in one.

To illustrate the simplicity of the average peasant, I was told the story of an Indian whose horse was requisitioned by a revolutionary party.

"I'll have to stay with my property, for it's all I have in the world," he said, taking up the march.

He became footsore and weary, the horse lame and emaciated, but still both staggered on.

"I wish my horse would die. Then I could go home," complained the Indian.

Discipline is maintained in these bands by having the "trusties," who alone have rifles, shoot the weary and backward; and that is practically the limit of military training. An uprising with any headway has its secret allies in the capital. Hopefully the soldiers of the despot, being long in arrears of pay, will refuse to fight.

Once the successful general enters the palace he suspends the Constitution, which was already

suspended—but it is a custom in this way to recognize that there is such a thing as a Constitution—and proclaims martial law. He pays off his personal enemies whom he catches with torture or imprisonment. But most of them act early by fleeing the country for their lives.

Every office is at once filled by the new ruler's partisans. His leading generals become *jéfe politicos* of the provinces. *Jéfe politico* is a most coveted position. It carries all the graft of the province which can be kept out of the President's hands. It commands the decisions of the local judges. All national graft is the President's, and the national judges do his will. Where he cannot distribute benefits he distributes honors. Any number of sergeants become generals; others are made members of Congress, though, of course, a Congressional career is purely honorary. All the certificates given in exchange for forced loans by the previous administration are repudiated.

The newcomer's first step after taking any bullion he may capture—and almost none is left in Honduras, Guatemala and Nicaragua—is to make an internal loan of his own, by which well-to-do citizens are forced to subscribe to perfectly worthless paper which promises to pay 10 per cent. a year; or they are told that they can put up certain sums as voluntary loans or go to jail.

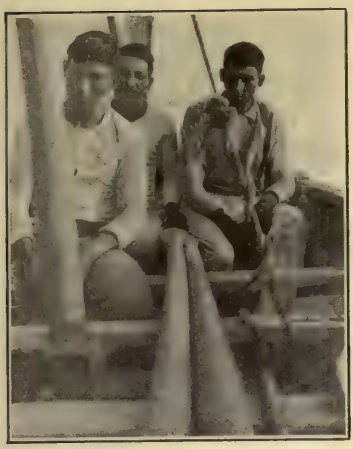
The dictator is a hard worker. His rule is personal. He must look after details. He must

be on the watch against assassination and intrigue and against his agents taking more than their share of the funds. His ability in his rôle is largely to be judged by the amount of money he can personally accumulate as against the amount he has to spare to his agents. A guard of his soldiers in the capital receives uniforms and occasionally some pay, as his personal safety depends on them. New soldiers are had by impressment.

The *comandantes* and *jéfes politicos* are allowed only enough for actual needs, lest they shall get too ambitious. The national telegraph system centers in the palace, so that *el Presidente* may keep close watch of what every one is doing.

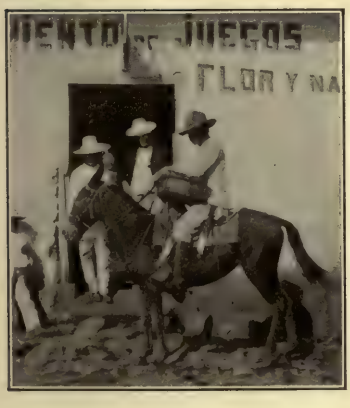
When private vengeance pleases him, as it often does, he keeps the enemies whom he does not shoot suffering in jail, and perhaps sends a jesting word about the fate of wife or daughter to them. Others he refuses to allow to leave the country, or forces them to leave, according as his political judgment indicates.

Whenever any uprising occurs he rushes a company of soldiers to the spot. Not a year has passed since independence without some armed uprising. Each one succeeds in a measure if the loot of a town yields enough money to the leader to live for a year or so in exile, while he plots fresh mischief. Uprisings that overthrow the government are becoming more and more difficult, owing



The author's Honduran boatmen

At President Cabrera's door



A stop at a Salvadorian inn

Creole children in Managua

to the telegraph. A revolution can get a good start these days only by organization on the other side of the border or friendly support from the United States.

Foreign relations consist of a numerous band of spies, which will keep the dictator fully advised of what the exiles are plotting in the neighboring countries. Venomous rivalry exists between the different rulers, whose vanity is Boabdilian.

"I've beaten and shot men," declared Cabrera discriminately, referring to Zelaya in an alleged interview in a Costa Rican paper, "but I never gave them enemas of alcohol and Chile peppers."

In 1906 Cabrera was at war with Salvador; in 1907 Zelaya with Salvador and with Honduras, and in each instance as many soldiers (so-called) were on the march, according to the population, as Russia had engaged in the war with Japan. These conflicts are not altogether *opéra bouffe*. Casualties are frequently heavy.

At Namazique (in the recent war between Honduras and Nicaragua) I was told that more men than we lost at San Juan Hill were mowed down in a *cul-de-sac* by some rapid-fire guns hidden in the jungle. But, generally speaking, there is much shouting and firing from the hip, and one side or the other retires early. Yet I heard of occasions where bands of the older soldiers—the tough element which is the professional nucleus—

without any impelling cause had fought most gallantly.

To hear the generals talk, however, there are no heroes below the rank of general. I sat opposite a terrible fellow at a hotel, who told me that he had whipped a whole company single-handed.

"I waved my sword and charged them, and my sword was dripping with blood!" he said, waving his knife, which was dripping with *frijole* juice. "In our country we are truly soldiers; we fight," he resumed. "What is a soldier's life in Germany? They grow old without ever smelling blood. Why shouldn't they remain majors while we become generals? Señor, behold me! I have been in eight battles already!"

The number of generals and officials is something appalling. The "outs" as well as the "ins" live, in some way or other, off the body politic. As a political convict the government has to feed the revolutionist while he works cleaning the streets or on the roads. There is one soldier to every convict, as a rule. If the convict escapes, the soldier himself is put in balls and chains, or, perhaps, shot. Soldier and convict sometimes run away together.

It seemed to me—and, generally speaking, this is correct—that every man in Central America, outside of Costa Rica, who had a smattering of education was, in one form or another, potentially a revolutionist. The "out" often goes to the rival

dictator's country and seeks a little allowance as an ally in planning trouble for his own country. In any event, a few dollars a month will maintain him in a land where food is cheap. All the minds of the country are occupied with machinations, and the wheels within wheels of plots and counter-plots are past any outsider's understanding.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

TYPES OF FOREIGN RESIDENTS

SUCCESS in retail trade and coffee growing is to the German in Central America. He learns the language; mixes with the people; rises early; and avoids politics. If the government wants to pay a double price so that an official may have additional profits, he is willing. Whatever is the custom of the country, he observes it all to the end of an occasional vacation trip on a German steamer to Hamburg, and the hope of a competency on which he may retire to the motherland.

Throughout southern Mexico and Central America the American coffee planter generally fails and the German thrives. The extreme American case is the company promoter who buys a patch of jungle and sells as many shares as he can. The jungle keeps on growing, but no coffee trees grow; while the promoter turns his attention to other fields. Let it be repeated without equivocation that anybody who invests in any land or plantation scheme south of the Rio Grande, when he has not seen the property or

does not know his men, may consider his money lost.

Another type is the American who makes a company among his friends and boldly undertakes a business with which he is unfamiliar, in a climate which is new to him. He buys his experience dearly. Knowing neither the language nor the labor, which is a law unto itself, he pays excessive prices to contractors and officials for clearing the land, for which he paid too much originally. Even if he does not choose a bad location he exhausts his capital in learning the art of cultivating and marketing his crop.

But the German comes first as an assistant manager, and after he has served an apprenticeship, with his savings and a little borrowed capital he gets a small plantation for himself. He is patient, industrious, frugal, content with small profits, and works a coffee plantation without any thought of it as a bonanza—which is the American fault—but rather as a good farmer works a fertile farm at home.

After the German as a merchant and a business man comes the Italian. In Nicaragua he rivals the German. Frenchmen and Englishmen, so plentiful in South America, are rare in Central America. Poverty-stricken countries offer small profits in running restaurants or cafés, where you have to feed so large an official class at reduced rates.

The Englishman lacking the gift of the German for small economies and used to orderly control of backward native races, shares with the American a certain inherent stubbornness, which will not adapt itself to the system of spies, assassinations and extortion which prevails. Only when the American is a part of some corporation, which is somewhat of a law unto itself, does he thrive. If he is not a railroad or a fruit company's man he is usually a prospector or a tramp. So both the most capable and the most incapable of foreign residents are under our protection.

The prospector we all know. He drifts across the border from California to Mexico, gabbles Spanish enough to get along, and drifts on into Central America. You will find him in Peru and Bolivia, in Honduras and Guatemala. As fortune fluctuates, he dines in the best restaurant or stretches himself on the mud floor of a mountain hut, where mine host remarks:

"Señor, if you have the foreign custom of washing your face in the morning, there's a gourd outside the door."

A change of mood may mean a change of direction. A prospector that I met in Punta Arenas, Costa Rica, when both a northbound and a southbound steamer were in port, told me he was going to Mexico. An hour later, as I went by, he thrust his head out of the window with a happy, irre-

sponsible: "Say, I'm going to Peru. Ain't been in Peru for five years."

The true prospector has the gift of making friends with any kind of people. He is a good story-teller; he never mixes in politics. All he asks is a chance to look for gold, and his dream is comfort in California. Officialdom favors him a little, for if he should find a mine it means graft for the officials. Sometimes he loses his American temper and then he is a bad man, as the natives know. I was told the story of a big fellow who appeared in the doorway of an American Consulate one day with two small soldiers, whom he held by the coat collars.

"These little chaps want to arrest me," he explained. "But I want to know from you first if it's all right. If it is, why, of course, I'll go along to jail."

Another tale, for which the writer does not vouch, says that your much-traveled prospector south of the Rio Grande may be recognized by his habit of shaking his trousers and shirt for tarantulas before he puts them on in the morning. He will do so even aboard a steamer. It is well to avoid tarantulas and the "red liquor." Red liquor overheats the human bearings in the tropics and soon finishes mind and body. Of all the pictures that offend your national pride, the worst is that white derelict lying drunk in the filth beside the road, to be tossed in the brush for the

vultures one day when he expires. He and better Americans know the interior of Central American jails, whose foulness is incredible.

In Mexico the American Society sees the American who "goes broke" to the border with a little stake. There is no such society in Central America. At times the American tramp must regret it—for we must not forget him. "At least four or five go by every week," said an American who lives on the Costa Rica Railroad, "and they all have the same tale"—a tale which usually sends the American newcomer's hand into his pocket.

But experience hardens you, though some appeals you cannot resist. It was in Guatemala that a perfectly good-natured "beat" came up to me and said: "Say, old man, will you read that?" which was a "No" on a telegram form. "Old man, the folks at home have been handing me nothing but 'Noes' all my life. Ain't it h—l? And five paper dollars this money would look so big to me, and it ain't but 30 cents our money. Now, when you've just come from up in God's country where I belong, won't you"—and so forth.

Do you imagine that you will miss another American—the colored one? He is omnipresent, has a pride of caste and nationality which makes the rest of us seem unpatriotic. Looking out of the train window one day in Guatemala I saw an

inky face above massive shoulders on a fitting background of jungle, and I asked:

"How do you Jamaicans get on in this country?"

His eyes flashed with scorn. The Jamaicans are an inferior order of jet.

"Did yo' evah heah a man dat talks de way Ah do dat's a Jamaican? Ahse frum Texarkana, Ah'd hab yo' know!"

"And how do the Jamaicans behave?" I asked.

"Oh, dey's all right in deir place—an' dey keeps deir place when Ahse 'round."

"And what are you doing here?" I pursued.

"Rustlin' logs fo' de sawmill. Dey cain't enuff o' dese li'l natives get hol' of a log to oncet to lift it, an' de Jamaicans dey ain't got nuff sense to keep out from in front of de saw."

In his way he was as significant of home as the occasional drummer who breaks away from the beaten trails of the United States and sails southward with a trunk of samples, great ambition, and no knowledge of the country. A visit to one leading city of this *terra incognita* makes him homesick for the smoking compartment of a Pullman, the water cooler, and the click of the metal room key on the hotel desk.

"This is the limit!" he says. "There isn't enough business in the whole nation to keep one town of 25,000 inhabitants at home going." And he returns, minus orders and plus much wisdom.

The foreign drummer, knowing the language, is careful and calculating. No order is too small for him. His firm is ready to pack goods to suit the customer, and so that they will stand wagon or mule transportation.

One American commercial traveler I did meet who was quite "on to the job." He spoke Spanish as a mother's son, and represented a famous arms firm. As every Central American who considers himself a gentleman must carry a revolver, the revolver trade thrives; and our salesman knew his people like a book. He posted me on all the hotels with the familiarity of one who has been long on the route.

"It's all the fault of my knowing Spanish," he complained. "I'm afraid I'm condemned to it forever. I'm afraid the house will think that I cannot do anything else."

Before the extradition treaties Central America caught a class of emigrants who went to Canada thirty years ago. Now the defaulting bank cashier knows no safe soil in the world toward which he may turn his aching feet. The adventurer and the soldier of fortune whose genius blossoms in a land of intrigue and revolutions, and who is frequently wanted at home—but not so badly that any one will get out a warrant for him—you meet at intervals. They look on themselves as romantic persons, and act as if they are ready to be made the heroes of novels.

American foremen and Jamaica blacks on a banana plantation

One has more sympathy with the American—I had the story from a serious consul—who started trout breeding in an upland lake. His trout had just reached edible size when a volcanic eruption killed them all. But he was not discouraged. He started to raise wheat. When he was ready to harvest his first crop the tariff on flour was removed.

Too frequently the American concession hunter judges the country's possibilities by its natural wealth, rather than by the human handicaps. He sees rich coffee and fruit lands; he sees the very fence posts taking root and growing into trees; and his active, organizing mind plans industrial wonders. But capital has learned to be wary of everything Central American, and will continue so until some vital political change shall come.

I have already written of the Fruit Company's interest as our foremost commercial factor. After this come railroads and mines. The few railroads were built and are generally run by Americans. Mining exists on a large scale in Honduras, Costa Rica and Nicaragua. The engineers and mechanics form small communities of their own, forcing certain reforms in their localities by the power of their position. But in trade, in plantations (except banana), the frugal foreigner has us beaten, for the good reason that capable individuals are too weak—or too manly, perhaps—to carry on the battle with the miserable govern-

ments when there are so many opportunities at home.

The tourist you never see, except in Costa Rica. If he considers his stomach and is fond of cleanliness he is rightly advised in missing the glorious scenery of the highlands and spending his winter holiday in Cuba, Porto Rico, Bermuda or Jamaica. A fly on the albumen blanket of the fried eggs at the Grand in Guatemala seemed an established custom. Once I suggested to the waiter that by way of variety it might be deposited between the yolks, but he seemed neither offended nor amused.

It was at this hotel that on the third day I insisted on a clean towel. The hall boy scuffled away as reluctantly as if he were on the road to the scaffold, and after a quarter of an hour returned with one having the service stripes of a veteran. I appealed to the manager. He said certainly, and another came, a brown antediluvian that must have been the only one in a suite occupied by a large family.

"I wanted a clean towel, not a different towel," I explained, but my wit was lost on a desert mind.

Such idiosyncrasies as this and calling for an orange for breakfast mark you as a Gringo. Does the dairy farmer eat grass? Should a well-to-do Central American descend to anything relatively as cheap and indigenous? Usually you ask in

vain for the pineapples, the alligator pears, and all the other fruits which grow abundantly. The only way is to send out a boy to pick some or to bring them from market.

Of course the poorer classes eat bananas and fried plantains, while the well-to-do seem to rate their standing in society by the amount of meat they consume, and a meat diet in a hot climate must be responsible for much of the disease. People who will take a tablespoonful of tabasco as if it were a tablespoonful of catsup are addicted to certain hot dishes which no amount of hunger will make palatable to us. If you mistake the chiles in the center of the table for pickles and try one, as you rush for the pitcher the Filipino water cure appeals to you as a benign institution.

One is disinclined to eat butter (*mantequilla,* as it is called) too freely after he has learned how it is made. Some cream is put in a skin, and then more cream with each milking is added until the skin is filled, when the churning is done by the motion of the donkey on the way to market—for Central Americans are ingenious at labor saving.

A certain young secretary of legation was fond of *tortillas* with *mantequilla.* He and the consul of twenty years' experience ate at Madame J——'s, whose hospitality I also shared temporarily. The tablecloth was of a deep, rich brown tint, into whose color scheme any fresh meat

stain sank harmoniously. On one occasion the boarders threw their stiffened napkins into the corner, as a hint for a change. The hostess put them back, and reminded the offenders that it was not a custom for guests to throw their *servilletas* on the floor.

One evening at dinner I was spreading a *tortilla* with *mantequilla* when I saw that something—in fact, several little things—besides my knife was moving. An examination of the butter dish revealed a mass of life which fairly blanched the secretary, as he recalled that he had always sat in the darkest part of the dining-room. The wicked, calloused old consul grinned.

"I told you when you first came that I never ate butter," he said. "You would not take the warning, and—well, I've found that experience is the only teacher."

You do, however, get the coffee of the gods everywhere in Central America. On every table is the bottle of essence which has dripped from the berries without boiling, and this you mix as you mix the Russian tea essence with hot water in a ratio to your liking. Rising at dawn to leave the steamer, and again in the evening, drenched from the trail, this is your life saver. The discomforts and the food could not prevent me from wishing to see more of Central America from the roadside. Of its skies and its mountains one never tires.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

MONEY AND FINANCE

FROM Texas to Panama you pass through more custom houses than in going around the world and home again by the way of England, Germany, Russia and Japan, and in every country is a different currency system. The American eagle is the one dependable traveling companion. It is a modern idol held in something of the admiration of the gold idols dug out of Indian graves.

As soon as it is known that you are paying your bills in gold callers begin to appear at your hotel asking if you have any to sell. But if you should wish to buy eagles with the currency of the land in Nicaragua, Honduras or Guatemala, you may go from bank to bank without being able to secure any at the day's rate of exchange, and the fellows who keep the *cambio de moneda* shops will charge a price startlingly at variance with what they offer.

It is best to cross a boundary with your pockets empty. Whatever you have left in the way of nickels and filthy "shinplasters" will hardly be

considered worth purchase on the other side. Costa Rica is solidly on the gold basis, and so is Mexico, but otherwise the backing of the paper which the government issues is forced public confidence. The laborer on the plantation must accept the official money as his wages, and as labor has real value, some sort of a ratio to gold is established through the sale of the country's products abroad, with the flood of paper ever increasing and the metal which it gathers going to the credit of the foreign bank accounts of the rulers.

Business is handicapped by the uncertainty of the medium; and contracts among foreigners and between foreigners and the government are made in gold as the only dependable way of reckoning. The rate frequently varies two or three points in a week. A drop of six points occurred in Guatemala after the eruption of the volcano of Santa Maria. Cabrera is the most arbitrary Presidential financier. When he saw his currency depreciating with each new issue, and all the silver leaving Guatemala, he issued a decree that paper must be accepted in payment of all debts contracted in silver. His ability to force obedience to such an unjust act gave him the confidence to include debts in gold in a second decree. This concerned many foreigners; it even meant ruin to some. All the foreign ministers protested at once. Our minister, at the time Mr. Coombs,

however, concurred, until New York interests, which were concerned in a large way, appealed to the State Department successfully to the relief of smaller interests, which had spoken in vain; and thus Cabrera's plan to pay bills to foreigners in scrip, while he still received his export coffee tax in gold, was balked. Money changers, large and small, thrive exceedingly, but take care not to carry too heavy a stock of greenbacks, lest revolution, assassination or a new issue may wholly upset the rate.

Whoever is mystified by the monetary systems is advised not to waste his time by going into the history of the bonded indebtedness of Central America. For thirty years the Foreign Bondholders Society has been meeting in London for grave discussion of how to save some portion of the principal. Honduras has the most brilliant record. She floated $5,000,000 in 10 per cents. in 1867, issued at 89, with which to build a transcontinental railroad; $12,000,000 in 6 2-3 per cents. at 75 in 1869; and $12,000,000 in 10 per cents. at 80 in 1870. With these sums she actually built 57 miles of the line for which the bonds were issued.

All the rest of the money went into the pockets of her politicians and the loan agents. By 1873 Honduras had defaulted, and never a cent has been paid since. At present the total indebtedness, with accrued interest, amounts to $100,000,-

000, while the interest itself on that sum is more than three times Honduras' total revenue. A compromise settlement for $5,000,000 has been offered by the bondholders, but $5,000,000 seems almost as far out of reach as $100,000,000 to Honduran statesmen.

Combining the foreign debt and the internal debts and "voluntary loans," I am sure that, for population, Central America, miserably poor in all except natural resources, has a larger *per capita* debt than Great Britain. It is sufficient comment on conditions that accurate figures may be had only concerning the foreign debt, which must be known abroad.

That of Costa Rica is $14,000,000 (with $4,200,000 of unpaid interest); of Guatemala, $10,000,000 (with $2,500,000 of unpaid interest); of Nicaragua, $4,500,000; of Salvador, $3,500,000. Thus, three Central American countries, Guatemala, Honduras and Costa Rica, have continuously defaulted; the other two, Salvador and Nicaragua, have paid up by compromises temporarily in order to borrow more.

The first debt contracted was by the old Central American Federation in 1825, when sixes to the amount of $7,000,000 were offered in Europe, and $800,000 was subscribed at an issue price of 73. In 1840 Costa Rica paid off her portion on a basis of 85 per cent. of the principal. In 1860 Salvador compromised on 90 per cent. in cash.

Guatemala defaulted until 1856, and Nicaragua until 1877. By borrowing anew eventually settlements were made by one compromise or another for all of this debt.

Costa Rica has been the most successful in floating loans because her credit due to her prosperity is best. Her *per capita* debt, less only than that of France, is $35, which, at the same rate, would mean a national debt of $2,840,000,000 for the United States. But her revenues are large, her prospects bright, and she is abundantly able at least to compromise; and without a shadow of excuse to continue her policy of repudiation.

In 1889 Salvador borrowed $1,500,000 to build a railroad from Acajutla to Aténas, a distance of 35 miles. Seven miles were built, and the balance of the money went to the politicians. In 1899, finding that the government railway did not pay, she converted her national debt into securities of the Salvador Railway Company by a process profitable to all concerned except the bondholders, agreeing to a payment to the company of a subsidy of $115,000 a year. Still another financial scheme was worked recently, of which more later.

Nicaragua in 1894, soon after Zelaya took office, compromised on her railroad debt by a reduction of the interest from 6 to 4 per cent., and only half the coupons in arrears to be paid.

In 1904 he made a 5 per cent. loan of $1,000,-

000 issued at 75, through New Orleans bankers, with the customs as security. In 1908 he tried to float a 6 per cent. loan of $6,000,000 in Paris on the guarantee of his horrible whisky and tobacco monopolies. With his palace in Belgium and retirement in prospect, every new loan scheme which he could devise meant a large sum for his own pocket.

It is hopeless and unwarrantable without some form of international guarantee for any of these countries to secure further foreign loans on their credit as nations. They must mortgage their revenues. Here appear the financial geniuses, almost invariably German-American, who have made the greatest fortunes outside of the Fruit Company pioneers. Of these Adolphus Stall, of Guatemala, is the flower.

Recently some one began buying up the bonds of a certain internal loan which had long been repudiated. When Stall was asked about this he said it was strange. He had heard the same news. He wondered who was responsible. As he had been extolling President Cabrera so ardently as a patriot and himself as the original, simon-pure friend of Guatemala, the listener could not help saying:

"Why, you have been buying them yourself all the way from 16 to 40, and in March it will be announced that they will be paid at par out of still

another loan fastened on coffee exportation at an extortionate rate of interest."

He does not play with Peter and Paul liquidation of foreign debts, which would attract attention, but finds a higher profit in internal debts—and sticks to his "running account" with Cabrera, a triumph which has brought all other Central American financiers to his feet in admiration of the master.

The "running account" is one of the secrets of State. No banker with whom I talked quite grasped its method in detail. But from what I could learn Stall is in the position of one who is receiving about 14 per cent. per annum on his bank balance. He loans Cabrera sums against the collection of the annual export duty on coffee in gold, which is perfectly good security, as the collection is practically in his hands.

Mr. Bloom, in Salvador, has no "running account," but he does all the government bond business, and in 1908 he actually succeeded in floating a 6 per cent. foreign loan for $5,000,000 at 70 to the agents and 75 to the public. At first it was poorly subscribed, but was taken up finally in London, where 8 per cent. interest is attractive to later generations of investors unfamiliar with Central American financial history. It is not for an outsider to estimate Mr. Bloom's total profits. A part of the sum received went to the payment of old loans, and the government re-

ceived actually about $660,000, which went mostly to paying arrears of salaries and contracts on the new palace. Already the sum is gone. Pretty soon salaries will again be in arrears, and what then?

While Mexico spends her loans on railroads and bridges and other public works that will be an investment in developing resources, that is not so in Central America, where all goes into the pockets of statesmen or to pay the ordinary government expenses. Taxing the production of coffee, as I have already pointed out, means to Central America much the same thing as placing a tax on the export of wheat or steel in our own country. There is a limit—bankruptcy for the planter—which even the best coffee lands in the world cannot bear; a limit when no more money can be borrowed even on that security.

There remains the recourse to "voluntary loans" and internal loans. "Voluntary loans" of one type simply represent a demand of the dictator for a certain sum of money, which an individual must pay or go to jail. Formal internal loans are taken up by bankers and individuals under government pressure. Forced loans are public, and an example of a call of this kind in the official language of Zelaya, early in his administration, is worth quoting:

"In prevision of a conflict between this Republic and that of Honduras, on account of the hostile

In the plaza of San Salvador City

Our mules on the Sierra Road, Honduras

attitude which the government of that nation has assumed against Nicaragua, and as it is absolutely necessary to prepare ourselves conveniently for the defense of the national honor and sovereignty, and as it is indispensable to secure the means necessary for that purpose by a forced loan because the exhausted condition of the public treasury does not permit their being taken out of the ordinary revenues of the government, using the faculties given it by decree of the Constituent Assembly of October 19, last, decrees:

"1. Let there be assigned in the Republic a forced loan of $400,000, which shall be distributed in the following manner: Granada, $100,000; Managua, $80,000; León, $60,000; Carazo, $28,000; Chinandega, $24,000; Rivas, $24,000; Masaya, $20,000; Matagalpa, $18,000; N. Segovia, $14,000; Chontales, $12,000; Jinotega, $10,000; Esteli, $10,000—total, $400,000.

"2. The collection of the present loan shall be made by the authorities, and the respective prefects shall name the assigning committees. The repayment to the voluntary lenders shall be made in the form and with the profits determined in the decree No. 3 of last August.

"3. The distributing committees shall be guided in the assignment of the contribution by Article 6 of the decree of the Constituent Assembly of October 19, already mentioned, which ex-

empts from loans those owning less than $5,000 besides their dwelling-house.

"4. Lenders who shall not make their payments within the dates mentioned in Article 1 of this decree shall be obliged to lend double the amount assigned to them; and they shall be paid by notes at two years' time, earning only 6 per cent. annually.

"5. The prefects shall publish immediately the present decree, which shall be in force from this date, proceeding to the organization of the committees for compliance therewith."

The "voluntary lenders" never saw principal or interest, unless, for one reason or another, they could make repayment an object to Zelaya. A favorite method of meeting bills, for which merchandise has been actually delivered or service rendered, is to give bonds of the face value of the amount due.

When I told a certain business man that I would like to see one of these bonds he put his hand in a drawer and said: "Certainly. I'll make you a present of this. You can see for yourself what it is nominally worth, with interest accrued. Of course, no interest has been paid. I'd like to sell you a bale of them for five cents apiece."

Government statistics rarely take any account of them. The financial responsibility of the President consists of making up a so-called budget,

which is submitted to Congress, with Congress having no real power of audit, let alone of appropriation. It is largely fictitious—so much for the army and the other departments, which may have gone into the pockets of the President and his Cabinet or to the maintenance of his expensive spy system.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

PANAMA UNDER TUTELAGE

YOU are back to the beaten route of travel and in the realm of American energy at Puerto Limon, Costa Rica, where the Fruit Company is king. My last run on the west coast had been on a German steamer and my first run on the east coast was to be on another. But the contrast between an eighteen-knotter of twelve hundred tons and the itinerant gatherer of cargo plying from Hamburg to Seattle and return was that of the Pullman and the stage coach.

The train ride from Puenta Arenas to Puerto Limon over the divide bridges the busy world of the Atlantic, with its trading population of Europe and America, and the quieter world of the Pacific. Up the gangway and you seemed out of Central America. The luxury was fairly overpowering. After weeks without iced drinks they were a shock to the system. The men in the smoking-room had an exotic air of fairly boastful prosperity; the head steward, blond mustache at an angle, overlooking the march of the passengers to their places according to card in

the dining-room, where silver gleamed on sheets of snow, seemed a princely being.

And the big white napkins! And no more *frijoles* and *tortillas!* You missed the *frijoles,* and with regret realized that there would soon be an end of the alligator pears, except at fifty cents apiece for pulp which had lost its taste. The silvered steam pipes in your cabin reminded you that soon you would be living behind closed doors. And that cabin steward appeared instantly you touched a button, with a perfectly willing air! And an expanse of clean bath towel and the wasteful generosity of two or three hand towels! I was fortunate to begin my return to old habits gradually in the Caribbean. One of those palaces with elevators and cafés that cross the Atlantic would have been too abrupt a transformation.

As for those gentlemen in the smoking-room, literally chewing ice as they complained about the food and talked dollars on a gold basis by the millions, let them take a ride across Honduras, stopping at the local inns, if they would know that a shade of difference in the rareness of roast beef is a vanity of civilization. No danger! It is enough for them to touch at the ports of *terra incognita.* Perhaps twenty years from now it will be another story, and they will be discussing which place in the highlands they like best or which has the best hotel.

But we were not through with Central Amer-

ica yet. In the morning we were at Colon, and there was still another customs examination by brown officialdom in blue jeans. For Colon is in the Republic of Panama, and the little republic's authority sits proudly on the pier at the gateway to American enterprise. My battered trunk was officially passed in the course of time; and then one who had known Colon in 1903 saw Colon six years later.

In 1903 the President of the United States played the greedy conqueror, crushing the weak under his mailed fist, and John Hay was party to the scandal. We desired to spend some hundreds of millions, four at least, in digging a canal which was to serve the commerce of the whole world. For generations the people of the Panama region had been rebelling ineffectually against Colombia, which gave them over to the extortion of *jéfes* sent down from Bogotá. In vain we tried to negotiate any reasonable treaty with the sister republic, which would not be free from European assault but for our protection, and the sister republic kept coquetting with Germany, which is such a good friend of weak, mismanaged States, and playing every trick bred of *ladino* politics.

So we recognized a revolution which won the Panamans freedom from a rule in which they were taxed without representation. People who hold our Declaration of Independence dear said

their worst about President Roosevelt, who has saved us thousands of lives, millions of dollars, and perhaps the shame of failure before the nations of the world.

All we asked for ourselves was that a zone ten miles broad, which grew a few bananas, should be under our sovereignty in order that its sanitation might not be controlled by such men as General Medina. (See Chapter Fifteen.) For this we gave $10,000,000 outright to the little Republic of Panama, and with it went an annuity of $250,000 in perpetuity for territory of which it could make no use. A nuisance stood in the pathway of progress, and we were willing to pay for the privilege of removing it. Our scrupulousness, which amuses the Panamans, is a tribute to the abstract sense of justice of American public opinion. We took care to include no centers of population in our domain. So Colon and Panama, the towns at either terminus of the old railway, were excluded.

In 1903 Colon was a sink of sewage, with some filthy saloons and money changers' booths and a few shops. Nothing worse existed anywhere in Central America. Now you walk off the pier on to paved and sewered streets—paved and sewered as a part of the contract made by President Roosevelt and his inexcusable abettors, Mr. Hay and Mr. Root—among stores and hotels which flourish as the result of our coming. Only

a few rods and you are in the region of the Canal storehouses, shops and residences under our authority.

The City of Panama on the Pacific side is paved and well lighted; her new government palace includes an ornate theater, where subsidized companies play; residences of the well-to-do and tenements have risen in the town and suburbs; business thrives; real estate soars, and a long street, with new buildings on either side, has taken the place of a muddy road with a few mean shacks on the main drive from the Canal colony of Ancon to the heart of the town.

Across that barrier between the seas—thriving in the days when it was the pathway of the *cargadores,* thriving again, with the taint of its unsanitary breath bringing death to the laborers, under De Lesseps, and then sinking into moribundity except for revolutions till we came—is a narrow belt of ordered industry working to the tune of the rattle of dirt-cars and the coughing spells of the steam-shovels under an autocrat, Colonel Goethals. It has its own schools, houses, barracks and kitchens, and feeds itself on an army system.

The skepticism of those who said that the Canal diggers would die like flies is a forgotten incident of the early days. Labor agents have long since been withdrawn from abroad. The problem becomes one of choice of applicants.

You hear people speak of the Isthmus as a healthy place to live, thanks to the effect of modern sanitary regulations and precautions. The old contention that the Caucasian would succumb from malaria and sunstroke if he did manual labor in the tropics is disproved by the Gallegos and Italians, who seem to be none the worse for their day on the dumps at Gatun than in a Western railroad construction camp. Success has made the accomplishment of Dr. W. C. Gorgas seem easy. But it is primarily due to the fact that he had full authority in the beginning to apply all necessary measures, without continual interference by the officials of a *ladino* satrapy.

The Panamans continue to complain. They know the weakness of our public. If they cry out that they are being treated badly, opinion at home will rise to their support. They say that our commissary is ruining business in Colon by supplying foodstuffs from refrigerator ships to all employees. This trade ought to go to the local storekeepers, who are foreigners—Americans, Germans, French, Italians. Their prosperity, however, means taxes for the treasury.

Most of the original Panamans who are at all educated hold office. The plethora of officials, and particularly of policemen—eight hundred in the small communities of Colon and Panama to do the work that ought to be done by a hundred at most—is significant of tendencies when unre-

strained. Then, too, the saloons do not thrive as they should, considering the number of the Canal employees and their good wages. The Americans in the Zone have their own places of amusement, and they have learned the folly of drinking intoxicants in a hot country, even if the engineers did not disapprove of it in a way that means discharge for a continuation of the offense.

The vagaries of Panaman legal practice is another deterrent. Not long ago an American conductor, arrested for forcibly ejecting a Panaman from a train, employed a Panaman lawyer, who drew his fee, filed a petition with the court, and the next thing that the conductor knew he was sentenced to three years in prison without trial or provision for a rehearing, while the President of Panama has not the power of pardon.

So far have our customs changed since the days of our army's first occupation of Cuba and Porto Rico that, generally speaking, it is the Panaman rather than the American who is truculent. If the employee gets into trouble across the boundary he receives little sympathy from his superior, who asks him what business he had over in the saloon region, anyway. Indeed, the conduct of the Zone force, which has steadily improved in quality by elimination, is above reproach; a tribute to the good sense and good humor of the better element of working Americans under discipline.

There have been a number of outrages on individuals by the abundant policemen, where justice might well have demanded some action as a warning that there must be a limit to baiting the Gringo. Mr. Taft's policy, which permeates every department, always gives the Panaman the advantage of the doubt. He has been the considerate nurse of the little republic, and we give way on minor points.

In its work of remunerating the property owners for lands occupied for the Gatun Lake, the Zone legal department settled with many privately for $5 a hectare for unimproved land.

A commission, half American, half Panaman, was appointed to settle for the rest. Evidently the orders to the American members were to finish up the work some way or other without offense. They paid in the end from $200 to $600 for unimproved property, a most exorbitant price. We had been fair, no matter what the cost.

Yet the Panamans did not forget their habit and cried for more. They grow restless when they think of the $6,000,000 residue of the original $10,000,000 in interest-bearing securities deposited in New York; of a current account in New York amounting to over a million, which we watch with paternal care. They would like opera the year round, and circuses and roof gardens, and everybody's brother, cousin and father-in-law in office.

Mr. Taft, always so punctilious about Panama's sovereignty, is not incapable of a "No;" and the Panaman has learned that his "No" is a real "No." There are certain things of vital principle, such as not squandering their surplus, which they must not do, and certain things, too, which they must do.

In their recent Presidential campaign we gave them a first lesson in self-government, which ought to bear fruit. Ricardo Arias, the cleverest lawyer in Panama, was the candidate of the Amador faction, or the "ins." His plan was to use the power of office and the police to hold a dummy election and declare himself chosen. José Obaldia, his Liberal opponent, was popular with the masses, though not with the "ins." No one thought he had any chance of winning until we concluded that the election should be a real one.

The same government—ours—which was so careful that the property holders of the Gatun basin should get full value for their land, now sent two representatives of the Zone legal department, some of whom had to travel a week, to every polling precinct, to see that an actual list of voters was made. Then Arias withdrew.

The Liberals did not fail to make the best of their success. In three months 700 Conservative policemen out of the 800 employed had been dismissed to make room for Liberal policemen, and

the number of police sergeants had been increased from twenty to forty-six.

In order to gratify the workers of the higher world, a minister and two secretaries are maintained in Paris, and a minister and one secretary in London, with absolutely nothing to do. The minister to Great Britain was allowed to design his own uniform. He made a combination of the dress uniform of a full admiral, a field marshal and an ambassador. Why not? The time has come for these young nations to show the old ones what a waste of opportunity it is to limit oneself in the matter of gold lace by anything except your carrying capacity when you have the money to buy it by the rod.

Panaman society, with its subsidized opera house (built out of the $10,000,000) and its balls, enacting the Latin world in miniature, rather looks down on those brusque ditch-diggers rushing about impolitely. But put the question in answer to their complaints: "How would you like to return to Colombian sovereignty and the old days?" and they admit that they could not think of it.

They are learning to like pavements and waterworks and sanitation—although they do not see why we should not pay all the taxes for the upkeep—and if one of them happens to go to Corinto or Cartagena he finds that the new customs have made certain insanitary odors, to which

he was once habituated, offensive. Their school system is yielding results in the youth, and generations to come may thank us for what we have done.

And the prosperity, the order, and the cleanliness all proceed from the guiding hand which has pointed the way through the primer stage. What will happen when the army of workers on the Canal break camp? When the storekeepers no longer dip into the stream of American dollars?

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

MORAL CONDITIONS

WHY do so many missionaries go to Japan, China, India, Turkey and Korea, and so few to Central America? They are as inconspicuous in the country between the Guatemalan border and Panama as they are conspicuous elsewhere.

Partiality for distant lands cannot explain their neglect, for Alaska is most abundantly supplied. Is it possible that the soul of a Cordilleran Indian in 25 cents' worth of cotton drill is less worth saving than the soul of an Aleut in furs? Latitude cannot matter, else the Fiji Islands, which have been well cared for, would be under the ban.

Any excuse that Central America is already a Christian country is inconsistent, if not otherwise untenable. Mexico is a favorite field, and Mexico is a Christian country—far more Christian than Guatemala or Nicaragua. Although the Mexican State has made war on the Roman Catholic Church, the Mexican peon is a most devout religionist, reverent and superstitious.

All the missionaries in Mexico, where the gov-

ernment is doing much for education, are most enthusiastic over their schools and their work in spreading the English language. They are also trying to teach the Mexican Indian that when a man and a woman live together and rear a family of children a marriage ceremony is a praiseworthy prologue.

It is the woman who objects to this convention, and not wholly for the sake of saving the fee to spend it in shopping. She is acting out of the experience of her sex with the male kind in her own country. If her husband is tied to her by a contract she cannot dismiss him when she pleases and take another who is a better provider. The majority of couples, though unmarried, live together as virtuously as if they really had the knot tied. Only when they learn English do they learn what a virtuous thing of itself the knot is. And south of the Mexican border, where the Church has lost influence, ideas are not only more lax, but less moral.

Mention Central America to the missionary in Mexico and he looks blank. You almost expect him to ask where Central America is. It seems a wilderness to the missionary boards for the same reason that the American sees it only as a source of humor. A cynical trader of Honduras explained that the missionary has no interest in hot countries where the male inhabitants had learned to wear trousers and the women a

Mother Hubbard. The pioneering work is finished with such an expansion of the breech-clout or with the greater progress represented when there was not even a breech-clout to begin with.

To me, however, the absence of missionaries in numbers was deplorable. The modern missionary who founds little communities in foreign countries where the humanities and hygienics are taught is a spreader of civilization regardless of his creed. For every one of him in Japan, that learned progress for itself, and in China, that is learning for itself, there ought to be a hundred in this field at our door, that cannot learn for itself.

There is not a single Methodist worker in Central America; there was not even one Protestant worker of any sort except at Belize, Honduras, which is British territory, until 1882, when President Rufino Barrios, as a matter of Liberal politics in his war on the Catholic Church, sent an invitation to the Presbyterian Board, which responded by sending the Rev. John Clark Hill and his wife, who had to flee the country after Barillas came into power. Afterward a successor came, and the mission still continues in a half-hearted fashion in strange contrast to the enormous field. Of late, the American Bible Society has shown some interest. In 1908 its colporteurs distributed 2,425 Bibles in Central America and Panama, exclusive of Nicaragua, from which they were

barred by Zelaya; but Cabrera, who is as violent against the Catholic Church as Barrios was, welcomed the agent, the Rev. Mr. Hayter. The oppressed Indians of Guatemala, and particularly of Salvador, exhibited real interest. The Costa Rican government said permission to circulate religious literature was no more necessary in that country than in the United States, but the Costa Ricans, who are good Catholics and enjoy popular education and free institutions, were rather lukewarm about a new type of Christianity. After our mission teachers have been going about the world translating the gospels into African and Asiatic dialects it remained for the Central American Mission, a new institution, with its headquarters in Paris, Texas, actually to put St. Mark into the tongue of the Quiches, which is that of an ancient American civilization. So we do make progress. On the Nicaraguan coast the German Moravians combined evangelization and rubber trading in such a way that Zelaya allowed them to remain.

There you have the sum of all that has been done. Is the neglect due to absence of results? Hardly, considering the amount of missionary service it takes to get one Mohammedan convert in Asia Minor. Hardly, when the Salvadorians welcome the simple distribution of Bibles. Can the reason be that Japan is more picturesque? That the servants in China are better? That one

who returns from Burmah is more of a hero at the missionary meetings than if he were back from Guatemala?

Yet the Roman Catholics have sent American priests—and worthy men they are—to take the place of the Spanish friars in the Philippines, and the boards have sent Protestant clergy to the Philippines, where they are far less needed than in Central America.

The truth is that even in China and Turkey governmental conditions are more favorable. Central America is Central America. It is the bad lands. The lone missionary who is sent down on trial, as the first Presbyterian was, finds himself disheartened by political conditions. And what can he do? A protest in China has effect. But if he "made trouble" in a Central American country his converts would be singled out for secret punishment by the *jéfes,* under Presidents who have enjoyed an immunity from diplomatic pressure which would seem idyllic to the Sultan of Turkey.

Only satire would call Central America Christian to-day. Once it was Christian, but now its masses are lapsing into paganism, even as the Haitian negroes have lapsed into African voodooism. The history of the Church here is, broadly, its history in the Philippines and other Spanish-American countries. The priests who came with the conquerors settled the Indians on the

land and taught them agriculture and religion. When the movement against Spain culminated in La Libertad of the 16th of September, which is the Fourth of July south of the Rio Grande, the Church was regarded in many quarters as a part of the oppression. But in Mexico the martyr of independence was a heroic priest Hidalgo, who first raised the banner of rebellion and was excommunicated for his act.

To his career is due largely the attitude of the Mexican toward Church and State. A man could still be a good priest and fight the politics of the Archbishop. The peon who applauded Diaz' outright confiscation of Church property and destruction of the Church's temporal power is nevertheless the most devout of Roman Catholics—a Hidalgo Catholic.

Undoubtedly the Church was on the side of Spain. Later, its influence was with the Conservatives, who represented the well-to-do, the land holders, and the old Spanish element, which sought to rule by force of intellect and inherited position, but fell through its own factions and unworthiness, and is now engulfed by the "liberalism," so-called, of the Zelayas and the Cabreras—of the man who can gather a band of soldiers and capture the capital, which he holds as long as he can, or until his fortune is made. And the vandal play of this new class of leaders on public opinion, so far as there is any public opinion, was

Pure-blooded Indians of the mountains

against the Church and the well-to-do, whose wealth they would despoil.

In Guatemala, Honduras and Nicaragua the priesthood has fallen into the lowest state of any countries in Christendom not in the Caribbean region. The bayonet no longer considers it as a factor to be reckoned with. It has neither political power nor religious power of any account.

If you are looking for real church ruins go to Central America. Many churches are disused, and those that are not are almost invariably in disrepair. The people, poverty stricken and hopeless, take little interest in them. Religious ideas are dying, and with them moral ideas. A settled indifference of day-by-day existence characterizes the masses, who are reverting to Indian superstition. Whatever support there is for religion comes from the women of the better classes.

In morals the people have the examples of their leaders. Your hopeful politician in a Central American country, usually a lawyer, regards himself as an "intellectual." His views of life are formed on all the faults of Latin civilization, which are so frequently and wrongly mistaken for Latin standards. His ambition is any government position or revolutionary opportunity that may win one.

Gradually the old Spanish element is being driven to the wall; the old families are being

ruined; their heads persecuted and assassinated. Among the masses Spanish courtesy, which makes a Mexican peon a knight, is disappearing. Added to the Indian blood and the buccaneer strain is the infiltration of negro blood, especially predominant on the east coast of Nicaragua and Honduras. The Indian strain is purest in Guatemala. Some of the mountain tribes have never been civilized, though they are within three days of New Orleans, and they are better off than the ones who were Christians and have lapsed into paganism.

On paper much is done for education. But that is to be expected in countries with constitutions forbidding confiscation, when confiscation is regularly practiced, with constitutions that most amply protect the rights of its citizens when execution without trial is frequent. Everything to which free and independent nations are entitled the military despots are bound to have. Frequently they amend the constitutions in order to make them more liberal. They make progressive laws without any thought that laws are made to be obeyed.

All the glowing reports of progress which are sent to the United States indicate a desire to be in style. When the dictator tells you that school attendance is compulsory he is being polite. He knows that it is so in your country. If you were equally polite you would say out of compliment

to the customs of his country that Mr. Taft had secretly had Mr. Bryan tied up by the thumbs and made him confess he was still for free silver at heart.

When you examine the compulsory system more closely you see that it is suspended indefinitely, like the Constitution. But by this it must not be implied that education is altogether neglected. The sons of people with any means at all go to private schools, where they learn more French than science, while fewer go abroad on account of the general impoverishment. Capable as they are of better things, the military and political system demoralizes them.

Every capital has some form of institution which is called a university, inferior to its pre-independence days, where the teaching is of the old-fashioned Spanish style. These universities bestow degrees as liberally as the army makes generals. You meet doctors of letters and philosophy at every turn. One President was introduced to me as "His Excellency, President, General, Doctor, Lawyer——"

Every country has a few of the lawyer class, who speak English and French well. These are sent abroad, particularly to the States, as plenipotentiaries to exert their imagination in telling of progress which does not exist; or they may be called in to write a report for foreign consump-

tion, which will mention everything that we think ought to be as a thing that is. The gifts of the *ladinos* (half-breeds) or the *mestizos,* as they were called in the Philippines, in this respect, the late Bishop Potter learned to appreciate. In the early days of our occupation he was a strong "anti-expansionist." He had letters from Filipino leaders, worthy in their diction and their high ideals of the world's greatest exponents of constitutional liberty. This style of correspondence was highly convincing to the late Senator Hoar, a man of the same distinctive nobility of mind and optimism as the bishop. After the bishop had been in the Philippines for a short time he concluded that the essential basis of character necessary to stable and enlightened government did not always accompany a convincing epistolary style, and with that outspoken moral courage characteristic of him he changed his attitude on the subject.

As a basis for republican institutions consider that at least 80 per cent. of the Central Americans cannot read a line of print! If they could, what would they have to read? No newspaper may print anything but praise of the dictator. Little literature is circulated except government proclamations. No knowledge of the outside world is spread.

Barbarism, enervated by certain civilized forms, without barbarism's vigor, tells all in a

word. Scenes of disgust I might repeat to the point of nausea; utter lack of sanitation, of care of body as well as of mind, expose a scrofulous people to all the tropical diseases, which keep the death list pretty well balanced with the birth rate.

One who was in the Philippines early enough to see something of pre-American conditions knows that the rule which the Philippines knew under Spain and that of the old Kingdom of Guatemala was better than that of the Central American countries to-day; and a journey along Philippine roads showed far more evidences of prosperity than I saw south of the Mexican border, particularly in Honduras and Nicaragua.

The Spanish captain-general ruled under laws which he could not altogether defy; and excellent laws they were for personal colonial government, founded on the same basis as English rule in India to-day, under which, as early as the sixteenth century, the rights of the natives were carefully safeguarded. Personal corruption, not the laws, brought ruin to the empire. In Turkey the Pasha works under the Moslem Code; in China the viceroy is under a check of public opinion, which exerts itself in many ways. But in Central America the dictator goes on the principle that every law is a form as long as his army can keep him in office.

Meanwhile, the missionaries look past the fields thick with ignorance and unbelief, to China and India and Africa, where the missionary teaches everything from hygiene to morals—everything that Central America lacks.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

THE REAL MONROE DOCTRINE

THE policy of the United States regarding Latin America is founded on the Monroe Doctrine, formulated ninety years ago. How many Americans have really read this doctrine? Those who have not will find it among the appendices; those who have may not be familiar with the causes which made it a national shibboleth.

Its origin was due to the Holy Alliance growing out of the victory of the kings over Napoleon. In 1821 the Bourbons were on the throne of France; a French army had assisted in overcoming the revolution in Spain. The Spanish colonies of America were in revolt. Why should not the kings assist in the pacification in behalf of the rights of monarchy? At Verona, in November, 1822, Russia, Prussia, Austria and the incompetent head of what is now the French Republic signed the following:

"The undersigned, especially authorized to make some additions to the treaty of the Holy Alliance, after having exchanged their respective credentials, have agreed as follows:

"ARTICLE I. The high contracting powers, being convinced that the system of representative government is equally as incompatible with the monarchical principles as the maximum of the sovereignty of the people with the Divine right, engage mutually, in the most solemn manner, to use all their efforts *to put an end to the system of representative governments in whatever country it may exist in Europe, and to prevent its being introduced in those countries where it is not yet known.*

"ART. II. As it cannot be doubted that the liberty of the press is the most powerful means used by the pretended supporters of the rights of nations, to the detriment of those princes, the high contracting parties promise reciprocally to adopt all proper measures to suppress it, not only in their own States, but also in the rest of Europe."

It was the dying sputter of the divine right principle. At the time, the United States had about the population of New York and New Jersey to-day, and the memory of the War of Independence was fresher in the minds of living men than that of the Civil War in our generation. Europe was the mighty ogre, and we were a struggling young nation. In 1821 Alexander I, in view of the Russian ownership of Alaska, had issued a ukase claiming all the territory down to latitude 51, and forbidding any foreign vessel to

approach within one hundred miles of the coastline.

The effect of the Verona treaty in the United States created something of the sensation of the destruction of the Maine. Yet there was no real cause for worry. Great Britain had refused to join her former allies. Canning saw that the British Commons and public would never listen to partnership in such reactionary ideas. Moreover, as a matter of policy, he could not permit any threat of British command of the seas.

So the British prime minister—the real father of the Monroe Doctrine—turned to Mr. Rush, the American minister, with the proposal of a joint declaration by the mother country and her former colony to prevent Spain from recovering her colonies. Mr. Rush would not act without consulting Mr. Monroe, the most cautious of Presidents, whose name, however, was to become the authority for the jingo speeches of future generations. In a letter dated October 24, 1823, Ex-President Jefferson wrote to Ex-President Madison in part:

"The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of independence. That made us a nation; this sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us. And never could we embark on it under cir-

cumstances more auspicious. Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cisatlantic affairs. . . .

"Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one of all on earth, and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship; and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more, side by side, in the same cause. Not that I would purchase even her amity at the price of taking part in her wars. But the war in which the present proposition might engage us, should that be its consequence, is not her war but ours. Its object is to introduce and establish the American system of keeping out of our land all foreign powers, of never permitting those of Europe to intermeddle with the affairs of our nations. It is to maintain our own principle, not to depart from it. And if, to facilitate this, we can effect a division in the body of the European powers and draw over to our side its most powerful member, surely we should do it. But I am clearly of Mr. Canning's opinion that it will prevent instead of provoke war."

Now turn to the diary of John Quincy Adams for November 13, 1823, in which he wrote of President Monroe:

"I find him yet altogether unsettled in his own mind as to the answer to be given to Mr. Canning's proposals, and alarmed, far beyond anything that I could have conceived possible, with the fear that the Holy Alliance are about to restore immediately all of South America to Spain. Calhoun [then Secretary of War] stimulates the panic, and the news that Cadiz has surrendered to the French has so affected the President that he appeared entirely to despair of the cause of South America."

A few days later he wrote:

"I soon found the source of the President's despondency with regard to South American affairs. Calhoun is perfectly moon-struck by the surrender of Cadiz, and says the Holy Allies, with ten thousand men, will restore all Mexico and South America to the Spanish dominion."

But the Adams and Jefferson view prevailed. With the perfect certainty, thanks to the backing of British command of the sea, that its enunciation did not mean war, the Doctrine was included in the message to Congress on December 2, arousing the whole country to a patriotic fervor and proving a good stroke of politics for the administration. It is one of the satires of history that our last violent outbreak on the subject in Mr. Cleveland's Venezuelan message should have been directed against England, the first sponsor of the Doctrine.

The action of both countries sprang from the opportunism of the moment, which destiny was to crystallize into a fetish to be construed altogether out of the original intention. Since 1823, the United States has grown to a nation of 90,000,000 people; its navy is second in size in the world; and it has been bold enough to put petitions about the mistreatment of his own subjects before the present Czar, while worse outrages than any in Russia occur in regions at our door which the later interpretation of the Doctrine would seal up past all hope of reform.

We throw the ægis of its protection over all Latin America alike, without any further sense of responsibility; and we wonder why we do not get the trade of South America when we take no sympathetic interest in its real Latin civilization because we associate it with the type we see in Guatemala and Nicaragua.

Recently, English reviewers of Mr. Arthur Ruhl's "The Other Americans," one of the most delightful and enlightening records of travel of recent years, said that the remarkable thing about the book was the surprise of Mr. Ruhl's North American readers at the progress of Brazil, Argentina and Chile, which had become a commonplace to Europe. It was my pleasure to see something of South America in 1907-8; and a few months later I sought in vain in Central America, until I reached Costa Rica, for the spell which

South America had cast over me. Central America is not Latin-American, but "Indo-American."

The first thing, then, is to take the great South American nations out of the Central American category. That is only the simplest courtesy which proceeds from knowing something of those to whom you would be polite. According to Horace N. Fisher, who has made the subject a study, in Argentina the population is 91 per cent. white; in Chile, 85, and 88 in the four governing temperate zone States. The difference in character of the people makes a comparison even between Mexico and Argentina fundamentally out of question. The hardy blood of northern Italy has flowed into Argentina, while Mexico is an Indian country, with only the thin upper crust of society of overwhelmingly Spanish strain.

Except by sea, these distant sister republics can stand as their own sponsor for the Monroe Doctrine. Any European nation which interferes with their affairs will have to reckon with well-drilled armies and an unconquerable spirit. They are at work on their problems no less earnestly than we on ours. Their revolutions in time past, like our Civil War, have exemplified the struggle of a people toward stability and better government in the evolutionary stages of a new country; and in Guatemala, Venezuela, Nicaragua or Haiti, every revolution seems to have sunk the nation concerned deeper in the mire.

In South America and Costa Rica the insistent self-interest of the individual is the controlling factor; and in Central America the Indian and half-breed masses are the pawns of military adventurers, of whom one alone, Diaz, has proved himself a capable ruler.

With a South American nation on the shores of the Caribbean, Central America as a political entity under present conditions could not long endure. A special commission of South American statesmen traveling from the border of Guatemala to the border of Costa Rica would probably take the view that both the United States and Mexico were sadly derelict in their duty. They would see why the part that we have played in Cuba and in Panama no more suggests an aggressive policy against the Spanish-speaking peoples as such than the punishment of brigands is an assault on the rights of mountaineers.

Knowing that they need never pay any debts which they contract, the dictators have, accordingly, borrowed what they could for their own pockets, paying exorbitant commissions to any swindling European loan agent who could fool foreign bondholders with false circulars and a promise of an unnaturally high rate of interest. The Drago Doctrine, which Brazil enunciated at The Hague Conference, holds that a nation need not suffer military aggression simply because she defalcates the interest of her debt. It did not

contemplate making the ruin of a nation's sense of financial honor an international right or reward, or teaching a people that the repudiation of obligations at will is quite an honorable and intelligent thing to do.

Now, if a father saw his son picking a quarrel with another boy and the son asked parental aid in thrashing his enemy, the father, with a view to developing self-reliance, would, no doubt, tell him to fight his own battles. Certainly he could not do worse for his son than to encourage truculence. Yet that is precisely our attitude toward Central America. The great republics of South America have free governments, vie jealously with one another in progress, and bear in their interrelations, which are often delicate, the responsibilities of strong nations. In turn, our relations with them, in all dignity and mutual respect, aside from the continental bond, is on the same basis as with France and Germany. But we have refused to allow the Central Americans to develop any sense of responsibility whatsoever as nations. They have never stood on their own feet.

Can we deny the logic of the Englishman, the German, the Frenchman and the South American when he reasons that the attitude of the average American is this: "We don't need those countries yet. Maybe we shall, by and by, and we are fencing them in, anyway. Let others keep

off!" Is any doctrine thus conceived which promotes immorality a moral one? they ask. Can we expect them to see that our only culpability is self-deception due to our misconstruction of a policy which had its origin in conditions of ninety years ago? "You are salving your conscience," we are told, "when you hold that the Doctrine leaves a number of weak little nations free to work out their own destiny."

When we laugh at Central America's *opéra bouffe* warfare as something grotesque and amusing which does not concern us, we laugh at rapine, murder and degeneration which could not exist but for our position. The Monroe Doctrine is the ally of governmental régimes whose counterpart may be found only in the pages of pagan history. It has enclosed a field where the revolutionists may play their bloody game free from interruption. The worst military despot that holds his place by the bayonets of a cutthroat army of ruffians can defy every foreign nation and all the customs of international civilization with perfect impunity.

If it were not for our protection the dictators' mischief-making ardor would soon have to be diverted to putting houses in order. They would no longer rely on the northern neighbor to repel invasions. How long before Mexico would sweep down to Panama? Ask any American in Mexico, giving him time to think of the novel hypothesis,

what form the succession to Diaz would take if the United States did not stand for the republican idea which has become the fetish for excusing the original sins of Central America. Diaz would be made an hereditary monarch by his followers. Every thought of international relations from the Rio Grande to the border of Brazil takes our attitude into consideration. We cannot escape the influence of our strength and geographical position.

Our tender regard for the little sister republics has been shown in the past by the type of men we have sent to represent us. If there were a morally diseased and mentally defunct politician who had to be cared for, he was "Dreyfussed" to Central America as minister or consul. One minister, at least, was very generally charged with taking hush money from one of the dictators for keeping back a claim for damages by an American citizen. But among the exceptions to type was a conspicuous one, that veteran William Lawrence Merry, formerly minister to Nicaragua and now minister to Costa Rica, a simple American of the New England school. The Nicaraguans use the English word "straight" in explaining his characteristics, which, in the early days of his career, were so puzzling to them.

The position of any minister has been weak from the very nature of his instructions from Washington; and Washington's handicap is pub-

lic opinion at home. An American Secretary of State does not wish to make the administration trouble. Any act of his that savors of a show of authority in Central American affairs immediately arouses the cry of imperialism.

If a minister has been repeatedly lied to and deceived by a Central American minister of foreign affairs till he finally makes a blunt demand or if he protests against any barbarous practice, he is promptly reminded from Washington to be cautious; to cultivate good relations; not to make himself *non persona grata* to the ruler of the country to which he is accredited—a ruler who never hesitates to appeal through his own minister in Washington direct to the State Department against the aggressive tactics to which his poor little country is being subjected.

And Washington scolds the minister, and the dictator wins. In any contest of diplomatic cunning an American diplomatist is easily beaten. The Central American diplomatist is trained in the art of deception, promises and delay from boyhood up. It is this type which succeeds, while the honest man goes to jail. The dictators are just as familiar with the way that American public opinion works as with the limited powers of a minister. They know us, but we do not know them.

The administration of President Roosevelt brought one general reform, peculiarly important

in its application to Central America, which had been one of the worst sufferers from the old system. The consular service was put on a permanent footing, with examinations for entrance. An unofficial beginning of the same kind was made in the diplomatic service, which President Taft has since guaranteed by an executive order. No Secretary of State will again have to work with such agents as had John Hay, who, with his great gifts, his knowledge of Spanish and Spanish civilization, won the respect and liking of the South Americans and at the same time showed an understanding and salutary firmness with the Central Americans.

It remained for his successor, Mr. Root, who made Pan-Americanism his policy, as we shall see, to establish our position toward Central America as nothing less than tutelary and before the close of his term of office to advise a Central American nation as to its actions in the authoritative manner of a British political agent toward one of the Indian potentates. Mr. Knox's action in returning the passports of the minister from Nicaragua, though different in method, was far from any reversion of Mr. Root's policy; but, on the contrary, was in line with its inevitable development, or, at least, its inevitable consequences.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

MR. ROOT'S PLAN

OUR attitude has varied from Commander Hollins' bombardment and burning of San Juan del Norte in Nicaragua, in 1854, to submitting to the regular opening of official mail by Zelaya; from countenancing the filibuster, Walker, to demanding no satisfaction for overt firing by the forts of Amapala, in 1893, on the merchant steamer Costa Rica, with women and children aboard, because it refused to give up a political refugee. Sometimes we have lost our temper and given the child a spanking; and again we have excused the child on the ground that it was Central American and did not know any better.

The little nations have always been holding conferences; always planning a union of peace. By their own Compact of Corinto (Nicaragua), signed in 1902, all the Presidents agreed to assist in maintaining one another in power. Three years passed without an international war, though in the meantime Honduras had a *coup d'état* and

a revolution. Then the pent-up energies of her quiescent neighbors broke forth.

In 1905 Cabrera, of Guatemala, was exposed for aiding a secret revolution against Salvador by Alfaro, which failed. In the spring of 1906 the troops of Salvador invaded Guatemala without any declaration of war. The military results were undecided, when the United States intervened. A treaty was arranged aboard the United States cruiser Marblehead, with the representatives of all five republics present and also the ministers to Central America of the United States and Mexico.

Later, in 1907, they met at San José, Costa Rica, in conference and further bound themselves to good behavior. Zelaya, of Nicaragua, refused to join the conference. The Compact of Corinto was still binding, he insisted, and he himself had strictly adhered to its provisions. To prove this he put his troops aboard his war steamer Momotombo, and without any warning, invaded Salvador and was beaten.

Then Zelaya and Figueroa, President of Salvador, made a public treaty of "good will and amity" at Amapala, Honduras, where they privately agreed to start a revolution in Honduras and put Sierra, whom they could control, in office as President. In the autumn of the same year, 1907, Nicaraguan troops invaded Honduras, captured Tegucigalpa and drove President Bonilla

into exile, with the assistance of an army of Bonilla's enemies.

Now Secretary Root took a hand with his "good offices in behalf of peace," a phrase which always appeals to public imagination and may hide a determined and farseeing purpose. In a word, he said explicitly, if politely, that war must cease. If we are to regard the Central American nations as independent in the usual sense, then our action was equivalent, in outright breach of international etiquette, to a command from the United States to Russia and Japan after Lio-yang, or to Germany and France after Sedan, to lay down their arms.

Mr. Root, who was to know his Central Americans much better a year later, planned a great reform. He issued a call to the five countries to hold a conference in Washington, under the auspices of Mexico and the United States. This conference drafted the most advanced arbitration treaty (see Appendix A) to which any set of nations ever agreed, and there was much talk of how a group of small, maligned American republics had blazed the path for the great powers who had made but slight progress toward disarmament at The Hague.

In the preliminary convention, which is characteristically Central American in its literary spirit, the delegates expressed every ideal which any one of them could suggest, while the secre-

tary's directing mind appeared in the convention for the establishment of the court at Cartago, before which all questions of international difference was to be decided. The delegates had preached peace; a legal method was provided to ensure it. Every possible contingency was foreseen in this admirably logical document except incorrigible manifestations of Central American human nature and the necessity of a policeman to enforce the decrees of the court.

A favorite means of warfare of one President on another was to support the organization of a revolutionary army within his borders to invade his neighbor's territory when it was ready. This practice was now solemnly foresworn. If all the Presidents kept their oaths they could re-elect themselves to office as long as they pleased, because of recent years, with the lines of telegraph instantly apprising a dictator of any movement against him, the only hope of turning him out was by a force organized across the frontier, or by assassination or a palace plot.

Up to the time of the treaty the different nations had, in most instances, no regular diplomatic representatives among themselves. Their relations were those of primitive peoples before the plenipotentiary system was introduced. They kept informed by means of spies in rival capitals, and the lack of the usual form of returning his pass-

ports to a minister in the event of war was considered a strategic advantage.

The treaty provided for the exchange of ministers and for the establishment of a Pedagogical Institute in Costa Rica and a Central American Bureau in Guatemala, which should be a local counterpart of the valuable general bureau in Washington. To bankrupt Honduras, unable to pay her soldiers and clerks, this was a heavy tax. Aside from $10,000 American gold for her minister and $6,000 to her first secretary in Washington, she had now to pay $10,000 a year for the court at Cartago and $8,000 each to the ministers to four other countries and to her representatives in the bureau.

Enrique Creel, for Mexico, and W. I. Buchanan, for the United States, went to Cartago to inaugurate the court with due formality as an epoch-making institution which was to put an end to armed strife in Central America. Meanwhile, Cabrera, Figueroa of Salvador, now Cabrera's ally, and Zelaya, who had sent word to the Washington conference that he would gladly resign to ensure peace, had ordered consignments of rapid-fire guns and other arms and ammunition, practicing the rule that this halcyon time of Mr. Root's reform was just the occasion to prepare for war.

Sittings were hardly begun when Zelaya put his troops aboard the gunboat Momotombo and

Formal inauguration of the Central American Court of Justice

other vessels for an invasion of Salvador. A revolution against Honduras was organized in Guatemala, without Cabrera's consent, as he later represented; but the head of so elaborate a spy system as he maintains must have been nodding if he did not know that one of his generals was absent in the region of the band that was being prepared and that its leader's proclamations were printed in the government printing office, which may publish nothing without his permission.

Mr. Root turned policeman for the court, further acknowledging our tutelary position, by sending word through our legation, firmly if quietly, that the revolution must stop and that Zelaya must not invade Salvador. Honduras then brought suit against Guatemala in the court for $500,000 damages for being party to an uprising within Honduran borders.

Everybody in Cartago was saying, when I was in Costa Rica, that the Salvadorian and the Guatemalan judges would take one side and the Nicaraguan and the Honduran the other. So it proved. José de Aguilar, the presiding judge, a Costa Rican, who had the casting vote, decided against any damages and tried to please all parties. Soon after, Mr. Carnegie gave a Peace Palace for the court, to the delight of the Costa Ricans, who are fond of fine architecture.

But there was one way, as later events were to show, by which a revolution might be inaugu-

rated without the assistance of a neighboring dictator. It needed the sympathy, in an isolated section, of American interests, which had suffered so far, or had so much to gain by a change of government, that they would supply arms and ammunition and a leaven of Americans who had fought in the Philippines or Cuba or knew how to handle rapid-fire guns. Thus, Juan J. Estrada, who had led the Zelayan army in the conquest of Honduras in 1907, became the head of an organized force in rebellion on the east coast of Nicaragua in the autumn of 1909.

Two Americans, Groce and Cannon, captured from the insurgent forces, were shot by Zelaya's orders, and in view of this action, of conditions with which we are already familiar and of Zelaya's continued disregard of the Washington convention, the Secretary of State of the United States, now Mr. Knox, severed all relations with him; and in place of a cruiser, which Mr. Root had used, he sent a force of marines to be in readiness if threatened disorders should occur. In the name of common morality, no action was ever more justifiable. For international precedent it had Mr. Root's own arbitrary intervention. Zelaya departed on a Mexican gunboat, the General Guerrero, with his wealth, leaving an empty treasury and the most pitifully exhausted country on the American continent. And this was only two years after the treaty of Washington, which

was to cure Central American evils by means of a piece of paper!

As for the Pedagogical Institute provided for by the treaty, it remains visionary. When I was in Guatemala City I was shown through the new offices of the Central American Bureau, whose delegates had just held their first sessions. For each delegate a desk and an unused pad and an inkwell were arranged. The clerks were absent, but two brand-new typewriters told of their good intentions. It was an appropriate stage setting for what every foreigner whom I met in Central America and every Central American President and politician, I am sure, regards as a farce.

But Cabrera had been eloquent in highflown welcome, with none of the candor of my conversation with him, and every delegate had made a speech so eloquent that you might think that the angels had descended on Guatemala, where political suspects lay sore from lashings in prison.

Copies of reports of the proceedings which I received later, in which every orator seems to have his fair share of space for disquisitions about liberty and Greece and Rome, do not change the original impression. Probably they have not changed Cabrera's views. He said in my talk with him:

"Central American union is a beautiful idea, a consummation toward which all true Central American patriots should labor with noble, un-

selfish aims. But I fear that, like your own union and all other great nations, it will be made only with the bayonet"—and doubtless he would be glad to undertake the task with his own army if the United States and Mexico would permit.

Surely these five countries, in which there are as many dialects as in Russia, I should say, are a unit in a geographical sense. But shall Costa Rica be yoked to Nicaragua, though many ambitious Costa Ricans would like to be President of the new nation? For ninety years each country has been a sealed satrapy. The natural course of traffic has been from the highlands to either coast. While one may ride by rail from the Cape to Cairo, the talk of through sleepers from the City of Mexico to Panama remains a series of concessions to the terminus at the Bay of Fonseca, with such railroads as there are struggling to pay their interest under conditions that forbid prosperity.

The dictator has seen in steel tracks a drawbridge over the moat into his baronial castle. No railroad and no good highway crosses a single Central American frontier. Populations hug the interior towns, and the border regions have become uninhabited wildernesses through fear of impressment and depredations by revolutionary bands. If union failed after the Spanish régime, with its precedent of hegemony, would it succeed to-day without the direction of a sustaining hand?

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

THE FUTURE

WE can hear the call of "Destiny," which involved us in the work of order, education and sanitation across the Pacific, but not the call of neighborly duty and economic self-interest to remedy conditions far worse than the Philippines ever suffered in a richer tropical country so devastated that it has fewer inhabitants than at the beginning or the end of Spanish rule.

Time will change our view of Central America. We shall cease to think of it as the home of a litter of mixed populations unhappily in the domain of our influence. We shall know that the generosity of nature did not end with the varied resources of our temperate zone. The tapering backbone of land between two oceans and the scattered islands which make the broken rim of the Caribbean form something better than a playground for winter holidays. They are to be a hothouse and a granary, making all the territory between the Lakes and the Canal an integer producing everything that man consumes close to our harbors, while less fortunate Europe is sepa-

rated from tropical Africa by the spread of the Sahara.

At Panama Dr. Gorgas has shattered the myth about the deadly climate of the lowlands, while the highlands are healthy in spite of all man's neglect. Consider the marshy England of Alfred's time, when sanitation was on the same order as Central America's to-day! Consider the England of Elizabeth's time, with only three million population; of George III's, with only fifteen million, which hygienic progress has given forty million to-day! Give him the means of transportation in Central America and a man may superintend his plantation in the lowlands during the day and return, without traveling farther than many commuters, to sleep under blankets at an altitude of 2,000 feet every night. "So much room here and so few people," as the Japanese major said.

An acre of that rich soil of the highlands, which gives out its fertility in a riot of jungle waste, under the husbandship of skill and application, with dollars on a gold basis instead of jail as a reward for labor, would yield more to feed and clothe mankind than many a New England farm which our ancestors tilled. In Honduras, where marsh weeds now grow, crops of rice would rise, as they have in Texas and Louisiana. Yet no American, unless he is a part of a corporation strong enough to protect him, should go into busi-

ness or planting in Central America until there is a more practical change in conditions than the succession of one President to another.

Statistics slash the bubble of trans-Pacific destiny. The commerce of North and South America, as a whole, is more than double that of all Asia; and that of Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay (those thriving, growing countries of which we know so little) exceeds, including our small part, that of Japan, China and Korea. But the east coast of South America is far away, nearer to Europe with its cheap manufactures and greedy, efficient mercantile marines than to the United States.

Central America and the West Indies are in our yard, and the commerce of the West Indies, thanks to flourishing Cuba and Porto Rico paying us back in the coin of trade for our interest in their behalf, equals that of the East Indies which drew Columbus to his discovery. Cuba's area, 44,000 square miles, is a little less than Guatemala's, and one-third that of the Philippines. Her foreign trade is $210,000,000, or $100 per capita a year, compared to Guatemala's $15,000,000, or about $8 per capita, and the Philippines' $65,000,000, or about $17 per capita. Costa Rica, the one stable Central American republic, has $50 per capita, which is sufficient comment on the comparative resources of Central America and the Philippines.

Cuba has nearly four times the trade of all the Central American countries. Porto Rico, with a million people and 3,435 square miles, has over $50 per capita and a trade total surpassing that of all the Central American countries, if we exclude Costa Rica, with its $18,000,000 for its 350,000 inhabitants. Java, of the Dutch East Indies, with only 2,000 square miles more area than Guatemala, has 30,000,000 population and a trade of $225,000,000 annually. Central America has 170,000 square miles and 3,500,000 population, compared to the smaller area of the whole Philippine archipelago with 127,000 square miles and 8,000,000 population. The Filipinos are increasing rapidly, but no more rapidly than the Central Americans would if hygiene rocked the crib and peace and opportunity waited at the door. In the region between the Mexican border and Colombia is room for 50,000,000 people, and in ten years of good government its trade might be quadrupled.

We cannot stop our own growth of numbers and the expansion of our influence, or the development of new interests with the completion of the Canal. We are facing a problem which we cannot escape. Shall it be solved in a moment of violence when we suddenly become exasperated? If the average American could be transported in spirit to Central America, I fear we should have drastic action at once. He would

demand immediate occupation of the whole country in the name of humanity. Or shall we accept the problem as inevitable and deal with it deliberately?

It would seem that we have had enough of blind destiny with its fearful entail of expense. Common sense is a better leader. Whatever we do about Central America, we must bear in mind that the best philanthropy and the best humanitarianism will begin and end only with such measures as will mean economic at the same time as educational and governmental progress. There can be no prosperity without a drastic, permanent reform of conditions. How is this to be accomplished?

One thing is certain: We should build and own legation buildings in Central American capitals, where our influence and position make our representative the leading man of the foreign community. Ownership of European embassies may wait on this more practical step, while men of great wealth, always glad to represent us in London, Paris and Vienna, continue to rent palaces. Through the agency of our ministers we can demand the limitation of armies to numbers in keeping at least with our own standing force, the end of the execution of political suspects and of the confiscation of property; the reorganization of national credit with the guaranteed payment of interest on a compromise amount of the old loans,

and the establishment of personal freedom and the right of trial.

But the minister must have the support of the State Department and of the American public. His authority must not be undermined by the continual appeals of the dictator through his own legation in Washington. Our action must not subserve the intrigue of one despot against another, as it has so frequently.

Will such a policy be effective? Is it possible by any outside influence to force a return to the elemental principles without which no people can help themselves? Misgovernment has become an ingrained habit with the ruling class. Centuries of tyranny have sunk the people lower than the state of the Egyptians before the days of British rule. They know nothing but fear and prejudice. Let the money that now goes into the purchase of arms go into schools for a generation and we should have such a transformation in the Cordilleras as we have seen on the banks of the Nile and in the Philippines. The worst policy of all, robbing us of trade and the Central Americans of opportunities, is that patchwork opportunism which, when one dictator's tyranny reaches a climax and becomes a scandal compelling our attention, gives our moral support to the induction in office of some successor who, in turn, will wring a fortune out of his people by the old methods. Shall temporary reform come at times through

our connivance in a revolution financed by a corporation or a firm which wants its own man in power? This has happened repeatedly. The political factor in the time of Walker's filibustering was Commodore Vanderbilt's ownership of the American Transit Company plying on the waters of the Nicaraguan lakes and rivers.

After ninety years' trial of the Monroe Doctrine, one Central American country alone, Costa Rica, is worthy of the Doctrine's later interpretation. There we have protected a small, homogeneous people of Caucasian extraction in the exercise of their sovereignty. All the better element of the other countries cries out for some assurance of safety to life and property. Certainly even the powerful private interests would prefer our intervention to having to gain their ends by corruption or allying their fortunes to those of a bandit army marching on the capital. Only a small class, which find their only profits in office and extortion, prefer the present system of nominal independence from our direction.

Every reason which called Christian Europe to the relief of the people of the Balkan provinces calls us to the relief of Central America from men of the Zelaya stamp, whose rule makes the Weylerism which roused our indignation in 1898 mild in comparison. We cannot shift the blame on to Spain's shoulders in this instance; it is ours. For the last five years occupation has been warranted

in at least two of the republics. It is the one sure cure. Can we afford to miss any opportunity of effecting it whenever, in the name of the restoration of order, we can take charge without firing a shot? Shall we hesitate to do in Central America what we have done in Cuba; to give these people a chance for a fair start, which they have never had? Shall we accept the responsibility which our continual intervention has acknowledged?

APPENDIX A

GENERAL TREATY OF PEACE AND AMITY

Treaty and Conventions signed by representatives of the Republics of Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica, at Washington, December 20th, 1907, establishing the Central American Court of Justice at Cartago, Costa Rica, for the arbitration of all international differences.

ARTICLE I

THE Republics of Central America consider as one of their first duties, in their mutual relations, the maintenance of peace; and they bind themselves to always observe the most complete harmony, and decide every difference or difficulty that may arise amongst them, of whatsoever nature it may be, by means of the Central American Court of Justice, created by the Convention which they have concluded for that purpose on this date.

Article II

Desiring to secure in the Republics of Central America the benefits which are derived from the maintenance of their institutions, and to contribute at the same time in strengthening their stability and the prestige with which they ought to be surrounded, it is declared that every disposition or measure which may tend to alter the constitutional organization in any of them is to be deemed a menace to the peace of said Republics.

Article III

Taking into account the central geographical position of Honduras and the facilities which owing to this circumstance have made its territory most often the theater of Central American conflicts, Honduras declares from now on its absolute neutrality in event of any conflict between the other Republics; and the latter, in their turn, provided such neutrality be observed, bind themselves to respect it and in no case to violate the Honduranean territory.

Article IV

Bearing in mind the advantages which must be gained from the creation of Central American institutions for the development of their most

vital interests, besides the Pedagogical Institute and the International Central American Bureau which are to be established according to the Conventions concluded to that end by this Conference, the creation of a practical Agricultural School in the Republic of Salvador, one of Mines and Mechanics in that of Honduras, and another of Arts and Trades in that of Nicaragua, is especially recommended to the Governments.

Article V

In order to cultivate the relations between the States, the contracting Parties obligate themselves each to accredit to the others a permanent Legation.

Article VI

The citizens of one of the contracting Parties, residing in the territory of any of the others, shall enjoy the same civil rights as are enjoyed by nationals, and shall be considered as citizens in the country of their residence if they fulfil the conditions which the respective constituent laws provide. Those that are not naturalized shall be exempt from obligatory military service, either on sea or land, and from every forced loan or military requisition, and they shall not be obliged on any account to pay greater contributions or ordinary or extraordinary imposts than those which natives pay.

Article VII

The individuals who have acquired a professional degree in any of the contracting Republics, may, without special exaction, practice their professions, in accordance with the respective laws, in any one of the others, without other requirements than those of presenting the respective degree or diploma properly authenticated and of proving, in case of necessity, their personal identity and of obtaining a permit from the Executive Power where the law so requires.

In like manner shall validity attach to the scientific studies pursued in the universities, professional schools, and the schools of higher education of any one of the contracting countries, provided the documents which evidence such studies have been authenticated, and the identity of the person proved.

Article VIII

Citizens of the signatory countries who reside in the territory of the others shall enjoy the right of literary, artistic or industrial property in the same manner and subject to the same requirements as natives.

Article IX

The merchant ships of the signatory countries shall be considered upon the sea, along the coasts,

and in the ports of said countries as national vessels; they shall enjoy the same exemptions, immunities and concessions as the latter, and shall not pay other dues nor be subject to further taxes than those imposed upon and paid by the vessels of the country.

Article X

The Governments of the contracting Republics bind themselves to respect the inviolability of the right of asylum aboard the merchant vessels of whatsoever nationality anchored in their ports. Therefore, only persons accused of common crimes can be taken from them after due legal procedure and by order of the competent judge. Those prosecuted on account of political crimes or common crimes in connection with political ones, can only be taken therefrom in case they have embarked in a port of the State which claims them, during their stay in its jurisdictional waters, and after the requirements hereinbefore set forth in the case of common crimes have been fulfilled.

Article XI

The Diplomatic and Consular-Agents of the contracting Republics in foreign cities, towns and ports shall afford to the persons, vessels and other property of the citizens of any one of them, the same protection as to the persons, ships and

other properties of their compatriots, without demanding for their services other or higher charges than those usually made with respect to their nationals.

Article XII

In the desire of promoting commerce between the contracting Republics, their respective Governments shall agree upon the establishment of national merchant marines engaged in coastwise commerce and the arrangements to be made with and the subsidies to be granted to steamship companies engaged in the trade between national and foreign ports.

Article XIII

There shall be a complete and regular exchange of every class of official publications between the contracting Parties.

Article XIV

Public instruments executed in one of the contracting Republics shall be valid in the others, provided they shall have been properly authenticated and in their execution the laws of the Republic whence they issue shall have been observed.

Article XV

The judicial authorities of the contracting Republics shall carry out the judicial commissions

and warrants in civil, commercial or criminal matters, with regard to citations, interrogatories and other acts of procedure or judicial function.

Other judicial acts, in civil or commercial matters, arising out of a personal suit, shall have in the territory of any one of the contracting Parties equal force with those of the local tribunals and shall be executed in the same manner, provided always that they shall first have been declared executory by the Supreme Tribunal of the Republic wherein they are to be executed, which shall be done if they meet the essential requirements of their respective legislation and they shall be carried out in accordance with the laws enacted in each country for the execution of judgments.

Article XVI

Desiring to prevent one of the most frequent causes of disturbances in the Republics, the contracting Governments shall not permit the leaders or principal chiefs of political refugees, nor their agents, to reside in the departments bordering on the countries whose peace they might disturb.

Those who may have established their permanent residence in a frontier department may remain in the place of their residence under the immediate surveillance of the Government affording them an asylum, but from the moment when

they become a menace to public order they shall be included in the rule of the preceding paragraph.

Article XVII

Every person, no matter what his nationality, who, within the territory of one of the contracting Parties, shall initiate or foster revolutionary movements against any of the others, shall be immediately brought to the capital of the Republic, where he shall be submitted to trial according to law.

Article XVIII

With respect to the Bureau of Central American Republics which shall be established in Guatemala, and with respect to the Pedagogical Institute which is to be created in Costa Rica, the Conventions celebrated to that end shall be observed, and those that refer to Extradition, Communications, and Annual Conferences, shall remain in full force for the unification of Central American interests.

Article XIX

The present Treaty shall remain in force for the term of ten years counted from the day of the exchange of ratifications. Nevertheless, if one year before the expiration of said term, none of the contracting Parties shall have given special

notice to the others concerning its intention to terminate it, it shall remain in force until one year after such notification shall have been made.

Article XX

The stipulations of the Treaties heretofore concluded among the contracting Countries, being comprised or suitably modified in this, it is declared that all stipulations remain void and revoked by the present, after final approval and exchange of ratifications.

Article XXI

The exchange of ratifications of the present Treaty, as well as that of the other Conventions of this date, shall be made by means of communications which are to be addressed by the Governments to that of Costa Rica, in order that the latter shall notify the other contracting States. The Government of Costa Rica shall also communicate its ratification if it effects it.

Signed at the city of Washington on the twentieth day of December, one thousand nine hundred and seven.

ADDITIONAL CONVENTION TO THE GENERAL TREATY

Article I

The Governments of the High Contracting Parties shall not recognize any other Government which may come into power in any of the five Republics as a consequence of a *coup d'état,* or of a revolution against the recognized Government, so long as the freely elected representatives of the people thereof, have not constitutionally reorganized the country.

Article II

No Government of Central America shall in case of civil war intervene in favor of or against the Government of the country where the struggle takes place.

Article III

The Governments of Central America, in the first place, are recommended to endeavor to bring about, by the means at their command, a constitutional reform in the sense of prohibiting the reelection of the President of a Republic, where

such prohibition does not exist, secondly to adopt all measures necessary to effect a complete guarantee of the principle of alternation in power.

Signed at the city of Washington on the twentieth day of December, one thousand nine hundred and seven.

CONVENTION FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A CENTRAL AMERICAN COURT OF JUSTICE

Article I

The High Contracting Parties agree by the present Convention to constitute and maintain a permanent tribunal which shall be called the "Central American Court of Justice," to which they bind themselves to submit all controversies or questions which may arise among them, of whatsoever nature and no matter what their origin may be, in case the respective Departments of Foreign Affairs should not have been able to reach an understanding.

Article II

This Court shall also take cognizance of the questions which individuals of one Central American country may raise against any of the other contracting Governments, because of the violation of treaties or conventions, and other cases of an international character; no matter whether their own Government supports said claim or not; and provided that the remedies which the laws of the respective country provide against

such violation shall have been exhausted or that denial of justice shall have been shown.

Article III

It shall also have jurisdiction over cases arising between any of the contracting Governments and individuals, when by common accord they are submitted to it.

Article IV

The Court can likewise take cognizance of the international questions which by special agreement any one of the Central American Governments and a foreign Government may have determined to submit to it.

Article V

The Central American Court of Justice shall sit at the City of Cartago in the Republic of Costa Rica, but it may temporarily transfer its residence to another point in Central America whenever it deems it expedient for reasons of health, or in order to insure the exercise of its functions, or of the personal safety of its members.

Article VI

The Central American Court of Justice shall consist of five Justices, one being appointed by

each Republic and selected from among the jurists who possess the qualifications which the laws of each country prescribe for the exercise of high judicial office, and who enjoy the highest consideration, both because of their moral character and their professional ability.

Vacancies shall be filled by substitute Justices, named at the same time and in the same manner as the regular Justices and who shall unite the same qualifications as the latter.

The attendance of the five Justices who constitute the Tribunal is indispensable in order to make a legal quorum in the decisions of the Court.

Article VII

The Legislative Power of each one of the five contracting Republics shall appoint their respective Justices, one regular and two substitutes.

The salary of each Justice shall be eight thousand dollars, gold, per annum, which shall be paid them by the Treasury of the Court. The salary of the Justice of the country where the Court resides shall be fixed by the Government thereof. Furthermore each State shall contribute two thousand dollars, gold, annually toward the ordinary and extraordinary expenses of the Tribunal. The Governments of the contracting Republics bind themselves to include their respective contributions in their estimates of ex-

penses and to remit quarterly in advance to the Treasury of the Court the share they may have to bear on account of such services.

Article VIII

The regular and substitute Justices shall be appointed for a term of five years, which shall be counted from the day on which they assume the duties of their office, and they may be re-elected.

In case of death, resignation or permanent incapacity of any of them, the vacancy shall be filled by the respective Legislature, and the Justice elected shall complete the term of his predecessor.

Article IX

The regular and substitute Justices shall take oath or make affirmation prescribed by law before the authority that may have appointed them, and from that moment they shall enjoy the immunities and prerogatives which the present Convention confers upon them. The regular Justices shall likewise enjoy thenceforth the salary fixed in Article VII.

Article X

Whilst they remain in the country of their appointment the regular and substitute Justices shall enjoy the personal immunity which the respective laws grant to the magistrates of the

Supreme Court of Justice, and in the other contracting Republics they shall have the privileges and immunities of Diplomatic Agents.

Article XI

The office of Justice whilst held is incompatible with the exercise of his profession, and with the holding of public office. The same incompatibility applies to the substitute Justices so long as they may actually perform their duties.

Article XII

At its first annual session the Court shall elect from among its own members a President and Vice-President; it shall organize the personnel of its office by designating a Clerk, a Treasurer, and such other subordinate employees as it may deem necessary, and it shall draw up the estimate of its expenses.

Article XIII

The Central American Court of Justice represents the national conscience of Central America, wherefore the Justices who compose the Tribunal shall not consider themselves barred from the discharge of their duties because of the interest which the Republics, to which they owe their appointment, may have in any case or question.

With regard to allegations of personal interest, the rules of procedure which the Court may fix, shall make proper provision.

Article XIV

When differences or questions subject to the jurisdiction of the Tribunal arise, the interested party shall present a complaint which shall comprise all the points of fact and law relative to the matter, and all pertinent evidence. The Tribunal shall communicate without loss of time a copy of the complaint to the Governments or individuals interested, and shall invite them to furnish their allegations and evidence within the term that it may designate to them, which, in no case, shall exceed sixty days counted from the date of notice of the complaint.

Article XV

If the term designated shall have expired without answer having been made to the complaint, the Court shall require the complainant or complainants to do so within a further term not to exceed twenty days, after the expiration of which and in view of the evidence presented and of such evidence as it may *ex officio* have seen fit to obtain, the Tribunal shall render its decision in the case, which decision shall be final.

Article XVI

If the Government, Governments, or individuals sued shall have appeared in time before the Court, presenting their allegations and evidence, the Court shall decide the matter within thirty days following, without further process or proceedings; but if a new term for the presentation of evidence be solicited, the Court shall decide whether or not there is occasion to grant it; and in the affirmative it shall fix therefor a reasonable time. Upon the expiration of such term, the Court shall pronounce its final judgment within thirty days.

Article XVII

Each one of the Governments or individuals directly concerned in the questions to be considered by the Court has the right to be represented before it by a trustworthy person or persons, who shall present evidence, formulate arguments, and shall, within the terms fixed by this Convention and by the rules of the Court of Justice do everything that in their judgment shall be beneficial to the defense of the rights they represent.

Article XVIII

From the moment in which any suit is instituted against any one or more Governments up

to that in which a final decision has been pronounced, the Court may at the solicitation of any one of the parties fix the situation in which the contending parties must remain, to the end that the difficulty shall not be aggravated and that things shall be conserved in *statu quo* pending a final decision.

Article XIX

For all the effects of this Convention, the Central American Court of Justice may address itself to the Governments or tribunals of justice of the contracting States, through the medium of the Ministry of Foreign Relations or the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court of Justice of the respective country, according to the nature of the requisite proceeding, in order to have the measures that it may dictate within the scope of its jurisdiction carried out.

Article XX

It may also appoint special commissioners to carry out the formalities above referred to, when it deems it expedient for their better fulfilment. In such case, it shall ask of the Government where the proceeding is to be had, its co-operation and assistance, in order that the Commissioner may fulfil his mission. The contracting Governments formally bind themselves to obey and to enforce

the orders of the Court, furnishing all the assistance that may be necessary for their best and most expeditious fulfilment.

Article XXI

In deciding points of fact that may be raised before it, the Central American Court of Justice shall be governed by its free judgment, and with respect to points of law, by the principles of International Law. The final judgment shall cover each one of the points in litigation.

Article XXII

The Court is competent to determine its jurisdiction, interpreting the Treaties and Conventions germane to the matter in dispute, and applying the principles of international law.

Article XXIII

Every final or interlocutory decision shall be rendered with the concurrence of at least three of the Justices of the Court. In case of disagreement, one of the substitute Justices shall be chosen by lot, and if still a majority of three be not thus obtained other Justices shall be successively chosen by lot until three uniform votes shall have been obtained.

Article XXIV

The decisions must be in writing and shall contain a statement of the reasons upon which they are based. They must be signed by all the Justices of the Court and countersigned by the Clerk. Once they have been notified they can not be altered on any account; but, at the request of any of the parties, the Tribunal may declare the interpretation which must be given to its judgments.

Article XXV

The judgments of the Court shall be communicated to the five Governments of the contracting Republics. The interested parties solemnly bind themselves to submit to said judgments, and all agree to lend all moral support that may be necessary in order that they may be properly fulfilled, thereby constituting a real and positive guarantee of respect for this Convention and for the Central American Court of Justice.

Article XXVI

The Court is empowered to make its rules, to formulate the rules of procedure which may be necessary, and to determine the forms and terms not prescribed in the present Convention. All the decisions which may be rendered in this respect shall be communicated immediately to the High Contracting Parties.

Article XXVII

The High Contracting Parties solemnly declare that on no ground nor in any case will they consider the present Convention as void; and that, therefore, they will consider it as being always in force during the term of ten years counted from the last ratification. In the event of the change of alteration of the political status of one or more of the Contracting Republics, the functions of the Central American Court of Justice created by this Convention shall be suspended *ipso facto;* and a conference to adjust the constitution of said Court to the new order of things shall be forthwith convoked by the respective Governments; in case they do not unanimously agree the present Convention shall be considered as rescinded.

Article XXVIII

The exchange of ratifications of the present Convention shall be made in accordance with Article XXI of the General Treaty of Peace and Amity concluded on this date.

Provisional Article

As recommended by the five Delegations an Article is annexed which contains an amplification of the jurisdiction of the Central American

Court of Justice, in order that the Legislatures may, if they see fit, include it in this Convention upon ratifying it.

Annexed Article

The Central American Court of Justice shall also have jurisdiction over the conflicts which may arise between the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Powers, and when as a matter of fact the judicial decisions and resolutions of the National Congress are not respected.

APPENDIX B

Letter of Secretary of State Knox, returning the passports of Felipe Rodriguez, Minister from Nicaragua to the United States.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, December 1, 1909.

SIR: Since the Washington conventions of 1907 it is notorious that President Zelaya has almost continually kept Central America in tension of turmoil, that he has repeatedly and flagrantly violated the provisions of the conventions, and by a baleful influence upon Honduras, whose neutrality the conventions were to assure, has sought to discredit those sacred international obligations to the great detriment of Costa Rica, El Salvador and Guatemala, whose Governments meanwhile appear to have been able patiently to strive for the loyal support of the engagements so solemnly undertaken at Washington under the auspices of the United States and Mexico.

It is equally a matter of common knowledge that under the régime of President Zelaya republican institutions have ceased in Nicaragua to exist except in name; that public opinion and the

press have been throttled, and that prison has been the reward of any tendency to real patriotism. My consideration for you personally impels me to abstain from unnecessary discussion of the painful details of a régime which unfortunately has been a blot upon the history of Nicaragua and a discouragement to a group of republics whose aspirations need only the opportunity of free and honest Government.

In view of the interests of the United States and of its relation to the Washington conventions, appeal against this situation has long since been made to this Government by a majority of the Central American republics. There is now added the appeal, through the revolution, of a great body of the Nicaraguan people. Two Americans, who this Government is now convinced were officers connected with the revolutionary forces and, therefore, entitled to be dealt with according to the enlightened practice of civilized nations, have been killed by direct order of President Zelaya. Their execution is said to have been preceded by barbarous cruelties. The Consulate at Managua is now officially reported to have been menaced.

There is thus a sinister culmination of an administration also characterized by a cruelty to its own citizens, which has, until the recent outrage, found vent in the case of this country in a succession of petty annoyances and indignities

which many months ago made it impossible to ask an American Minister longer to reside at Managua. From every point of view it has evidently become difficult for the United States further to delay more active response to the appeals so long made to its duty to its citizens, to its dignity, to Central America, and to civilization.

The Government of the United States is convinced that the revolution represents the ideals and the will of a majority of the Nicaraguan people more faithfully than does the Government of President Zelaya, and that its peaceable control is well nigh as extensive as that hitherto so sternly attempted by the Government at Managua.

There is now added the fact, as officially reported from more than one quarter, that there are already indications of a rising in the western provinces in favor of a Presidential candidate intimately associated with the old régime. In this it is easy to see new elements tending toward a condition of anarchy, which leaves at a given time no definite responsible source to which the Government of the United States could look for reparation for the killing of Messrs. Cannon and Groce, or, indeed, for the protection which must be assured American citizens and American interests in Nicaragua.

In these circumstances the President no longer feels for the Government of President Zelaya that respect and confidence which would make it

appropriate hereafter to maintain with it regular diplomatic relations, implying the will and the ability to respect and assure what is due from one State to another.

The Government of Nicaragua, which you have hitherto represented, is hereby notified, as will be also the leaders of the revolution, that the Government of the United States will hold strictly accountable for the protection of American life and property the faction *de facto* in control of the eastern and western provinces of the Republic of Nicaragua.

As for the reparation found due, after careful consideration, for the killing of Messrs. Groce and Cannon, the Government of the United States would be loath to impose upon the innocent people of Nicaragua a too heavy burden of expiating the acts of a régime forced upon them, or to exact from a succeeding Government, if it have quite different policies, the imposition of such a burden.

Into the question of ultimate reparation there must enter the question of the existence at Managua of a Government capable of responding to demands. There must enter also the question how far it is possible to reach those actually responsible and those who perpetrated the tortures reported to have preceded the execution, if these be verified, and the question whether the Government be one entirely dissociated from the

present intolerable conditions and worthy to be trusted to make impossible a recurrence of such acts, in which case the President, as a friend of your country, as he is also of the other republics of Central America, might be disposed to have indemnity confined to what was reasonably due the relatives of the deceased and punitive only in so far as the punishment might fall where really due.

In pursuance of this policy, the Government of the United States will temporarily withhold its demand for reparation, in the meanwhile taking such steps as it deems wise and proper to protect American interests.

To insure the future protection of legitimate American interests, in consideration of the interests of the majority of the Central American republics, and in the hope of making more effective the friendly offices exerted under the Washington conventions, the Government of the United States reserves for further consideration at the proper time the question of stipulating also that the Constitutional Government of Nicaragua obligate itself by convention for the benefit of all the Governments concerned as a guarantee for its future loyal support of the Washington conventions and their peaceful and progressive aims.

From the foregoing it will be apparent to you that your office of *chargé d'affaires* is at an end. I have the honor to inclose your passports for

use in case you desire to leave this country. I would add at the same time that, although your diplomatic quality is terminated, I shall be happy to receive you, as I shall be happy to receive the representative of the revolution, each as the unofficial channel of communication between the Government of the United States and the *de facto* authorities to whom I look for the protection of American interests pending the establishment in Nicaragua of a government with which the United States can maintain diplomatic relations.

Accept, Sir, the renewed assurances of my high consideration.

(Signed) P. C. KNOX.

To Felipe Rodriguez, Esq., Washington, D. C.

APPENDIX C

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

ON December 2, 1823, in his annual message to Congress, President Monroe submitted the following recommendation, which has since borne his name:

"At the proposal of the Russian Imperial Government, made through the minister of the Emperor residing here, a full power and instructions have been transmitted to the minister of the United States at St. Petersburg to arrange by amicable negotiation the respective rights and interests of the two nations on the northwest coast of this continent. A similar proposal had been made by his Imperial Majesty to the Government of Great Britain, which has likewise been acceded to. The Government of the United States has been desirous by this friendly proceeding of manifesting the great value which they have invariably attached to the friendship of the Emperor and their solicitude to cultivate the best understanding with his government. In the discussions to which this interest has given rise and in the arrangements by which they may terminate

the occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any Europeon powers. . . .

"It was stated at the commencement of the last session that a great effort was then making in Spain and Portugal to improve the condition of the people of those countries, and that it appeared to be conducted with extraordinary moderation. It need scarcely be remarked that the result has been so far very different from what was then anticipated. Of events in that quarter of the globe, with which we have so much intercourse and from which we derive our origin, we have always been anxious and interested spectators. The citizens of the United States cherish sentiments the most friendly in favor of the liberty and happiness of their fellowmen on that side of the Atlantic. In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected,

and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments; and to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independencce and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles,,acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. In the war between those new governments and Spain we declared our neutrality at the time of their

recognition, and to this we have adhered, and shall continue to adhere, provided no change shall occur which, in the judgment of the competent authorities of this government, shall make a corresponding change on the part of the United States indispensable to their security.

"The late events in Spain and Portugal show that Europe is still unsettled. Of this important fact no stronger proof can be adduced than that the Allied Powers should have thought it proper, on any principle satisfactory to themselves, to have interposed by force in the internal concerns of Spain. To what extent such interposition may be carried, on the same principle, is a question in which all independent powers whose governments differ from theirs are interested, even those most remote, and surely none more so than the United States. Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early stage of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same, which is, not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its Powers; to consider the government *de facto* as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm and manly policy, meeting, in all instances, the just claims of every power, submitting to injuries from none. But in regard to these continents circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is im-

possible that the Allied Powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can any one believe that our southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference. If we look to the comparative strength and resources of Spain and those new governments, and their distance from each other, it must be obvious that she can never subdue them. It is still the true policy of the United States to leave the parties to themselves, in the hope that other powers will pursue the same course."

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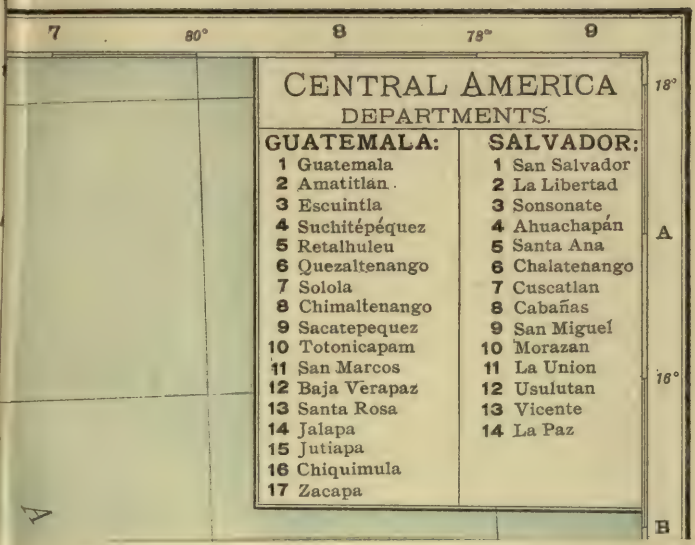
7
80°
8
78°
9
18°
A
16°
B
A
CENTRAL AMERICA
DEPARTMENTS.
GUATEMALA:
1 Guatemala
2 Amatitlan
3 Escuintla
4 Suchitépéquez
5 Retalhuleu
6 Quezaltenango
7 Solola
8 Chimaltenango
9 Sacatepequez
10 Totonicapam
11 San Marcos
12 Baja Verapaz
13 Santa Rosa
14 Jalapa
15 Jutiapa
16 Chiquimula
17 Zacapa
SALVADOR:
1 San Salvador
2 La Libertad
3 Sonsonate
4 Ahuachapán
5 Santa Ana
6 Chalatenango
7 Cuscatlan
8 Cabañas
9 San Miguel
10 Morazan
11 La Union
12 Usulutan
13 Vicente
14 La Paz

CENTRAL AMERICA
SCALES.
Statute Miles, 88 — 1 Inch.
0 10 20 30 40 50 75 100 150 200
Kilometres, 142 — 1 Inch.
0 25 50 75 100 200
Rand McNally & Co.'s New 11 × 14 Map of Central America.
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ISTHMUS OF PANAMA
Showing Location of Railroad and Canal.
Scale of Statute Miles.
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Scale of Kilometres.
0 2 3 4 5 10
MEXICO
GUATEMALA
BRITISH HONDURAS
HONDURAS
NICARAGUA
COSTA RICA
PACIFIC OCEAN
CARIBBEAN SEA
GULF OF HONDURAS
GULF OF FONSECA
GULF OF PANAMA
Belize
Tobacco Range
Glover Reef
Lighthouse Reef
Three Corner Cay
Ambergris Cay
Bay Islands
Roatan I.
Utila I.
Bonaca I.
Guatemala
Antigua
Jutiapa
Chiquimula
Quezaltenango
Totonicapam
Huehuetenango
Retalhuleu
Escuintla
Amatitlan
Salama
Zacapa
Izabal
Quiche
Solola
Atitlan
Chimaltenango
Sacatepequez
Progreso
Amatique B.
Livingston
Puerto Barrios
Rio Dulce
Lake Izabal
Motagua R.
Copan
Gracias
Intibucat
Comayagua
Tegucigalpa
Juticalpa
Olancho
Yoro
Sula
Omoa
Trujillo
Colon
Aguan R.
Ulua R.
Chamelecon R.
Ruins of Copan
Ruins of Quirigua
Ruins of Tikal
Ruins of Palenque
Salvador
San Salvador
Santa Ana
La Libertad
La Union
San Miguel
Gotera
Sensuntepeque
Cojutepeque
San Vicente
Zacatecoluca
Volcan de Izalco
Volcan de Santa Ana
Volcan de San Salvador
Volcan de San Vicente
Volcan de Usulutan
Volcan de San Miguel
Lake Ilopango
Lake Coatepeque
Paz
Choluteca
Nacaome
Amapala
Fonseca
Chinandega
Corinto
Leon
Managua
Lake Managua
Masaya
Granada
Lake Nicaragua
Volcan de Momotombo
Volcan de Telica
Volcan de Viejo
Volcan de Concepcion
Volcan de Madera
Volcan de Ometepec
Rivas
San Juan del Sur
Bay of Salinas
Matagalpa
Jinotega
Juigalpa
Libertad
Realejo
Corinto
Puerto Cortes
Tela
Ceiba
Truxillo
Limon
Matina
Tortuguero
Greytown
San Juan R.
Escondido R.
Rio Coco
Rio Segovia
Rio Grande
Rio Chagres
Rio Tuira
Rio Chucunaque
Rio Atrato
Rio Motagua
Rio Polochic
Rio Dulce
Rio Usumacinta
Rio Grijalva
Rio Chixoy
Rio Negro
Rio Sarstoon
Rio Hondo
Rio Belize
Rio Sibun
Rio Sarstoon
Rio Grande
Rio Chagres
Rio Tuira
Rio Chucunaque
Rio Atrato
Rio Motagua
Rio Polochic
Rio Dulce
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Rio Grijalva
Rio Chixoy
Rio Negro
Rio Sarstoon
Rio Hondo
Rio Belize
Rio Sibun

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MOSQUITO GULF
GULF OF PANAMA
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HONDURAS
SALVADOR
GUATEMALA
MEXICO
Caratasca Shoal
Vivorilla Cays
Seal Cays
Gorda Cay
Pigeon Cays
Half Moon Reefs
Babel Cay
Cape de Gracios a Dios
Tamon Cays
Morrison Cays
Mosquito Cays
Nassa Cays
Ned Thomas Cays
Pt. Gordo
Old Providence I.
(To Colombia)
Man of War Cays
Tyra Cays
King Cays
Pearl Cays
St. Andrews I.
Shinny Cay
Courtown Cays
Albuquerque I.
Little Corn I.
Great Corn I.
Bluefields
Bluefields Bay
Monkey Pt.
Pt. Gorda
San Juan del Norte
(Greytown)
Pt. Limon
Limon
Pt. Cahuita
Carreta Pt.
Barabata Pt.
Columbus I.
Provision I.
Escudo de Veragua
Pt. Mineral
Pt. Belen
Colon
Chagres
Porto Bello
Pt. Manzanillo
Palenque
Pt. S. Blas
Gulf of San Blas
Pt. Mosquitos
Pinos I.
Caledonia Bay
Pt. Escocos
C. Ribeno
Pacora
Chepo
Panama
Taboga I.
Taboguilla I.
Pearl Islands
Rey I.
Otoque I.
Prieto Pt.
Pedro Gonzales I.
S. Josa I.
Chiriqana
Pinagona
Boca del Toro
Chiriqui
David
Gualaca
Caldera
Alanje
S. Lorenzo
Remedios
Calobre
Aguadulce
Anton
Anton Pt.
Parita Bay
Santiago
Las Palmas
Sa Francisco
Sta. Maria
Parita
Pese
Chitre
Lisa Pt.
Las Tablas
Los Santos
Pedasi
Cape Mala
Pt. Burica
Pt. Plafanal
Pt. Salsipuedes
Matapala Pt.
Pt. Violin
Pt. S. José
Pt. Moreno
Gulf Dulce
David Bay
Sevilla I.
Parida I.
Secas Is.
Contreras Is.
Ladrones Is.
Afuera I.
Montauna I.
Coiba I.
Cebaco I.
Jicaron I.
Mariato Pt.
Guanico Pt.
Morro Puercos
Iguana I.
Cocalita Pt.
Pinas Pt.
Carcoles Pt.
Boca del Drago
Pt. Manglares
Pt. Garachine
Boca del Toro
Chiriqui Lagoon
Almirante Bay
Escudo de Veraguas
Gulf of Dulce
Gulf of Parita
Gulf of Montijo
Gulf of Chiriqui
Gulf of Almirante
Gulf of Boca del Toro
Gulf of Caledonia
Gulf of Pinos
Gulf of Escocos
Gulf of Pinas
Gulf of Carcoles
Gulf of Garachine
Gulf of Boca del Drago
Gulf of Boca del Toro
Gulf of Chiriqui
Gulf of Almirante

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